

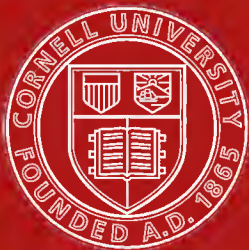


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THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF



T H O M A S



M O O R E,

WITH THE

LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

BY

JNO. FRANCIS WALLER.

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P. F. COLLIER.

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PREFATORY MEMOIR.

"THE world," says Lord Russell, in his "Memoirs of Moore," "so long as it can be moved by sympathy and exalted by fancy, will not willingly let die the tender strains and pathetic fires of a true poet." We accept this as just. Neither the noises of factories nor the speculations of science, in this our utilitarian age, have as yet drowned the gentler sound of the lyre or quenched the passionate fires of poesy; and body-workers and brain-workers, now and for ever, will turn in their hours of relaxation, with all the keener relish, to the charms of the tale and the song. And so it is that MOORE, "a true poet," still lives as fresh in the heart and memory of England, as when his Odes of Anacreon first told the world that a new poet had arisen.

The birth of the poet was portentous of his future. He entered the world amid sounds of song and revelry and wit, ringing, on the 28th of May, 1780, from the apartments which John Moore, the grocer, had let in his house, No. 12, Aungier Street, Dublin, to a young barrister. An easy-going social man was John, not without a pleasant humour; one of nature's gentlemen, having all the repose of good breeding by which the true gentleman in all classes is distinguished: but Anastatia, his wife, was a woman of superior cast, of strong sense, deep maternal love, and a high ambition for her eldest born. An education the best to be obtained—which probably taxed severely the good grocer's means—was given the boy at the instance of his mother. The theatrical tastes of the master, Samuel Whyte, stimulated those of the pupil, who first recited Whyte's epilogues, and then took to write epilogues himself, even in his tenth year. Indeed, before that he had given manifestations; for he tells us, "So far back in childhood lies the epoch, that I am really unable to say at what age I first began to act, sing, and rhyme." A home education in music—first on an antiquated harpsichord, soon replaced, not without some grumbling from John, by a pianoforte—touched, as with the prophet's wand, that spring from which, in after life, streams so sweet, so sparkling, so abundant, were to flow. Music, said Moore, more than thirty years afterwards, was "the only art for which, in my own opinion, I was born with a real natural love; my poetry, such as it is, having sprung out of my deep feeling for music." How true this is, every one familiar with his lyrics will feel. The lines come trembling with the melody that has evoked them, telling how with him, as with all perfect writers of song, the music of sound had preceded the music of speech; and teaching us that not without a deep significance did the Greek mythologists assign to Euterpe an elder birth than to her sisters Melpomene and Calliope. A Dublin periodical, the *Anthologia Hibernica*, as well as the journals, afforded the young poet opportunities of seeing his verses in print; and his fond, proud mother determined that

he should enter Trinity College, then recently thrown open to Roman Catholics, of which persuasion the Moores were members; so in 1793 he was one of the first of the "young Helots" who availed himself of the privilege. The political condition of his co-religionists, from which they were then struggling to free themselves, was as keenly felt by the ardent young poet as might be expected. "Born," as he says, "a rebel"—a rebel, let us add, only against those unjust disabilities which have happily been removed—the impressions which his mind then received, however they may have been modified in after life, were never obliterated. Moore's college course was not unmarked with honours and reputation; he signalized himself by verses which obtained the commendation of the Board, and stood for a scholarship, to find himself qualified by his answering, but, of course, disqualified by his religion—a fact that perhaps naturally intensified his feeling of dissatisfaction with the political status of Roman Catholics. As might be expected, however, Moore's reading was somewhat more discursive than the curriculum, and he was already occupied with the translations of Anacreon, to the preparation of which he devoted much time and study in Marsh's library, singularly rich in theological works, and to which, as he says, "I was indebted for much of the odd, out-of-the-way sort of reading that may be found scattered through some of my earlier works." It was now, too, that Moore exhibited all those peculiar gifts, which were yet to ripen into such rich maturity, first in the College Debating Society, when Thomas Addis Emmet and he contracted their fast friendship, and afterwards in the more ambitious arena of the famous College Historical Society, of which they were both admitted members. The discontent and the ambition of the young man found another vent in the columns of the *Press*, the journal of the "United Irishmen," first in what he called an "imitation of Ossian," a composition that has in it little to commend either in a literary or political sense; and next in a bolder attempt, "A Letter to the Students of Trinity College," "written," the matured critic himself says afterwards, "in a turgid, Johnsonian sort of style, but seasoned with plenty of the then favourite condiment—treason." The turgescence is considerable; the Johnsonianism is without the vigour of the doctor; but the treason is undeniable. While we allude to these as his early political writings, we may well be lenient to the defects and errors of a youth of seventeen. Whether he should have been gradually drawn deeper into the treason is a matter of speculation, and not worth speculating upon. Happily the voice of one who never spoke to him in vain—that of his mother—entreated him "never again to venture on so dangerous a step," and he readily pledged the solemn promise she required of him. These political manifestations were, however, not without their consequences, as he was shortly after subjected to the ordeal of an examination before the visitors of the college, who sat to investigate the well-founded suspicion of the treasonable sentiments that had infected the minds of the students. It is to the honour of Moore that he has since admitted how well justified these proceedings were which at the time seemed so inquisitorial, while it is equally creditable to the independent spirit of the youth, that while taking, even under protest, the oath administered to him as a witness, he did so with the manly qualification of refusing to answer any questions that might endanger others. "I have no fear, my lord," said he to Chancellor Clare, "that anything I might say would criminate myself, but it might tend to affect others; and I must say that I despise that person's

character who could be led under any circumstances to criminate his associates." Having obtained his degree of Bachelor of Arts, Moore proceeded to London with a view of qualifying himself for the bar—his name having previously been entered on the books of the Middle Temple—and the dearer object of publishing his translations of Anacreon. How touchingly he describes the ever-ministering, self-denying tenderness of that mother, who scraped together out of the scanty resources of her family those hoarded moneys that were to furnish forth him on whom all her hopes were centred. "A part of the small sum I took with me was in guineas, and, I recollect, was carefully sewed up by my mother in the waistband of my pantaloons. There was also another treasure which she had, unknown to me, sewed up in some other part of my clothes, and that was a scapular (as it is called), or small bit of cloth blessed by the priest, which a fond superstition inclined her to believe would keep the wearer of it from harm. And thus with this charm about me, of which I was wholly unconscious, and my little packet of guineas, of which I felt deeply the responsibility, did I for the first time start from home for the great world of London."

The great world of London! That world whose peopled wastes have witnessed the struggles, and the sorrows, and the folly, and the ruin of so many a child of genius. Otway "naked in the rage of hunger," choked by the mouthful of bread that casual charity supplied to him; Chatterton wandering about the streets "in a perpetual state of fever and excitement," without the means of keeping body and soul together, and coming home o' nights to keep the vigil of an over-wrought brain and a hand ever labouring with the pen, till poison, self-administered, consigned him to the felon's doom and an ignominious grave in Shoe Lane Workhouse; aye, and Moore's own countryman, Goldsmith, sleeping with the beggars in Axe Lane; and Dermody dying in a hovel, crouching chill and starved over a few embers, with the rain and wind beating in upon his last hour, the only mourners whose tears and sighs attended his horrible death-bed; and Gerald Griffin—but not till a later day—heart-broken and paralyzed, writing amid intolerable agonies. The great world of London! Yes, great, too, in the noblest sense of greatness; great in her energizing vitality, with the strong life-blood of labour beating pulse-like through every street and court and lane; great in her charities; great in her literary funds and authors' societies to help the meritorious struggler; the London of Thackeray and Dickens, and many another who have fought well and bravely the battle of the brain and the pen, and have won it, and after the victory stretch out the hand to help those that are battling still. But for Moore London had no trials in reserve. Pleasant acquaintances were secured for him, and amongst them his own countryman, yet to become illustrious as the President of the Royal Academy, Martin Archer Shee. No doubt the fame of the young poet—for many of his translations of Anacreon had ere this been read and admired—had preceded him to London; and we learn from his letters home that he was making his way in society. Dr. Hume aided him in procuring a publisher; Dr. Lawrence read his Anacreon with the eye of a critic and the heart of a friend; Johnson, of Covent Garden, began to sing his songs in company, and through him he became acquainted with the theatrical stars of the day; and above all, he was introduced to that distinguished soldier and statesman, Francis, Earl of Moira, and afterwards the first Marquis of Hastings. A short visit to home, and Moore is again in London. All goes on, as he says himself, "swimmingly." It is

evident the brilliant little Irish youth, just turned of twenty, who sings his own sparkling songs to his own exquisite inartistic accompaniment is, not a lion as yet to be regarded with awe, but like a lapdog, to be petted and praised by gay cavaliers and lovely women fluttering around him; and we learn from outbursts of enthusiasm, and exultant and most pardonable vanity, in his letters to his mother, how much his company is sought after, and how he goes out to dinner and then to parties in the evening—"This is the way we live in London; no less than three every evening. *Vive la bagatelle!*" Henceforth we hear no more of the bar. He has given himself up for ever to letters. Anacreon is now ready to revel in his English garb in London. The subscription list fills. One line to her of whom no whirl of dissipation, no seductions of society, can ever make him forgetful, announces that the summit of his ambition is obtained: "I have got the prince's name, and his permission that I should dedicate Anacreon to him. Hurra! Hurra!" Out comes, just when he was entitled to write himself full man, "The Odes of Anacreon, translated into English verse, with Notes," dedicated to the Prince of Wales—whose manners fascinated the young poet, as they fascinated all—the object for a time of his eulogy and admiration, as he was in after years of his scathing satire. It was a bold and a perilous undertaking for a first essay of an author, for he had to measure himself with other masters of song who had preceded him. No one, however, can for a moment hesitate to award the palm to Moore. It is true that he is often paraphrastic, sometimes more diffuse, occasionally more voluptuous, than his Teian original. Be it so; but he has deeply imbibed the spirit and the odour of those exquisite Greek lyrics, transfused and assimilated into his own nature, till they are reproduced in his verse with all that musical rhythm, that charming simplicity, that richness of colouring, that delicacy of sentiment and grace of expression, which make Anacreon one of the most delightful of lyric poets. The work was a success, and in some sort a sensation; and it received its full share both of critical censure and of generous praise. Moore was now in the very vortex of the gay and fashionable society of London, and his letters testify how keenly he relished the *petits soupers* after the opera with the prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert and the wits and celebrities whom he met at aristocratic mansions of the Devonshires, the Donegalls, and the Corks. With Lord Moira he was an honoured and a constant guest at Donington Park, hunting among old books, and "in the evening singing down the sun like a true Pythagorean." The poet was not, however, merged in the Pythagorean, for in 1803 he published, under the pseudonym of "Thomas Little," a small volume of poems. Of the work, as a whole, it is impossible to speak without censure and sorrow. While many of his compositions charm us by that easy grace and simplicity which Moore from the very first laboured to attain, as well as by the felicity of metaphor and play of fancy for which he was afterwards unrivalled, there are some which never should have been written, or if written, never should have been published. Even at the time he offered a sort of excuse or extenuation for these juvenilia, which he called by the mild name of "inoffensive follies," but which his maturer judgment led him to regret and suppress in a later edition. The kindness of Lord Moira now procured for the young poet a post, which one might well believe would be little suitable to his habits or tastes—a post of business—that of registrar to the Court of Admiralty at Bermuda. But Moore thought differently, at least at the time. "If I did not make a shilling by it," he writes to his mother. "the new

character it gives to my pursuits, the claim it affords me upon government, the absence I shall have from all the frippery follies that would hang upon my career for ever in this country—all these are objects invaluable of themselves." Thorough self-deception! Absence from what had become the very sustenance of his life, the only atmosphere in which his intellect and spirit could thrive—the society of the brilliant, the witty, the elegant, the exalted—he was to learn, would be intolerable. From his letters home, which seem ever the true exponents of his feelings, we easily discover how his mind was always recurring to England. Though feeling, with all a poet's delight, the natural beauties of the scenes in which he was placed, casual expressions betray the longings of his heart, and his disappointment that "a few miserable negroes is all the bloomy flush of life" to be found where he looks for "nymphs and graces;" while more than once he speaks of being "reconciled to the step" he had taken. So after a few months he handed over business to a deputy, and set off to ramble through the mainland of America, where he was sadly disappointed; and in November, 1804, finds himself in Plymouth, "almost crying with joy to be able once more to write on English ground." Yet though Bermuda had little to satisfy the man of civilization, and America was thoroughly distasteful to him who was already in his tastes an aristocrat, the fourteen months' wanderings

"O'er lake and marsh, through fevers and through fogs,
'Midst bears and Yankees, democrats and frogs,"

were not without poetic fruits. The impressions received, both from external nature and from the state of society, were recorded in epistles to friends, and in occasional poems. These he published in 1806, dedicating the volume to his friend Lord Moira. Apart from the beauty of many of these compositions, they are valuable for their correctness of description; pictures painted with all the glow and flush of a colouring which is yet no exaggeration—the poetry of scenery limned by the poetry of language. It so happened that in this volume Moore reproduced the Poems of "Thomas Little," thus avowing an authorship which, indeed, nobody doubted. An attack, unsparing in its severity, from the pen of Jeffrey appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* of July, 1806. Unjustifiable alike in its exaggeration of the faults and its depreciation of the merits of the work, which he pronounced "a public nuisance," and whose author he says "may boast, if the boast can please him, of being the most licentious of modern versifiers, and the most poetical of those who, in our times, have devoted their talent to the propagation of immorality," in which he "labours with a perseverance at once ludicrous and detestable." From this literary attack important results followed—a hostile meeting and a lasting friendship. The particulars of the famous rencontre of reviewer and reviewed, have been preserved by both parties, and as we read it to-day we feel that neither, from the commencement, was very heartily homicidal in its feelings. A sense of duty (we smile in this year of 1866 at such a misuse of the word), somewhat tardily arrived at by the Irish bard, induced him to write a cartel to his Scotch reviewer, which admitted of but one answer; and they met one fine morning on the hallowed spot consecrated to such honourable affairs, Chalk Farm. In Moore's account, as he looked back upon the scene through the softening medium of time, there runs an under current of quiet humour, that shows he felt what a silly thing this playing at pistols really was. While blundering seconds were fumbling

with the weapons behind the trees, the inexperienced and amicable principals were left together. " 'What a beautiful morning it is!' said Jeffrey. 'Yes,' I answered with a slight *smile*, 'a morning made for better purposes,' to which his only response was a sort of assenting *sigh*. As our assistants were not, any more than ourselves, very expert at warlike matters, they were rather slow in their proceedings, and as Jeffrey and I walked up and down together, we came once in sight of their operations; upon which I related to him, as rather *appropos* to the purpose, what Billy Egan the Irish barrister once said, when, as he was sauntering about in like manner while the pistols were loading, his antagonist, a fiery little fellow, called out to him to stand his ground—'Don't make yourself unaisy, my dear fellow,' said Egan; 'sure, isn't it bad enough to take the dose without being by at the mixing up?' " Shade of Shakspeare! that thou hadst but known of such a gentle war-passage. Then should we have had Touchstone, or some of thy wise fools, instructing us in the seven causes of *reconciliation*, when he "did dislike the *cut*" of a certain *writer's pen*. Here we have Jeffrey's remark "Courteous" on the weather; then Moore's "Quip" subrident, next Jeffrey's "Reply" suspirant, followed by Moore's "Reproof" jocular. Ah! if the seconds had not come up, the principals would soon have settled the affair in their own way, they would "have shook hands and swore brothers." But the seconds did come up, the deadly weapons are raised, when the policemen spring from behind the hedge conveniently close, knock Jeffrey's pistol out of his hand, seize that of Moore, and take the parties all to Bow Street. In "the lock up" Jeffrey was brilliant, Moore was captivated, all thoughts of blood and murder were at an end; in fact, they fell in love with each other, and the farce was completed by binding them over to *keep the peace*. Ah! the *peace* had been cemented for ever, and a satisfactory explanation set all to rights. Ludicrous as the whole affair appeared in the eyes of Moore, who very appropriately subscribed himself "Tom Fool" in recounting it to Miss Godfrey, it was made more ludicrous to the public by the fact that Jeffrey's pistol when examined at Bow Street was found to be without a bullet (it had doubtless fallen out when the weapon was knocked out of his hand by the policeman), and the public press made itself exceedingly merry on the occasion. But it led in a few years after to another *misprision of duello*, which was also to lead to like bloodless and happy results. It happened that the following year a rather dissipated young nobleman, still in his teens, and little conscious of the latent power slumbering within him, published a volume of poems called "Hours of Idleness." "The *Edinburgh*" fell as savagely on the peer as it had fallen on the commoner; but the former took a more appropriate mode of retaliation, and returned his adversary's fire with "pellets of the brain," instead of bullets of lead. The pride of Byron was wounded, and indignation roused up all the gallantry of his nature and the smouldering fires of his genius, and stimulated into rapid development the seeds of poetry. In the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," in 1809, Byron assailed Jeffrey, whom he mistakenly believed to be the author of the review, and the affair at Chalk Farm did not escape his satire. Some pungent lines upon the "leadless pistol" appeared in the poem, and an unjustifiable note to the text stated that neither pistol was loaded. The Hibernian blood of Moore could ill brook this revival of an old charge proved to be false (indeed, his honour and gallantry in the affair were undoubted); and he wrote to Byron a letter, which was but a prelude to another duel. Byron had, however, left England, and ere his return

Moore's feelings of irritation had greatly diminished, and his marriage made him the less anxious that the matter should proceed to extremities. A correspondence ensued, which terminated in a generous and cordial letter from the peer. The good offices of friends intervened, and at a dinner at Rogers' the two poets met for the first time to become friends during their joint lives, each respecting the abilities of the other, till the survivor became the biographer of the noble author. Moore in his *Life of Byron* has left us an ample and very candid account of the entire affair, which while it detracts nothing from his courage, speaks favourably for the accession of common sense which years and changed condition had brought him. To return from this digression, the Whigs went out of office, and with them his friend and patron Lord Moira; and he was at once active with his pen in the ranks of the opposition. Out came in 1808 two satirical poems, at first anonymously, "Corruption" and "Intolerance," and "the Sceptic" the year following. These, however, as he says himself, never attained much success, nor even reached a second edition. The cause is probably to be found in their severe didactic style, more suited for Juvenal, Johnson, or Gifford, than for the sprightly lyricist; and yet they are not without merit, and full of terse and pointed writing. He had the sagacity soon to discover he was not fit to carry heavy arms, and betook himself to that lighter form of weapon, "not only more easy to wield, but from its very lightness perhaps more sure to reach the mark." Few men ever wielded that weapon more adroitly, few sent the shaft more unerringly home to the mark, than did Moore, in the numerous squibs shot from his inexhaustible quiver—arrows tipped with satire the brightest, the keenest, winged with feathers of the swan of song. "Right and left the arrows fly," striking now the royal prince, now a minister. But after all there was no poison in the barb to rankle in the wound it made. "We do not believe," said a Tory writer in aftertimes, "that any one was ever hurt by libels so witty as those of Mr. Moore." Great privilege of wit, which renders it impossible even for those whose enemies wits are to hate them! And so it was that many of those who smarted from the wound soon recovered their good humour and joined in the laugh, and none with more zest than the Prince of Wales, who came in for his full share of satire. We may as well here dispose of an accusation rife at the time, and often repeated—the ingratitude of Moore in assailing his royal patron. Moore's obligations to the prince were few and trifling—the dedication of *Anacreon* to him, by which the poet conferred a greater honour than the prince; a place once or twice at a table where, like other wits, he was asked for his wit, and contributed what wealth could not purchase, and paid for his dinner in coin minted in the poet's brain; and now and then a few of those free and easy conversational condescensions, which none knew better how to dispense with liberality (for he knew how valueless they were) than the worst of all the Georges. Amongst the productions of this description are to be classed, "The Twopenny Post Bag," and those various political, satirical, and burlesque compositions which spread over many years.

During all this time Moore had been enjoying himself and giving enjoyment in those circles where his genial, joyous temperament found its true home—now visiting Ireland, taking part in private theatricals; now at Donington; now with the Donegalls; and still, during all these distractions, aiming at and meditating higher and better things than the frivolities of fashionable life. So far back as 1807, he had entered upon the path which was to lead him to that fame which was to be the most

exalted and the most enduring. Those matchless airs of his country, many of which, as he observed on one occasion, "defy all poetry to do them justice," had long awaited the advent of a native bard who could falsify that assertion, and, by associating the music of his country with exquisite lyrics, give to those spiritualities of song, that floated intangibly upon the heart and the ear of the people, the bodies as it were of angels, from which through all time they shall never be dissevered. With the musical taste of Stevenson to aid him, the finest of the airs of Ireland were sought out in the collections of Bunting and elsewhere, and with Power as the publisher, were given to the world, first in detached numbers, and ultimately collected, after a period of near thirty years, to form that wonderful treasury of lyrics and song known as "The Irish Melodies." Here, indeed, Moore had found the standpoint from which to work that mighty lyrical power which was to realize the Syracusan's boast, and move the world.* From the day when he first proudly unbound his country's harp from the chains of its dark, cold, silent slumber, "and gave all its chords to light, freedom, and song," to that in which he laid it aside for ever, while its strings yet trembled with its latest song, not unweetly offered to the memory of his minstrel companion Stevenson, he woke up with the touch of a magician every phase of feeling in the human heart, as he "rar through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all;" and he left to his country a glory and a loveliness which shine, and will ever shine, through the darkest hours of her material fortunes, and display her to the world as "the land of song."

Moore, we said, was married. While engaged in private theatricals in Ireland he became acquainted with Miss Elizabeth Dyke, a young lady who had then recently come out as an actress; and in March, 1811, he made her his wife. Of her, the "Bessy" of his Diary, the loving, gentle, constant companion, who cherished him through life, and mourned over him in death, till she rejoined him in 1865—of her he thus speaks, a few months after, for the information of Miss Godfrey:—"I know I cannot tell you too often, that I am more rationally happy than ever I was; that to compensate the want of worldly advantages, I have found good sense, simplicity, kind-heartedness, the most unaffected purity and rightness of thinking on every subject connected with my welfare or comfort." Charming Mary Godfrey, who reminds one of Swift's Lady Betty Germaine—the same sterling common sense, sprightliness, and absence of all prudery and affectation—thus replies: "Be very sure, my dear Moore, that if you have got an amiable, sensible wife, extremely attached to you, as I am certain you have, it is only in the long run of life that you can know the full value of the treasure you possess." Early in 1812 Moore had determined to withdraw from the fascinations and distractions of London life to some spot where he could, without interruption, devote himself to literature as his profession. The fine library at Donington, placed at his disposal by its noble owner, attracted him to that neighbourhood; and after residing over a year at Kegworth, he took a cottage near Ashbourne in Derbyshire, in 1813—"a little nutshell of a thing," but "with a spare rooin for a friend"

After the assassination of Perceval, in 1812, Lord Moira's dissatisfaction with the Whigs caused him to separate from them; but personal friendship still made him

* *Δος μου σταθ, και την γην κινωσα* ("Give me where I may stand, and I will move the world"), was the sole requirement of Archimedes in the consciousness of the potency of his mechanical skill.

adhere to the prince, from whom he received the order of the Garter and the governor-generalship of India. Moore naturally expected that his friend would be able to aid him; but to one of his consistency of principle, and fidelity to the Catholic party, the only patronage which he would accept would be personal; for he could not brook taking anything under a ministry avowedly hostile to the Catholic claims, and therefore he says, "it will be either India or nothing with me." So thought the public; so thought his friends. "We are all in great anxiety," writes Miss Godfrey, "to know what the governor-general and commander-in chief in India will do for you. Will he make you viceroy over him, or poet-laureate over all the Indies?" Well, it turned out to be "nothing," and not India. Lord Moira was left little of the Indian patronage to exercise, and so he told Moore that on his going to India he would let him know if he could find anything worth his going out for, and that in the meantime he would try to get him a place through the ministry. To the honour of Moore, he peremptorily declined to receive anything from them, preferring to struggle on as he was, rather than be tongue-tied by a place. Nevertheless it is evident that he was deeply dissatisfied with what he thought the coldness of Lord Moira on his behalf. "I cannot trust myself with speaking of the way in which he has treated me. Gratitude for the past ties up my tongue." And now he settled down earnestly to his work, with the feeling, as he said to Power, that "all that is left for me is to make my own independence." Scarcely a week passed without giving proof of his diligence, as some lyric passed from his hands to those of Power. The Longmans, too, opened a negotiation with him on the subject of a lengthened poem; but the matter did not take shape till two years after. Perry of the *Morning Chronicle*, on the part of his friend Moore, said, "I am of opinion that Mr. Moore ought to receive for his poem the largest price that has been given in our day for such a work." "That was," answered the Longmans, "3000 guineas." "Exactly so," replied Perry; "and no less a sum ought he to receive." To the honour of the publishers, they made no objection to the price, though reasonably objecting to pay it for what they had never seen; an objection which they confidently and generously waived. And with a known price for an unknown poem, Moore went heartily to work at "Lalla Rookh." A more congenial subject to the nature and temperament of Moore than an Oriental story, could hardly be selected. So thought Byron, who now knew him well. "Your imagination," he writes, in his dedication of the "Corsair," alluding to the work on which Moore was then engaged, "will create a warmer sun, and less clouded sky; but wildness, tenderness, and originality are part of your national claim of Oriental descent, to which you have already thus far proved your title more clearly than the most zealous of your country's antiquarians." Two years of slow and painstaking labour and great research were devoted to the work; and when it was nearly finished, in 1816—a year of unexampled embarrassment, both agricultural and commercial—Moore acted with a generosity and high feeling that showed how safely his publishers had reposed in him. He wrote to the Longmans to reconsider the terms of their engagement, "leaving them free to postpone, modify, or even, should such be their wish, relinquish it altogether." The publishers were not to be outdone by the poet in this rivalry of honour and generosity. They adhered to their agreement, believing that Moore's "poetry would do more than any other living poet's at the present moment." And their faith in him was justified.

“*Lalia Rookh*” appeared in 1817, and in it the world found a poem *sui generis*; and they were not slow in showing their appreciation of it. It was in every one’s hands—upon every one’s lip. Learned men and Oriental travellers bore testimony, not only to its historical correctness, but to the fidelity and beauty of its scenic descriptions. The original went through seven editions within a year, found its way through the world, and was soon translated into every language. Jeffrey, too, came forward with graceful readiness to make amends for his former “unnecessary severity,” and while honestly pointing out what he deemed faults bears testimony to its extraordinary poetic merits. “There are,” he says, in the *Edinburgh Review*, November, 1817, “passages, indeed, and these neither few nor brief, over which the very genius of poetry seems to have breathed his richest enchantment—where the melody of the verse and the beauty of the images conspire so harmoniously with the force and tenderness of the emotion, that the whole is blended into one deep and bright stream of sweetness and feeling, along which the spirit of the reader is borne passively away through long reaches of delight.”

Having removed to Hornsey, in Middlesex, Moore accepted the invitation of Rogers to accompany him to Paris in July, 1817, where he met many of those noble and royal exiles of France whom he had known in England. To him Paris was the most delightful place in the world; and the new order of things being of too recent a date for any amalgamation to have taken place between them and the old, all the most prominent features of both were brought in their fullest relief into juxtaposition, presenting to the lively mind of Moore abundant matter for playful satire, social and political. Hence the exquisite touches of satire, wit, and ridicule—those pictures of Cockney vulgarity and affectation—that are so irresistibly humorous in “*The Fudge Family in Paris*,” which on his return he published in 1818. Meantime the cloud had arisen, small at first “as a man’s hand,” which was yet to spread till it should overcast the whole horizon of his domestic happiness. Their first child Barbara died in 1817, after Moore’s return from France; and his wife’s health had so suffered from the shock, that, yielding to the strong wish already expressed by Lord Lansdowne that he would fix his residence near him in the country, Moore obtained “a little thatched cottage with a pretty garden” near Devizes, afterwards so well known to the world as “Sloperton.” Thither they went in November, and he took at once to “walking in the garden with his head full of words for the *Melodies*.” The following year brought a new trouble. His Bermuda deputy failed to account, and Moore was cited to answer for his defalcations. The blow was at first a stunning one; the vision of a prison was before his eyes, but he recovered with the resiliency of his nature. “They cannot,” he writes, “take away from me either my self-respect or my talents, and I can live upon them happily anywhere.” In this exigency friends came forward with an alacrity that showed how truly Moore was loved. Jeffrey was the first, who in a letter offered him £500, adding with great delicacy, “No living soul shall know of my presumption but yourself.” While proceedings were pending Moore paid a visit to his native city. A dinner was at once organized by the most distinguished men in station, literature, and Whig politics, and on the 8th of June Moore sat as their honoured guest, Lord Charlemont presiding. And one sat with the poet, whose presence intensified his happiness, good old John Moore the grocer, to hear the praises of his son and to be honoured for his sake. After an ovation at the theatre the following night he returned to England. Moore

now settled down at Sloperton, if we can apply such a phrase to a state continually interrupted by visits to Bowood and other neighbours, and journeys to London for materials for his contemplated life of Sheridan, which brought him in contact with that mighty Grecian, Dr. Parr. He was again a father, and his life was as happy as usually falls to the lot of man, and so he laboured and relaxed amid pleasant society and kind friends, making an agreement with Power by which he secured £500 a year for six years for his songs; writing melodies Irish, national, and sacred, and squibs political and satirical. While thus occupied he was suddenly cast down by the intelligence that the Bermuda suit was decided against him, and that in two months an attachment would issue if the sum decreed was not paid. A strong sympathy was manifested upon the appearance of an article in the *Chronicle*. It was proposed to open a subscription. This Moore peremptorily declined. The Longmans generously offered to advance any sum required, Lord Lansdowne proffered his aid with equal liberality, while Lord John Russell placed the profits of his recently published "Life of Lord Russell" at his disposal. Deeply gratified by such proofs of friendship, Moore declined them all, and now thought of the best place to withdraw from the reach of the process of the court, till he could effect some compromise. While meditating on the sanctuary of Holyrood House, Lord John Russell proposed that he should accompany him to Italy, and accordingly they left England in September, 1819. Though leaving all that was dearest to him in the world—home, wife, child, friends, and all those social enjoyments which were the very sustenance of his life—with a clouded future before him, the natural spring of his temperament made him rebound beneath the pressure, and his fellow-traveller, while testifying to the sensibility of his feelings when the subject of wife or child was touched on, speaks still of his courage and cheerfulness under his trials. Travelling through France and visiting its capital, they entered Switzerland, and crossing the Simplon, proceeded to Milan. The diary of Moore, commenced in the preceding year, relates his impressions, and the "Rhymes on the Road" commemorate many of the scenes through which he passed, the first view of the Alps, Geneva, and the entrance into Italy. Leaving his companion at Milan, Moore proceeded to Venice, where he met Byron, then under the fascination of the Guiccioli. It was while here that Byron gave his friend his memoirs, which afterwards formed the subject of so much discussion, and the destruction of which the world has ever regretted. At Florence Moore fell in with the Morgans, and at Rome he had the guidance of Chantrey and Canova, and their teaching in his survey of the wondrous art-treasures of that city. Jackson the painter, too, was there, and a young artist, afterwards to be famous as Sir Charles Eastlake, and in fine he returned with Chantrey and Jackson to Paris. Meantime, no satisfactory arrangement had been come to in the matter of the Bermuda defalcation, and Moore, having been joined by his wife and child, took up his abode in the neighbourhood of Sèvres, and afterwards at Passy, and he resumed his literary labours. There was much in the society here within his reach, both French and English, that suited the tastes of Moore, and his journal discloses a life upon the whole pleasant, and without much care. The occupation of writing engrossed most of his time, while the intercourse with the wits and the savans of the French capital enlivened his hours of relaxation. Amongst his friends here were Washington Irving, and the celebrated Denon, whose vast knowledge upon the subject of Egyptian history was placed at the disposal of Moore, now engaged on the

"Epicurean." Here too, from time to time, some of those to whom he was most attached in England were found, to make him feel his exile the pleasanter—the Hollands, the Villamils, the Charlemonts, Rogers, and Lord John Russell; and so time passed on till in October, 1821, he went to London, *incog.*, disguising himself with "a pair of mustachios, by advice of the women," and assuming the name of Dyke. The negotiations for a settlement of those claims which forced him into exile were again pushed forward, and after a short visit to Ireland to see his family, he found on his return to London matters in train for the final arrangement: Sheddon the uncle of the defaulting deputy contributing £300, while the residue (for which the whole liability was compromised), £740, was discharged first by Lord Lansdowne, in order that his generous purpose should not be wholly frustrated, but Moore immediately after recouped him by a draft upon Murray. Thus, owing to his own exertions, he was again free, and going back to Paris he made preparations for leaving a city where he had enjoyed the hospitality and friendship of the greatest and the best. While his wife and children preceded him, to be received in the neighbourhood of Sloperton with the affectionate welcome of those to whom her virtues had endeared her, Moore lingered yet a few days to be the honoured guest at a public entertainment, presided over by Lord Kinnaird, and given to express their feelings to him whom they were about to lose. Once more settled in England, the life of Moore was spent pretty much as it had been before his sojourn abroad—now at Sloperton working, and in the enjoyment of his family circle or the friends in the vicinity; now in London, plunging with all the delight of his nature into those gaieties, social and intellectual, which he loved.

Early in 1823 the "Loves of the Angels" appeared, about the reception of which he seems to have been unusually sensitive; and indeed not without cause. While there was no second opinion as to the poetic merit of the work—its abounding richness, feeling, passion, and tenderness—there was no little discussion as to its moral tendencies. "The Angels were torn to pieces" at private coteries, and handled irreverently enough by some of the reviews; but what gave Moore most pain was the grave censure of Lady Donegall—"I am both vexed and disappointed, and I think that you will feel that I am right in not allowing Barbara to read it." Nevertheless, "The Angels" won the battle, held their place in the world, went through many editions, and put £1000 in the purse of the author. This sum, with £500 for the "Fables of the Holy Alliance," placed Moore once more beyond the pressure of straitened means. The next work which occupied Moore was the "Memoirs of Captain Rock," for materials for which he visited Ireland in the autumn of 1823, going to Killarney, and passing some pleasant days in Dublin. The work was published in April, 1824, and was at once a success. The *Times* and *Morning Chronicle* spoke of it in very favourable terms, and Sydney Smith made it the subject of one of his brilliant papers in the *Edinburgh*. In Ireland it produced a great sensation, so that the people through the country were subscribing their sixpences and shillings to buy a copy; and it reached a third edition within the month. Nevertheless, there was a large class to whom neither the religious nor political views in the work were palatable. It provoked animadversions both in the House of Commons and in the House of Lords, and a clergyman honoured it with the appellation of a "most pestilent and detestable book;" and with such helps it is not to be wondered at that it soon reached a fifth edition. The Life of Sheridan was at length

completed and published in 1825. In it he fearlessly maintained his own political views, and did not shrink from questioning the policy of the Whigs, or blaming their leader, Fox. Up to this time Scott and Moore had met but once, just after the publication of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." A cordial respect and esteem were established between them: it needed but the long-promised visit to Abbotsford to make them affectionate friends. Accordingly, in October, 1825, Moore found himself seated at the board of his Scottish friend; and as they pledged one another in whisky out of a quaigh, and the genial spirit of the Wizard of the North shone out in all its splendour, he told the Irish poet the secrets of his life—how he had passed the early part of it with a set of clever, rattling, drinking fellows—how his love of old ballads led to his poems—and, last of all, avowing the great secret, how he had hit on those novels which proved a mine of wealth to him; and two days more had not passed before Scott, laying his hand cordially on the breast of Moore, said, "Now, my dear Moore, we are friends for life." Of this delightful intercourse both host and guest have preserved some recollections with which the world is familiar.

During the next two years the events of the poet's life may be comprised in a few words. Entries in his journal constantly recurring such as these—"Worked at my Egyptian story"—"Wrote two songs for Power"—"Sent off a squib to the *Times*"—"At my Greek work"—with records of pleasant walks to and from Bowood, and talks with its noble proprietor—dinners, and songs, and *bon mots*—with now and then a benediction or an eulogy from his very heart of hearts for "my noble Bess"—tell that he varied work and relaxation as happily and as heartily as ever. A passing cloud for a moment obscured his sunshine, when good John Moore in December, 1825, went to his rest, and the loving son was there to comfort his mother and sister. It was in June, 1827, that the "Epicurean" was launched on the world, just at the same moment as the great war-ship "Napoleon" of Scott; and Moore feared that his "little cockboat would be run down." But his fears were groundless. The charms of this beautiful romance, prose in its form, but as thoroughly poetic as anything he had written, secured it an enthusiastic welcome. Amongst the many compliments which poured in upon the author, none was more characteristic than that of Lady Holland. Queer, blunt things she used to say, not the more palatable for the sound sense that often lay at the bottom of them. "I am so sorry," said she once to a noble author, "to hear that you are going to publish a poem; can't you suppress it?" "I am delighted," said she of Moore's "Epicurean," "to find that there are no rhymes in his book." Others there were who were "sorry that he had not made a poem of it." But he did make a poem of it. Poem it is—a work which none but a poet could write. Yet is its poetry perhaps not its highest merit; it abounds with learning, and shows a mind deeply acquainted with the philosophic sects and the mythology of ancient Egypt. In the preface to the last edition of the tale, Moore tells us that he had seen two translations of it in French, two in Italian, one in German, and one in Dutch. In 1824 Byron died, and Moore was now free to publish the memoirs, which his friend had placed in his hands. A few months before he had deposited them with Murray as a security for £2000. For this work he had been making preparation, and had entered into arrangements with Murray. The family of Lord Byron were unwilling that the memoirs should be published, and after some unpleasant discussion Moore again obtained possession of the manuscript on

paying Murray the £2000, and handed it over to the representatives of Mrs. Leigh, by whom it was destroyed. In the whole of the transaction Moore behaved with delicacy and honour, declining to be reimbursed the money which he paid to Murray. Of the manuscript itself, Lord Russell, who had perused it, declares that it contained little traces of Lord Byron's genius, and no interesting details of his life, and that, on the whole, the world is no loser by its destruction. In November of that year Moore communicated to Lady Byron and Mrs. Leigh his intention to write a life of Byron, in accordance with the wish of the latter; and adding that he thought it must be equally the wish of his own family that a hand upon whose delicacy they could rely should undertake the task, rather than leave his memory at the mercy of scribblers who dishonour alike the living and the dead. With this task he accordingly now occupied himself, collecting such materials as he could procure, and published the first volume early in 1830, and the second in a year after. Of that work Lord Macaulay observes, "It deserves to be classed amongst the best specimens of English prose which any age has produced," and that, "it would be difficult to name a book which exhibits more kindness, fairness, and modesty." This last testimony is the more valuable, as Moore was most unjustly assailed as having reflected upon the character of Lady Byron.

In September, 1830, Moore visited Dublin, and took part in the meeting held there to celebrate the "Trois jours glorieux" of the French revolution. His speech on the occasion told, as might be expected, on the auditory he had to address, and was received with shouts of applause. Sheil said with much warmth, "He is a most beautiful speaker." The "Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald" appeared in 1831, a work which demanded great judgment, moderation, and temper. To one of Moore's temperament and politics the task was beset with peculiar dangers; but it is alike to his honour and his manliness, that while he did not fail to condemn where condemnation was deserved, he compromised neither truth nor principle. A blow, heavy though not unexpected, fell upon him in May, 1832, in the death of his mother. How he loved and honoured her his whole life bears witness, and his constant habit of writing to her at least once a week. "The difference it makes in life," he writes in his journal, "to have lost *such* a mother, those only who have had that blessing and have lost it can feel: it is like part of one's life going out of one." In this year he published "The Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion," a polemical work full of theological learning, of which Dr. Doyle said, "If St. Augustine were more orthodox, and Scratchinbach less plausible, it is a book of which any of us might be proud."

It is not surprising that one of Moore's politics, added to his genius and popular talents as a speaker, should have been looked to as a fitting representative for the Irish Catholics in Parliament. When in Limerick in 1830, Sheil told him he should have no difficulty whatever in getting into Parliament for an Irish constituency if he desired it. More than one seat, we believe, would have been at his service: and Lord Anglesey, then viceroy of Ireland, was anxious that he should start for Trinity College, promising him the support of the government. In November, 1832, a deputation from Limerick, consisting of Gerald Griffin, the author of "The Collegians," and his brother, waited on Moore at Sloperton, conveying the earnest wish of the electors of that city that he would permit himself to be put in nomination, and

proposing to remove the obstacle that would arise from the sacrifice of his time and means, by purchasing a property for him of £400 a-year. Though the request was supported by the influence of O'Connell, Moore declined to accede to it. "Were I obliged to choose," he wrote, "which should be my direct paymaster, the government or the people, I should say without hesitation, the people; but I prefer holding on my free course, humble as it is, unpurchased by either." In truth Moore was too honest, and too independent in his notions, to bend his political views to any one, and in many respects he disagreed with the great Irish leader. "Thus," says Lord Russell, "in the midst of an agitation purely Irish, the most gifted of Irish patriots held aloof, foregoing the applause in which he would have delighted, and the political distinction for which he often sighed, that he might not sully the white robe of his independence, or defile his soul for any object of ambition or of vanity." A proposal had been made to Moore to write a History of Ireland for Lardner's "Cabinet Cyclopædia," which after some consideration he accepted, and on this he was much occupied for many years. It was a task little suited to his taste, and for which he was by no means qualified by his previous studies. In prosecution of these labours he visited Dublin in 1835, at the time that the British Association was holding its session there. His reception was as enthusiastic as ever. A courted guest at the table of the viceroy and the salons of the aristocracy, he found the climax of his popularity at the theatre. If the Edinburgh audience were demonstrative, that of Dublin was uproarious, and shouts of applause greeted his first appearance. The Whigs, upon their accession to office, obtained for Moore a pension of £300 a year.

The limits assigned to our memoir force us to be brief, and the remaining events of the life of the great Irish poet are not of importance to require us to dwell on them. "The Songs of Greece" and "The Fudge Family in England" had been published, and but the one work remained dragging its weary length along till it was finished. And as years passed over him the cloud began to grow larger and darker. Troubles came from a quarter that tried him most severely. His two surviving sons, to whom he had given the best education, were both in the army—Russell, the younger, in India, where his health broke down, and he returned home to die in November, 1842. Thomas, the elder, was long a subject of great anxiety to his father. A youth of a high spirit and a genial nature, he had little restraint over himself, and in the indulgence of expensive habits he contracted debts which his father more than once contrived to liquidate; but at last in a thoughtless moment he sold his commission. A sum of £400 would have saved it to him, but Moore was unable to give it, and too independent in spirit to put himself under an obligation to friends to advance it. The young man obtained a commission in the Foreign Legion of Algiers, where he soon fell a victim to exposure and fatigue, and died in March, 1846. A month previously his sister Ellen, to whom he was tenderly attached, died, so that, as he wrote in his journal, "We are left desolate and alone. Not a single relative have I now left in the world!" His diary had for some time back given evidence of failure of memory, health, and spirits. A long and dangerous illness prostrated him in body and mind. A slow recovery left but the wreck of Thomas Moore; the brilliant conversationist, the ready wit, the fine fancy, the noble intellect, all but the mockery of what they had been—smouldering embers on a hearth now cold and dark. Let us not look in upon Moore aging, failing, dying out. We would prefer ever to think of him as in his vigour of

mind and body, in the immortal youth of his verse. Enough for us to know that his last years were not without consolations, and were full of peace. Friends whom he loved, and who loved him to the last, cheered him with their converse; and she, the tenderest, the truest, the noblest of all, ministered to his wants, the sunshine of his life even to the valley of the shadow of death. And so he passed away, leaning upon her and "leaning upon God," as he exhorted her to do. On the 26th of February, 1852, he died calmly and without pain. With four of his children and that faithful wife, who rejoined him in 1865, he now rests in the little churchyard of Bromham.

What need of an elaborate criticism of one whose genius won its own way to the highest fame? As a lyrist, what age or nation has produced his superior? The vigour of Burns has not Moore's exquisite polish; the grace and glow of Berenger has not half his wit. Both masters in political satire, that of Moore was at times wrapped up in figures with inimitable skill. As a patriot he was independent, honest, uncompromising; and his opinions, whether right or wrong, he maintained at all hazards. He stooped for no favours; he fettered his free action by no obligations. He loved aristocratic society, but it was for the refinement and accomplishments to be found in that order; and let us remember that the strength and purity of his affections for his own kin were neither weakened or sullied by his intercourse with the great, and that he could decline a dinner with the viceroy to dine at home with his sister Ellen on "salt fish and biscuit." He was an idolizing father and a fond husband; and though the records in his journal tell of frequent visits, which the quieter tastes of his wife declined, yet the numerous entries, spreading over days and weeks, of "worked at home," are volumes of calm and happy domesticity. Perhaps, after all, the wonder is that the worship of his intellect, the flatteries and fascinations of men and women, did not utterly spoil him. That they did not is a proof of a heart sound at the core, of a nature noble and self-respecting.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.



GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Go where glory waits thee,
But, while fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh! then remember me.

MOORE'S WORKS.

Other arms may press thee
 Dearer friends caress thee,
 All the joys that bless thee,
 Sweeter far may be;
 But when friends are nearest,
 And when joys are dearest,
 Oh! then remember me!

When, at eve, thou rovest
 By the star thou lovest,
 Oh! then remember me.
 Think, when home returning,
 Bright we've seen it burning,
 Oh! thus remember me.
 Oft as summer closes,
 When thine eye reposes
 On its ling'ring roses,
 Once so loved by thee,
 Think of her who wove them,
 Her who made thee love them,
 Oh! then remember me.

When, around thee dying,
 Autumn leaves are lying,
 Oh! then remember me.
 And, at night, when gazing
 On the gay hearth blazing,
 Oh! still remember me.
 Then should music, stealing
 All the soul of feeling,
 To thy heart appealing,
 Draw one tear from thee;
 Then let memory bring thee
 Strains I used to sing thee,—
 Oh! then remember me.



WHENE'ER I SEE THOSE SMILING EYES. ·

WHENE'ER I see those smiling eyes,
 So full of hope, and joy, and light,
 As if no cloud could ever rise,
 To dim a heav'n so purely bright—
 I sigh to think how soon that brow
 In grief may lose its every ray,
 And that light heart, so joyous now,
 Almost forget it once was gay.

For time will come with all its blights,
 The ruin'd hope, the friend unkind,
 And love, that leaves, where'er it lights,
 A chill'd or burning heart behind:—
 While youth, that now like snow appears,
 Ere sullied by the dark'ning rain,
 When once 'tis touch'd by sorrow's tears,
 Can never shine so bright again.



AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly
 To the lone vale we lov'd, when life shone warm in thine eye;
 And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the regions of air,
 To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there,
 And tell me our love is remember'd, even in the sky.

Then I sing the wild song 'twas once such pleasure to hear!
 When our voices commingling breath'd, like one, on the ear;
 And, as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,
 I think, oh my love! 'tis thy voice from the Kingdom of Souls,
 Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.



ERIN! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN THINE EYES

ERIN, the tear and the smile in thine eyes,
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies!
Shining through sorrow's stream,
Saddening through pleasure's beam,
Thy suns, with doubtful gleam,
Weep while they rise.

Erin, thy silent tear never shall cease,
Erin, thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form in heaven's sight
One arch of peace!



FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

FILL the bumper fair!
 Every drop we sprinkle
 O'er the brow of Care
 Smooths away a wrinkle.
 Wit's electric flame
 Ne'er so swiftly passes,
 As when through the frame
 It shoots from brimming glasses.
 Fill the bumper fair!
 Every drop we sprinkle
 O'er the brow of Care
 Smooths away a wrinkle.

Sages can, they say,
 Grasp the lightning's pinions,
 And bring down its ray
 From the starr'd dominious:—
 So we, Sages, sit,
 And, 'mid bumpers bright'ning,
 From the Heaven of Wit
 Draw down all its lightning.

Wouldst thou know what first
 Made our souls inherit
 This ennobling' thirst
 For wine's celestial spirit?
 It chanc'd upon that day,
 When, as bards inform us,
 Prometheus stole away
 The living fires that warm us:

The careless Youth, when up
 To Glory's fount aspiring,
 Took nor urn nor cup
 To hide the pilfer'd fire in.—

But oh his joy, when, round
 The halls of Heaven spying,
 Among the stars he found
 A bowl of Bacchus lying!

Some drops were in that bowl,
 Remains of last night's pleasure,
 With which the Sparks of Soul
 Mix'd their burning treasure.
 Hence the goblet's shower
 Hath such spells to win us ;
 Hence its mighty power
 O'er that flame within us.
 Fill the bumper fair !
 Every drop we sprinkle
 O'er the brow of Care
 Smooths away a wrinkle.



OH BANQUET NOT.

OH banquet not in those shining bowers,
 Where Youth resorts, but come to me :
 For mine's a garden of faded flowers,
 More fit for sorrow, for age, and thee.
 And there we shall have our feast of tears,
 And many a cup in silence pour ;
 Our guests, the shades of former years,
 Our toasts, to lips that bloom no more.

There, while the myrtle's withering boughs
 Their lifeless leaves around us shed,
 We'll brim the bowl to broken vows,
 To friends long lost, the changed, the dead.
 Or, while some blighted laurel waves
 Its branches o'er the dreary spot,
 We'll drink to those neglected graves,
 Where valour sleeps, unnam'd, forgot.

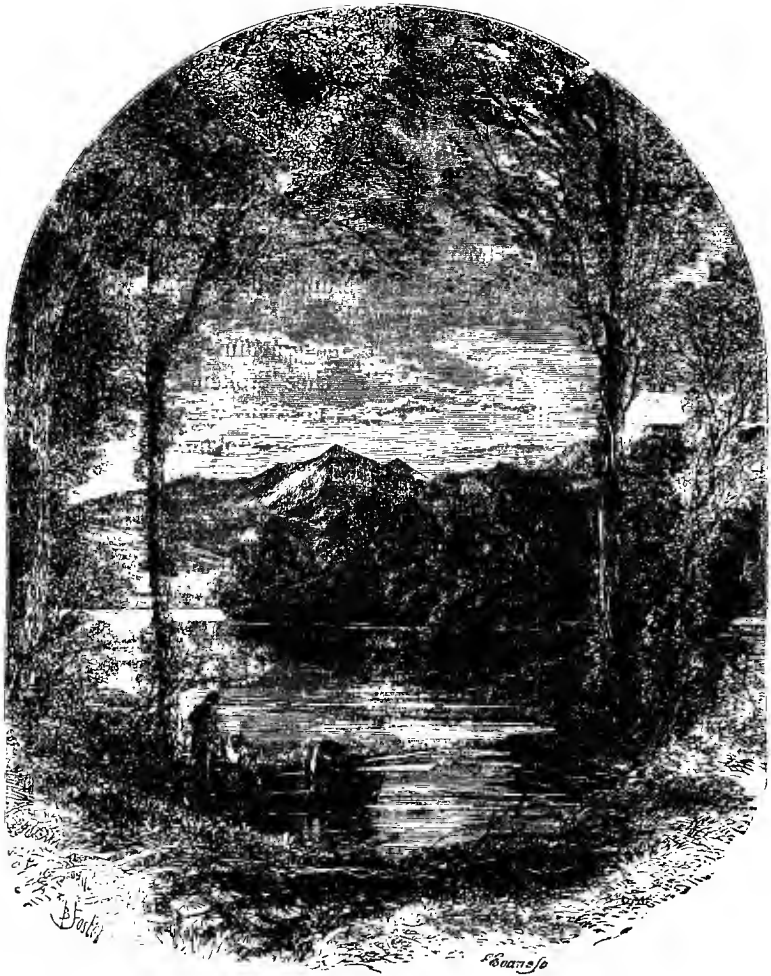
MY GENTLE HARP.

My gentle Harp, once more I waken
 The sweetness of thy slumb'ring strain;
 In tears our last farewell was taken,
 And now in tears we meet again.
 No light of joy hath o'er thee broken,
 But, like those Harps whose heav'nly skill
 Of slavery, dark as thine, hath spoken,
 Thou hang'st upon the willows still.

And yet, since last thy chord resounded,
 An hour of peace and triumph came,
 And many an ardent bosom bounded
 With hopes—that now are turn'd to shame.
 Yet even then, while Peace was singing
 Her halcyon song o'er land and sea,
 Though joy and hope to others bringing,
 She only brought new tears to thee.

Then, who can ask for notes of pleasure,
 My drooping Harp, from chords like thine?
 Alas, the lark's gay morning measure
 As ill would suit the swan's decline!
 Or how shall I, who love, who bless thee,
 Invoke thy breath for Freedom's strains,
 When, ev'n the wreaths in which I dress thee,
 Are sadly mix'd—half flow'rs, half chains?

But come—if yet thy frame can borrow
 One breath of joy, oh, breathe for me,
 And show the world, in chains and sorrow,
 How sweet thy music still can be;
 How gaily, e'en mid gloom surrounding,
 Thou yet canst wake at pleasure's thrill—
 Like Memnon's broken image sounding,
 'Mid desolation tuneful still!



SWEET INNISFALLEN.

SWEET Innisfallen, fare thee well,
May calm and sunshine long be thine!
How fair thou art let others tell,—
To *feel* how fair shall long be mine.

Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell
In memory's dream that sunny smile,
Which o'er thee on that evening fell,
When first I saw thy fairy isle.

'Twas light, indeed, too blest for one
 Who had to turn to paths of care—
 Through crowded haunts again to run,
 And leave thee bright and silent there;

No more unto thy shores to come,
 But, on the world's rude ocean tost,
 Dream of thee sometimes, as a home
 Of sunshine he had seen and lost.

Far better in thy weeping hours
 To part from thee, as I do now,
 When mist is o'er thy blooming bowers,
 Like sorrow's veil on beauty's brow.

For, though unrivall'd still thy grace,
 Thou dost not look, as then, *too* blest,
 But thus in shadow, seem'st a place
 Where erring man might hope to rest—

Might hope to rest, and find in thee
 A gloom like Eden's, on the day
 He left its shade, when every tree,
 Like thine, hung weeping o'er his way.

Weeping or smiling, lovely isle!
 And all the lovelier for thy tears—
 For though but rare thy sunny smile,
 'Tis heav'n's own glance when it appears.

Like feeling hearts, whose joys are few,
 But, when *indeed* they come, divine—
 The brightest light the sun e'er threw
 Is lifeless to one gleam of thine!



SHALL THE HARP, THEN, BE SILENT.¹

SHALL the Harp, then, be silent, when he who first gave
 To our country a name, is withdrawn from all eyes?
 Shall a Minstrel of Erin stand mute by the grave,
 Where the first—where the last of her Patriots lies?

No—faint tho' the death-song may fall from his lips,
 Tho' his Harp, like his soul, may with shadows be crost,
 Yet, yet shall it sound, 'mid a nation's eclipse,
 And proclaim to the world what a star hath been lost;—

What a union of all the affections and powers
 By which life is exalted, embellish'd, refin'd,
 Was embraced in that spirit—whose centre was ours,
 While its mighty circumference circled mankind!

Oh, who that loves Erin, or who that can see,
 Through the waste of her annals, that epoch sublime
 Like a pyramid rais'd in the desert—where he
 And his glory stand out to the eyes of all time;

That *one* lucid interval, snatch'd from the gloom
 And the madness of ages, when fill'd with his soul,
 A Nation o'erleap'd the dark bounds of her doom,
 And for one sacred instant, touch'd Liberty's goal?

Who, that ever hath heard him—hath drunk at the source
 Of that wonderful eloquence, all Erin's own,
 In whose high-thoughted daring, the fire, and the force,
 And the yet untam'd spring of her spirit are shown

An eloquence rich, wheresoever its wave
 Wander'd free and triumphant, with thoughts that shone through,
 As clear as the brook's "stone of lustre," and gave,
 With the flash of the gem, its solidity too.

Who, that ever approach'd him, when free from the crowd,
 In a home full of love, he delighted to tread
 'Mong the trees which a nation had giv'n, and which bow'd,
 As if each brought a new civic crown for his head,—

Is there one, who hath thus, through his orbit of life
 But at distance observ'd him—through glory, through blame,
 In the calm of retreat, in the grandeur of strife,
 Whether shining or clouded, still high and the same,—

Oh no, not a heart, that e'er knew him but mourns
 Deep, deep o'er the grave, where such glory is shrin'd—
 O'er a monument Fame will preserve, 'mong the urns
 Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of mankind!



I'VE A SECRET TO TELL THEE.

I've a secret to tell thee, but hush! not here,—
 Oh! not where the world its vigil keeps:
 I'll seek, to whisper it in thine ear,
 Some shore where the Spirit of Silence sleeps;
 Where summer's wave unmutm'ring dies,
 Nor fay can hear the fountain's gush;
 Where, if but a note her night-bird sighs,
 The rose saith, chidingly, "Hush, sweet, hush!"

There, amid the deep silence of that hour,
 When stars can be heard in ocean dip,
 Thyself shall, under some rosy bower,
 Sit mute, with thy finger on thy lip:
 Like him, the boy,² who born among
 The flowers that on the Nile-stream blush,
 Sits ever thus, —his only song
 To earth and heaven, "Hush, all, hush!"

THE MINSTREL BOY.

THE Minstrel Boy to the war is gone,
 In the ranks of death you'll find him ;
 His father's sword he has girded on,
 And his wild harp slung behind him.—
 "Land of song!" said the warrior-bard,
 "Though all the world betrays thee,
 "One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
 "One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
 Could not bring his proud soul under ;
 The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
 For he tore its chords asunder ;
 And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
 "Thou soul of love and bravery!
 "Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
 They shall never sound in slavery."





LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE.

LESBIA hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth;
Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at no one dreameth.
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
My Nora's lid that seldom rises;
Few its looks, but every one,
Like unexpected light, surprises!
Oh, my Nora Creina, dear,
My gentle, bashful Nora Creina,
Beauty lies
In many eyes,
But Love in yours, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
 But all so close the nymph hath lac'd it.
 Not a charm of beauty's mould
 Presumes to stay where nature plac'd it.
 Oh! my Nora's gown for me,
 That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
 Leaving every beauty free
 To sink or swell as Heaven pleases.
 Yes, my Nora Creina, dear,
 My simple, graceful Nora Creina,
 Nature's dress
 Is loveliness—
 The dress *you* wear, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia hath a wit refin'd,
 But, when its points are gleaming round us
 Who can tell if they're design'd
 To dazzle merely, or to wound us?
 Pillow'd on my Norah's heart,
 In safer slumber Love reposes—
 Bed of peace! whose roughest part
 Is but the crumpling of the roses.
 Oh! my Nora Creina, dear,
 My mild, my artless Nora Creina!
 Wit, though bright,
 Hath no such light,
 As warms your eyes, my Nora Creina.



THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

Down in the valley come meet me to-night
 And I'll tell you your fortune truly
 As ever was told, by the new moon's light,
 To a young maiden, shining as newly.

But, for the world, let no one be nigh,
 Lest haply the stars should deceive me;
 Such secrets between you and me and the sky
 Should never go farther, believe me.

If at that hour the heav'ns be not dim,
 My science shall call up before you
 A male apparition,—the image of him
 Whose destiny 'tis to adore you.

And if to that phantom you'll be kind,
 So fondly around you he'll hover,
 You'll hardly, my dear, any difference find
 'Twixt him and a true living lover.

Down at your feet, in the pale moonlight,
 He'll kneel, with a warmth of devotion—
 An ardour, of which such an innocent sprite
 You'd scarcely believe had a notion.

What other thoughts and events may arise,
 As in destiny's book I've not seen them,
 Must only be left to the stars and your eyes
 To settle, ere morning, between them.



THE WANDERING BARD.

WHAT life like that of the bard can be,—
 The wandering bard, who roams as free
 As the mountain lark that o'er him sings,
 And, like that lark, a music brings
 Within him, where'er he comes or goes,—
 A fount that for ever flows!
 The world's to him like some play-ground,
 Where fairies dance their moonlight round;—
 If dimm'd the turf where late they trod,
 The elves but seek some greener sod;
 So, when less bright his scene of glee,
 To another away flies he!

Oh, what would have been young Beauty's doom,
 Without a bard to fix her bloom?
 They tell us, in the moon's bright round,
 Things lost in this dark world are found;
 So charms, on earth long pass'd and gone,
 In the poet's lay live on.
 Would ye have smiles that ne'er grow dim?
 You've only to give them all to him,
 Who, with but a touch of Fancy's wand,
 Can lend them life, this life beyond,
 And fix them high, in Poesy's sky,—
 Young stars that never die!

Then, welcome the bard where'er he comes,—
 For, though he hath countless airy homes,
 To which his wing excursive roves,
 Yet still, from time to time, he loves
 To light upon earth and find such cheer
 As brightens our banquet here.
 No matter how far, how fleet he flies,
 You've only to light up kind young eyes,
 Such signal-fires as here are given,—
 And down he'll drop from Fancy's heaven,
 The minute such call to love or mirth
 Proclaims he's wanting on earth!



DRINK OF THIS CUP.

DRINK of this cup; you'll find there's a spell in
 Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality;
 Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen!
 Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.
 Would you forget the dark world we are in,
 Just taste of the bubble that gleams on the top of it;
 But would you rise above earth, till akin
 To Immortals themselves, you must drain every drop of it.
 Send round the cup—for oh, there's a spell in
 Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality;
 Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen!
 Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

Never was philter form'd with such power
 To charm and bewilder as this we are quaffing;
 Its magic began when, in Autumn's rich hour,
 A harvest of gold in the fields it stood laughing,
 There having, by Nature's enchantment, been fill'd
 With the balm and the bloom of her kindest weather,
 'This wonderful juice from its core was distill'd
 To enliven such hearts as are here brought together.
 Then drink of the cup—you'll find there's a spell in
 Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality;
 Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen!
 Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

And though, perhaps—but breathe it to no one—
 Like liquor the witch brews at midnight so awful,
 This philter in secret was first taught to flow on,
 Yet 'tis n't less potent for being unlawful.
 And, ev'n though it taste of the smoke of that flame,
 Which in silence extracted its virtue forbidden—
 Fill up—there's a fire in some hearts I could name,
 Which may work too its charm, though as lawless and hidder'
 So drink of the cup—for oh there's a spell in
 It's every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality;
 Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen!
 Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

E C H O.

How sweet the answer Echo makes
 To music at night,
 When, rous'd by lute or horn, she wakes,
 And far away, o'er lawns and lakes,
 Goes answering light.

Yet Love hath echoes truer far,
 And far more sweet,
 Than e'er beneath the moonlight's star,
 Of horn, or lute, or soft guitar,
 The songs repeat.

'Tis when the sigh, in youth sincere,
 And only then,—
 The sigh that's breath'd for one to hear,
 Is by that one, that only dear,
 Breath'd back again!



TO LADIES' EYES.

To Ladies' eyes around, boy,
 We can't refuse, we can't refuse,
 Though bright eyes so abound, boy,
 'Tis hard to choose, 'tis hard to choose:
 For thick as stars that lighten
 Yon airy bow'rs, yon airy bow'rs,
 The countless eyes that brighten
 This earth of ours, this earth of ours.
 But fill the cup—where'er, boy,
 Our choice may fall, our choice may fall.
 We're sure to find Love there, boy,
 So drink them all! so drink them all!

Some looks there are so holy,
 They seem but giv'n, they seem but giv'n,
 As shining beacons, solely,
 To light to heav'n, to light to heav'n.
 While some—oh! ne'er believe them—
 With tempting ray, with tempting ray,
 Would lead us (God forgive them!)
 The other way, the other way.
 But fill the cup—where'er, boy,
 Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
 We're sure to find Love there, boy,
 So drink them all! so drink them all!

In some, as in a mirror,
 Love seems portray'd, Love seems portray'd,
 But shun the flatt'ring error,
 'Tis but his shade, 'tis but his shade.
 Himself has fix'd his dwelling
 In eyes we know, in eyes we know,
 And lips—but this is telling—
 So here they go! so here they go!
 Fill up, fill up—where'er, boy,
 Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
 We're sure to find Love there, boy,
 So drink them all! so drink them all!



THE MOUNTAIN SPRITE

IN yonder valley there dwelt, alone,
 A youth, whose moments had calmly flown,
 Till spells came o'er him, and, day and night,
 He was haunted and watch'd by a Mountain Sprite

As once, by moonlight, he wander'd o'er
 The golden sands of that island shore,
 A foot-print sparkled before his sight—
 'Twas the fairy foot of the Mountain Sprite!

Beside a fountain, one sunny day,
 As bending over the stream he lay,
 There peep'd down o'er him two eyes of light,
 And he saw in that mirror the Mountain Sprite.

He turn'd, but, lo, like a startled bird,
 That spirit fled!—and the youth but heard
 Sweet music, such as marks the flight
 Of some bird of song, from the Mountain Sprite.

One night, still haunted by that bright look,
 The boy, bewilder'd, his pencil took,
 And, guided only by memory's light,
 Drew the once-seen form of the Mountain Sprite.

“Oh thou, who lovest the shadow,” cried
 A voice, low whispering by his side,
 “Now turn and see,”—here the youth's delight
 Seal'd the rosy lips of the Mountain Sprite.

“Of all the spirits of land and sea,”
 Then rapt he murmur'd, “there's none like thee,
 “And oft, oh oft, may thy foot thus light
 “In this lonely bower, sweet Mountain Sprite!”



OH, COULD WE DO WITH THIS WORLD OF OURS.

OH, could we do with this world of ours
 As thou dost with thy garden bowers,
 Reject the weeds and keep the flowers,
 What a heaven on earth we'd make it!
 So bright a dwelling should be our own,
 So warranted free from sigh or frown,
 That angels soon would be coming down,
 By the week or month to take it.

Like those gay flies that wing through air,
 And in themselves a lustre bear,
 A stock of light, still ready there,
 Whenever they wish to use it!
 So, in this world I'd make for thee,
 Our hearts should all like fire-flies be,
 And the flash of wit or poesy
 Break forth whenever we choose it.

While ev'ry joy that glads our sphere
 Hath still some shadow hov'ring near,
 In this new world of ours, my dear,
 Such shadows will all be omitted:—
 Unless they're like that graceful one,
 Which, when thou'rt dancing in the sun,
 Still near thee, leaves a charm upon
 Each spot where it hath fitted!



BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms
 Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
 Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
 Like fairy-gifts fading away,
 Thou wouldst still be ador'd, as this moment thou art,
 Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
 And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
 Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
 And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a tear,
 That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
 To which time will but make thee more dear;
 No, the heart that has truly lov'd never forgets,
 But as truly loves on to the close,
 As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
 The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

AND DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS.

AND doth not a meeting like this make amends,
 For all the long years I've been wand'ring away—
 To see thus around me my youth's early friends,
 As smiling and kind as in that happy day?
 Though haply o'er some of your brows, as o'er mine,
 The snow-fall of time may be stealing,—what then?
 Like Alps in the sunset, thus lighted by wine,
 We'll wear the gay tinge of youth's roses again.

When soften'd remembrances come o'er the heart,
 In gazing on those we've been lost to so long!
 The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part,
 Still round them, like visions of yesterday, throng.
 As letters some hand hath invisibly trac'd,
 When held to the flame will steal out on the sight,
 So many a feeling, that long seem'd effac'd,
 The warmth of a moment like this brings to light.

And thus, as in memory's bark we shall glide,
 To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew,
 Though oft we may see, looking down on the tide,
 The wreck of full many a hope shining through;
 Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers,
 That once made a garden of all the gay shore,
 Deceiv'd for a moment, we'll think them still ours,
 And breathe the fresh air of life's morning once more.

So brief our existence, a glimpse at the most,
 Is all we can have of the few we hold dear;
 And oft even joy is unheeded and lost,
 For want of some heart, that could echo it, near.
 Ah, well may we hope, when this short life is gone,
 To meet in some world of more permanent bliss,
 For a smile, or a grasp of the hand, hast'ning on,
 Is all we enjoy of each other in this.

But come, the more rare such delights to the heart,
 The more we should welcome and bless them the more;
 They're ours, when we meet,—they are lost when we part,
 Like birds that bring summer and fly when 'tis o'er.
 Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink,
 Let Sympathy pledge us, thro' pleasure, thro' pain,
 That, fast as a feeling but touches one link,
 Her magic shall send it direct thro' the chain.

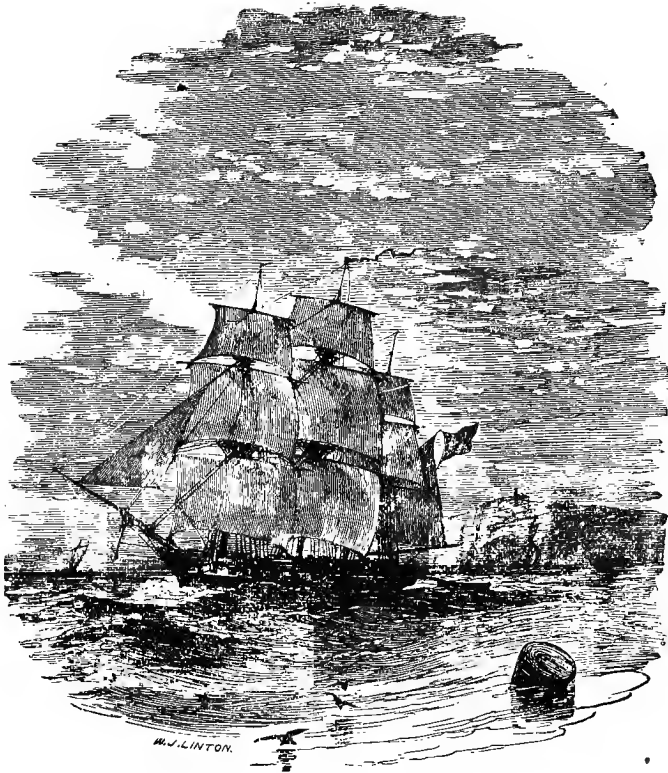


THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS.

THROUGH grief and through danger thy smile hath cheer'd my way.
 Till hope seem'd to bud from each thorn that round me lay;
 The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love burn'd,
 Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was turn'd;
 Yes, slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free,
 And bless'd even the sorrows that made me more dear to thee.

Thy rival was honour'd, while thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd,
 Thy crown was of briers, while gold her brows adorn'd;
 She woo'd me to temples, whilst thou lay'st hid in caves,
 Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas! were slaves;
 Yet cold in the earth, at thy feet, I would rather be,
 Than wed what I lov'd not, or turn one thought from thee.

They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail—
 Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had look'd less pale.
 They say, too, so long thou hast worn those lingering chains,
 That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile stains—
 Oh! foul is the slander—no chain could that soul subdue—
 Where shineth *thy* spirit, there liberty shineth too!



AS SLOW OUR SHIP.

As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still look'd back
To that dear Isle 'twas leaving.
So loth we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us;
So turn our hearts as on we rove,
To those we've left behind us.

When, round the bowl, of vanish'd years
We talk, with joyous seeming,—
With smiles that might as well be tears,
So faint, so sad their beaming;
While mem'ry brings us back again
Each early tie that twined us,
Oh, sweet's the cup that circles then
To those we've left behind us.

And when, in other climes, we meet
 Some isle, or vale enchanting,
 Where all looks flow'ry, wild, and sweet,
 And nought but love is wanting;
 We think how great had been our bliss,
 If Heav'n had but assign'd us
 To live and die in scenes like this,
 With some we've left behind us!

As trav'lers oft look back at eve,
 When eastward darkly going,
 To gaze upon that light they leave
 Still faint behind them glowing,—
 So, when the close of pleasure's day
 To gloom hath near consign'd us,
 We turn to catch one fading ray
 Of joy that's left behind us.



BEFORE THE BATTLE.

By the hope within us springing,
 Herald of to-morrow's strife;
 By that sun, whose light is bringing
 Chains or freedom, death or life—
 Oh! remember life can be
 No charm for him, who lives not free!
 Like the day-star in the wave,
 Sinks a hero in his grave,
 Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears.

Happy is he o'er whose decline
 The smiles of home may soothing shine,
 And light him down the steep of years:—
 But oh, how blest they sink to rest,
 Who close their eyes on Victory's breast!

O'er his watch-fire's fading embers
 Now the foeman's cheek turns white,
 When his heart that field remembers,
 Where we tam'd his tyrant might.
 Never let him bind again
 A chain, like that we broke from then.
 Hark! the horn of combat calls—
 Ere the golden evening falls,
 May we pledgè that horn in triumph round!

Many a heart that now beats high,
 In slumber cold at night shall lie,
 Nor waken even at victory's sound:—
 But oh, how blest that hero's sleep,
 O'er whom a wond'ring world shall weep!



AFTER THE BATTLE.

NIGHT clos'd around the conqueror's way,
 And lightnings show'd the distant hill,
 Where those who lost that dreadful day,
 Stood few and faint, but fearless still.
 The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
 For ever dimm'd, for ever crost—
 Oh! who shall say what heroes feel,
 When all but life and honour's lost?

The last sad hour of freedom's dream,
 And valour's task, mov'd slowly by,
 While mute they watch'd, till morning's beam
 Should rise and give them light to die.
 There's yet a world, where souls are free,
 Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss;—
 If death that world's bright opening be,
 Oh! who would live a slave in this?

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED.

HAS sorrow thy young days shaded,
 As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
 Too fast have those young days faded,
 That, even in sorrow, were sweet!
 Does Time with his cold wing wither
 Each feeling that once was dear?—
 Then, child of misfortune, come hither,
 I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

HAS love to that soul, so tender,
 Been like our Lagenian mine,
 Where sparkles of golden splendour
 All over the surface shine—
 But, if in pursuit we go deeper,
 Allur'd by the gleam that shone,
 Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,
 Like Love, the bright ore is gone?

HAS Hope, like the bird in the story,
 That flitted from tree to tree
 With the talisman's glittering glory—
 Has Hope been that bird to thee?
 On branch after branch alighting,
 The gem did she still display,
 And, when nearest and most inviting,
 Then waft the fair gem away?

IF thus the young hours have fled,
 When sorrow itself looked bright;
 If thus the fair hope hath cheated,
 That led thee along so light;
 If thus the cold world now wither
 Each feeling that once was dear:—
 Come, child of misfortune, come hither,
 I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

SHE is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
 And lovers are round her, sighing:
 But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
 For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
 Every note which he lov'd awaking;—
 Ah! little they think who delight in her strains,
 How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking.

He had liv'd for his love, for his country he died,
 They were all that to life had entwin'd him;
 Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
 Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
 When they promise a glorious morrow;
 They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,
 From her own lov'd island of sorrow.



HOW OFT HAS THE BENSHEE CRIED.

How oft has the Benshee cried,
 How oft has death untied
 Bright links that Glory wove,
 Sweet bonds entwin'd by Love!
 Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth;
 Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth;
 Long may the fair and brave
 Sigh o'er the hero's grave.

We're fall'n upon gloomy days!
 Star after star decays,
 Every bright name, that shed
 Light o'er the land, is fled.
 Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth
 Lost joy, or hope that ne'er returneth;
 But brightly flows the tear,
 Wept o'er a hero's bier.

Quenched are our beacon lights—
 Thou of the Hundred Fights!
 Thou, on whose burning tongue
 Truth, peace, and freedom hung!
 Both mute—but long as valour shineth,
 Or mercy's soul at war repineth,
 So long shall Erin's pride
 Tell how they lived and died.



I'D MOURN THE HOPES.

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,
 If thy smiles had left me too;
 I'd weep when friends deceive me,
 If thou wert, like them, untrue.
 But while I've thee before me,
 With heart so warm and eyes so bright,
 No clouds can linger o'er me,
 That smile turns them all to light.

'Tis not in fate to harm me,
 While fate leaves thy love to me;
 'Tis not in joy to charm me,
 Unless joy be shar'd with thee.
 One minute's dream about thee
 Were worth a long, an endless year
 Of waking bliss without thee,
 My own love, my only dear!

And though the hope be gone, love,
 That long sparkled o'er our way,
 Oh! we shall journey on, love,
 More safely, without its ray.
 Far better lights shall win me
 Along the path I've yet to roam:—
 The mind that burns within me,
 And pure smiles from thee at home.

Thus when the lamp that lighted
 The traveller at first goes out,
 He feels awhile benighted,
 And looks round in fear and doubt.
 But soon, the prospect clearing,
 By cloudless starlight on he treads,
 And thinks no lamp so cheering
 As that light which Heaven sheds.



WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.

WHEN he who adores thee, has left but the name
 Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
 Oh! say wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
 Of a life that for thee was resign'd?
 Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
 Thy tears shall efface their decree;
 For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
 I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
 Every thought of my reason was thine;
 In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above.
 Thy name shall be mingled with mine.
 Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
 The days of thy glory to see;
 But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
 Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

ERIN, OH ERIN.

LIKE the bright lamp, that shone in Kildare's holy fane,
 And burn'd thro' long ages of darkness and storm,
 Is the heart that sorrows have frown'd on in vain,
 Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm.
 Erin, oh Erin, thus bright thro' the tears
 Of a long night of bondage, thy spirit appears.

The nations have fallen, and thou still art young,
 Thy sun is but rising, when others are set;
 And tho' slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung,
 The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.
 Erin, oh Erin, tho' long in the shade,
 Thy star will shine out when the proudest shall fade.

Unchill'd by the rain, and unwak'd by the wind,
 The lily lies sleeping thro' winter's cold hour,
 Till Spring's light touch her fetters unbind,
 And daylight and liberty bless the young flower.
 Thus Erin, oh Erin, *thy* winter is past,
 And the hope that liv'd thro' it shall blossom at last.



THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

THE time I've lost in wooing,
 In watching and pursuing
 The light, that lies
 In woman's eyes,
 Has been my heart's undoing.
 Though Wisdom oft has sought me,
 I scorn'd the lore she brought me.
 My only books
 Were woman's looks,
 And folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
 I hung with gaze enchanted,
 Like him the sprite,
 Whom maids by night
 Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
 Like him, too, Beauty won me,
 But while her eyes were on me,
 If once their ray
 Was turn'd away,
 Oh! winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going?
 And is my proud heart growing
 Too cold or wise
 For brilliant eyes
 Again to set it glowing?
 No, vain, alas! th' endeavour
 From bonds so sweet to sever;
 Poor Wisdom's chance
 Against a glance
 Is now as weak as ever,



SING, SWEET HARP.

SING, sweet Harp, oh sing to me
 Some song of ancient days,
 Whose sounds, in this sad memory,
 Long buried dreams shall raise;—
 Some lay that tells of vanish'd fame,
 Whose light once round us shone;
 Of noble pride, now turn'd to shame,
 And hopes for ever gone.
 Sing, sad Harp, thus sing to me;
 Alike our doom is cast,
 Both lost to all but memory,
 We live but in the past.

How mournfully the midnight air
 Among thy chords doth sigh,
 As if it sought some echo there
 Of voices long gone by;—
 Of Chieftains, now forgot, who seem'd
 The foremost then in fame;
 Of Bards who, once immortal deem'd,
 Now sleep without a name.
 In vain, sad Harp, the midnight air
 Among thy chords doth sigh;
 In vain it seeks an echo there
 Of voices long gone by.

Couldst thou but call those spirits round,
 Who once, in bower and hall,
 Sat listening to thy magic sound,
 Now mute and mould'ring all;—
 But, no; they would but wake to weep
 Their children's slavery;
 Then leave them in their dreamless sleep,
 The dead, at least, are free!
 Hush, hush, sad Harp, that dreary tone,
 That knell of Freedom's day;
 Or, listening to its death-like moan,
 Let me, too, die away.

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

LET Erin remember the days of old,
 Ere her faithless sons betray'd her;
 When Malachi wore the collar of gold,
 Which he won from her proud invader,
 When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,
 Led the Red-branch Knights to danger;—
 Ere the emerald gem of the western world
 Was set in the crown of a stranger.

ON Lough Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays,
 When the clear cold eve's declining,
 He sees the round towers of other days
 In the wave beneath him shining;
 Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
 Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
 Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
 For the long faded glories they cover.



'T WAS ONE OF THOSE DREAMS.

'T WAS one of those dreams, that by music are brought,
 Like a bright summer haze, o'er the poet's warm thought—
 When, lost in the future, his soul wanders on,
 And all of this life, but its sweetness, is gone.

The wild notes he heard o'er the water were those
 He had taught to sing Erin's dark bondage and woes,
 And the breath of the bugle now wafted them o'er
 From Dinis' green isle, to Glenà's wooded shore.

He listen'd—while, high o'er the eagle's rude nest,
 The lingering sounds on their way lov'd to rest;
 And the echoes sung back from their full mountain quire,
 As if loth to let song so enchanting expire.

It seem'd as if ev'ry sweet note, that died here,
 Was again brought to life in some airier sphere,
 Some heav'n in those hills, where the soul of the strain
 That had ceas'd upon earth was awaking again!

Oh forgive, if, while list'ning to music, whose breath
 Seem'd to circle his name with a charm against death,
 He should feel a proud Spirit within him proclaim,
 "Even so shalt thou live in the echoes of Fame:

"Even so, tho' thy mem'ry should now die away,
 "Twill be caught up again in some happier day,
 "And the hearts and the voices of Erin prolong,
 "Through the answering Future, thy name and thy song."



AVENGING AND BRIGHT.

AVENGING and bright fall the swift sword of Erin
 On him who the brave sons of Usna betray'd!—
 For every fond eye he hath waken'd a tear in,
 A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.

By the red cloud that hung over Conor's dark dwelling,
 When Ulad's three champions lay sleeping in gore—
 By the billows of war, which so often, high swelling,
 Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore—

We swear to revenge them!—no joy shall be tasted,
 The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
 Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wasted,
 Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head.

Yes, monarch! tho' sweet are our home recollections;
 Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall;
 Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affections,
 Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!



THEY MAY RAIL AT THIS LIFE.

THEY may rail at this life—from the hour I began it,
I found it a life full of kindness and bliss;
And, until they can show me some happier planet,
More social and bright, I'll content me with this.
As long as the world has such lips and such eyes,
As before me this moment enraptur'd I see,
They may say what they will of their orbs in the skies,
But this earth is the 'planet for you, love, and me.

In Mercury's star, where each moment can bring them
New sunshine and wit from the fountain on high,
Though the nymphs may have livelier poets to sing them.
They've none, even there, more enamour'd than I.
And, as long as this harp can be waken'd to love,
And that eye its divine inspiration shall be,
They may talk as they will of their Edens above,
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

In that star of the west, by whose shadowy splendour,
 At twilight so often we've roam'd through the dew,
 There are maidens, perhaps, who have bosoms as tender
 And look, in their twilights, as lovely as you.
 But tho' they were even more bright than the queen
 Of that isle they inhabit in heaven's blue sea,
 As I never those fair young celestials have seen,
 Why—this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

As for those chilly orbs on the verge of creation,
 Where sunshine and smiles must be equally rare,
 Did they want a supply of cold hearts for that station,
 Heav'n knows we have plenty on earth we could spare.
 Oh! think what a world we should have of it here,
 If the haters of peace, of affection, and glee,
 Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless sphere,
 And leave earth to such spirits as you, love, and me.



COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE.

COME, send round the wine, and leave points of belief
 To simpleton sages, and reasoning fools;
 This moment's a flower too fair and brief,
 To be wither'd and stain'd by the dust of the schools.
 Your glass may be purple, and mine may be blue,
 But, while they are fill'd from the same bright bowl,
 The fool, who would quarrel for diff'rence of hue,
 Deserves not the comfort then shed o'er the soul.

Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side
 In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
 Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
 If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
 From the neretic girl of my soul should I fly,
 To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
 No: perish the hearts, and the laws that try
 Truth, valour, or love, by a standard like this!

BY THAT LAKE, WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE.³

By that Lake, whose gloomy shore
 Sky-lark never warbles o'er,
 Where the cliff hangs high and steep
 Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep.
 "Here, at least," he calmly said,
 "Woman ne'er shall find my bed."
 Ah! the good Saint little knew
 What that wily sex can do.

'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew,—
 Eyes of most unholy blue!
 She had lov'd him well and long,
 Wish'd him hers, nor thought it wrong.
 Wheresoe'er the Saint would fly,
 Still he heard her light foot nigh;
 East or west, where'er he turn'd,
 Still her eyes before him burn'd.

On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
 Tranquil now he sleeps at last;
 Dreams of heaven, nor thinks that e'er
 Woman's smile can haunt him there.
 But nor earth nor heaven is free
 From her power, if fond she be:
 Even now, while calm he sleeps,
 Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

Fearless she had track'd his feet
 To this rocky, wild retreat;
 And when morning met his view,
 Her mild glances met it too.
 Ah, your Saints have cruel hearts!
 Sternly from his bed he starts,
 And with rude repulsive shock,
 Hurls her from the beetling rock.

Glendalough, thy gloomy wave
 Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave!
 Soon the Saint (yet ah! too late)
 Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate.
 When he said, "Heaven rest her soul!"
 Round the Lake light music stole;
 And her ghost was seen to glide,
 Smiling o'er the fatal tide.



OH! THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS AS LIGHT.

OH! think not my spirits are always as light,
 And as free from a pang as they seem to you now;
 Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night
 Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow.
 No:—life is a waste of wearisome hours,
 Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
 And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
 Is always the first to be touched by the thorns.
 But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile—
 May we never meet worse, in our pilgrimage here,
 Than the tear that enjoyment may gild with a smile,
 And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear.

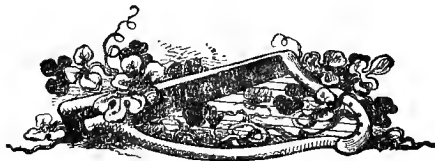
The thread of our life would be dark, Heaven knows!
 If it were not with friendship and love intertwined;
 And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
 When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind.
 But they who have lov'd the fondest, the purest,
 Too often have wept o'er the dream they believ'd;
 And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship securest,
 Is happy indeed if 'twas never deceiv'd.
 But send round the bowl; while a relic of truth
 Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be mine,—
 That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,
 And the moonlight of friendship console our decline.

SHE SANG OF LOVE.

SHE sung of Love, while o'er her lyre
 The rosy rays of evening fell,
 As if to feed, with their soft fire,
 The soul within that trembling shell.
 The same rich light hung o'er her cheek,
 And play'd around those lips that sung
 And spoke, as flowers would sing and speak,
 If Love could lend their leaves a tongue.

But soon the West no longer burn'd,
 Each rosy ray from heav'n withdrew;
 And, when to gaze again I turn'd,
 The minstrel's form seem'd fading too.
 As if *her* light and heav'n's were one,
 The glory all had left that frame;
 And from her glimmering lips the tone,
 As from a parting spirit, came.

Who ever lov'd, but had the thought
 That he and all he lov'd must part?
 Fill'd with this fear, I flew and caught
 The fading image to my heart—
 And cried, "Oh Love! is this thy doom?
 "Oh light of youth's resplendent day!
 "Must ye then lose your golden bloom,
 And thus, like sunshine, die away?"



OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD.

OH! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers,
 Where Pleasure lies, carelessly smiling at Fame;
 He was born for much more, and in happier hours
 His soul might have burn'd with a holier flame.
 The string, that now languishes loose o'er the lyre,
 Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart;
 And the lip which now breathes but the song of desire,
 Might have pour'd the full tide of a patriot's heart.

But alas for his country!—her pride is gone by,
 And that spirit is broken, which never would bend;
 O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
 For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend.
 Unpriz'd are her sons, till they've learn'd to betray;
 Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not their sires;
 And the torch, that would light them thro' dignity's way,
 Must be caught from the pile, where their country expires.

Then blame not the bard, if in pleasure's soft dream,
 He should try to forget, what he never can heal:
 Oh! give but a hope—let a vista but gleam
 Through the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll feel!
 That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay down
 Every passion it nurs'd, every bliss it ador'd;
 While the myrtle, now idly entwin'd with his crown,
 Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover his sword.

But tho' glory be gone, and tho' hope fade away,
 Thy name, loved Erin, shall live in his songs;
 Not ev'n in the hour, when his heart is most gay,
 Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs.
 The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;
 The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
 Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
 Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep.

THO' THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN WITH SORROW I SEE.

THO' the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,
 Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me;
 In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,
 And thine eyes make my climate wherever we roam.

To the gloom of some desert or cold rocky shore,
 Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,
 I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind
 Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind.

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair as graceful it wreathes,
 And hang o'er thy soft harp as wildly it breathes;
 Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear
 One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.



NAY, TELL ME NOT, DEAR.

NAY, tell me not, dear, that the goblet drowns
 One charm of feeling, one fond regret;
 Believe me, a few of thy angry frowns
 Are all I've sunk in its bright wave yet.
 Ne'er hath a beam
 Been lost in the stream
 That ever was shed from thy form or soul;
 The spell of those eyes,
 The balm of thy sighs,
 Still float on the surface, and hallow my bowl.
 Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steal
 One blissful dream of the heart from me;
 Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
 The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

They tell us that Love in his fairy bower
 Had two blush-roses, of birth divine;
 He sprinkled the one with a rainbow's shower,
 But bath'd the other with mantling wine.
 Soon did the buds
 That drank of the floods
 Distill'd by the rainbow, decline and fade;
 While those which the tide
 Of ruby had dy'd
 All blush'd into beauty, like thee, sweet maid!
 Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steal
 One blissful dream of the heart from me;
 Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
 The bowl but brightens my love for thee.



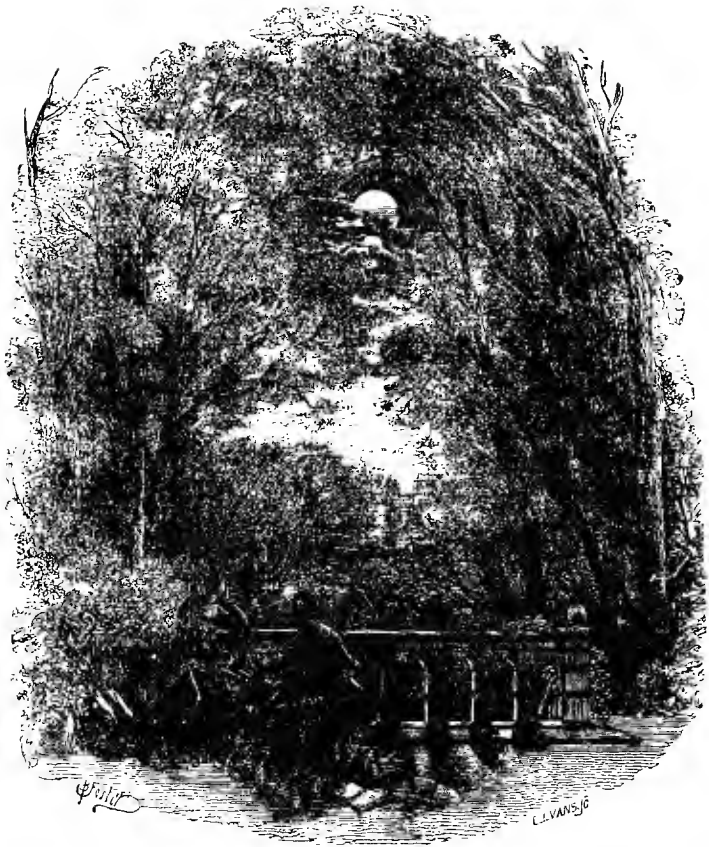
THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

'Tis believ'd that this harp, which I wake now for thee,
 Was a Syren of old, who sung under the sea;
 And who often, at eve, thro' the bright waters rov'd,
 To meet, on the green shore, a youth whom she lov'd.

But she lov'd him in vain, for he left her to weep,
 And in tears, all the night, her gold tresses to steep;
 Till heav'n look'd with pity on true love so warm,
 And chang'd to this soft Harp the sea-maiden's form.

Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheeks smil'd the same—
 While her sea-beauties gracefully form'd the light frame;
 And her hair, as, let loose, o'er her white arm it fell,
 Was chang'd to bright chords utt'ring melody's spell.

Hence it came, that this soft Harp so long hath been known
 To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone;
 Till thou didst divide them, and teach the fond lay
 To speak love when I'm near thee, and grief when away.



FLY NOT YET.

FLY not yet, 'tis just the hour,
When pleasure, like the midnight flower
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night,
And maids who love the moon.

'Twas but to bless these hours of shade
That beauty and the moon were made;
'Tis then their soft attractions glowing
Set the tides and goblets flowing.

Oh! stay,—Oh! stay,—
Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this to-night, that oh! 'tis pain
To break its links so soon.

Fly not yet, the fount that play'd
 In times of old through Ammon's shade,
 Though icy cold by day it ran,
 Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
 To burn when night was near.
 And thus, should woman's heart and looks
 At noon be cold as winter brooks,
 Nor kindle till the night, returning,
 Brings their genial hour for burning.
 Oh! stay,—Oh! stay,—
 When did morning ever break,
 And find such beaming eyes awake
 As those that sparkle here?



FROM THIS HOUR THE PLEDGE IS GIVEN.

FROM this hour the pledge is given,
 From this hour my soul is thine:
 Come what will, from earth or heaven,
 Weal or woe, thy fate be mine.
 When the proud and great stood by thee,
 None dar'd thy rights to spurn;
 And if now they're false and fly thee,
 Shall I, too, basely turn?
 No;—whate'er the fires that try thee,
 In the same this heart shall burn.

Though the sea, where thou embarkest,
 Offers now a friendly shore,
 Light may come where all looks darkest,
 Hope hath life, when life seems o'er.
 And, of those past ages dreaming,
 When glory deck'd thy brow,
 Of I fondly think, though seeming
 So fall'n and clouded now,
 Thou'lt again break forth, all beaming,—
 None so bright, so blest as thou!

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer
 Left blooming alone;
 All her lovely companions
 Are faded and gone;
 No flower of her kindred,
 No rose-bud is nigh,
 To reflect back her blushes,
 Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
 To pine on the stem;
 Since the lovely are sleeping,
 Go, sleep thou with them.
 Thus kindly I scatter
 Thy leaves o'er the bed,
 Where thy mates of the garden
 Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may *I* follow,
 When friendships decay,
 And from Love's shining circle
 The gems drop away.
 When true hearts lie wither'd,
 And fond ones are flown,
 Oh! who would inhabit
 This bleak world alone?



EVELEEN'S BOWER.

OH! weep for the hour,
 When to Eveleen's bower
 The Lord of the Valley with false vows came;
 The moon hid her light
 From the heavens that night,
 And wept behind the clouds o'er the maiden's shame.

The clouds pass'd soon
 From the chaste cold moon,
 And heaven smiled again with her vestal flame;
 But none will see the day,
 When the clouds shall pass away,
 Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

The white snow lay
 On the narrow path-way,
 When the Lord of the Valley crost over the moor;
 And many a deep print
 On the white snow's tint
 Show'd the track of his footstep to Eveleen's door.

The next sun's ray
 Soon melted away
 Every trace on the path where the false Lord came;
 But there's a light above,
 Which alone can remove
 That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.



THE SONG OF FIONNUALA.⁴

SILENT, oh Moyle, be the roar of thy water,
 Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose,
 While, murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter
 Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.
 When shall the swan, her death-note singing,
 Sleep, with wings in darkness furl'd?
 When will heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
 Call my spirit from this stormy world?

Sadly, oh Moyle, to thy winter-wave weeping,
 Fate bids me languish long ages away;
 Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping
 Still doth the pure light its dawning delay.
 When will that day-star, mildly springing,
 Warm our isle with peace and love?
 When will heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
 Call my spirit to the fields above?



AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF THE WATERS MAY GLOW.

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
So the cheek may be ting'd with a warm sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting—

Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,
Like a dead, leafless branch in the summer's bright ray;
The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain,
It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again.

IRISH MELODIES.

IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT SHED

It is not the tear at this moment shed,
When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him,
That can tell how belov'd was the friend that's fled,
Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him.
'Tis the tear, thro' many a long day wept,
'Tis life's whole path o'ershaded ;
'Tis the one remembrance, fondly kept,
When all lighter griefs have faded.

Thus his memory, like some holy light,
Kept alive in our hearts, will improve them,
For worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright,
When we think how he liv'd but to love them.
And, as fresher flowers the sod perfume
Where buried saints are lying,
So our hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom
From the image he left there in dying!



COME O'ER THE SEA.

COME o'er the sea,
Maiden, with me,
Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows ;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.
Let fate frown on, so we love and part not ;
'Tis life where *thou* art, 'tis death where thou art not
Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden, with me,
Come wherever the wild wind blows ;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.

Was not the sea
 Made for the Free,
 Land for courts and chains alone?
 Here we are slaves,
 But, on the waves,
 Love and Liberty's all our own.
 No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
 All earth forgot, and all heaven around us—
 Then come o'er the sea,
 Maiden with me,
 Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows;
 Seasons may roll,
 But the true soul
 Burns the same, where'er it goes.



WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE FLOW'RET.

HE.—What the bee is to the flow'ret,
 When he looks for honey-dew,
 Through the leaves that close embower it,
 That, my love, I'll be to you.

SHE.—What the bank, with verdure glowing,
 Is to waves that wander near
 Whisp'ring kisses, while they're going,
 That I'll be to you, my dear.

SHE.—But they say, the bee's a rover,
 Who will fly, when sweets are gone;
 And, when once the kiss is over,
 Faithless brooks will wander on.

HE.—Nay, if flowers *will* lose their looks,
 If sunny banks *will* wear away,
 'Tis but right, that bees and brooks
 Should sip and kiss them while they *may*.

THE PARALLEL.

YES, sad one of Sion,⁵ if closely resembling,
 In shame and in sorrow, thy wither'd-up heart—
 If drinking deep, deep, of the same "cup of trembling"
 Could make us thy children, our parent thou art.

Like thee doth our nation lie conquer'd and broken,
 And fall'n from her head is the once royal crown;
 In her streets, in her halls, Desolation hath spoken,
 And "while it is day yet, her sun hath gone down."

Like thine doth her exile, 'mid dreams of returning,
 Die far from the home it were life to behold;
 Like thine do her sons, in the day of their mourning,
 Remember the bright things that bless'd them of old

Ah, well may we call her, like thee, "the Forsaken,"
 Her boldest are vanquish'd, her proudest are slaves;
 And the harps of her minstrels, when gayest they waken,
 Have tones 'mid their mirth, like the wind over graves!

Yet hadst thou thy vengeance—yet came there the morrow,
 That shines out, at last, on the longest dark night,
 When the sceptre, that smote thee with slavery and sorrow,
 Was shiver'd at once, like a reed, in thy sight:

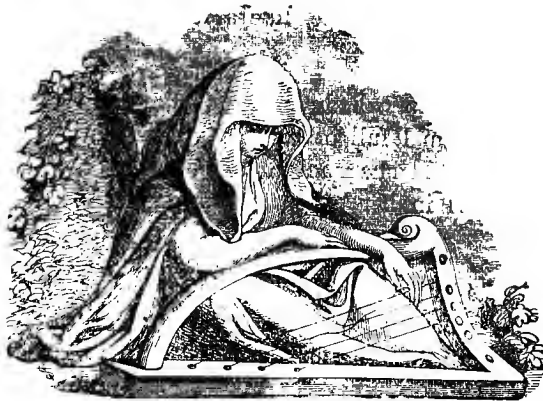
When that cup, which for others the proud Golden City
 Had brimm'd full of bitterness, drench'd her own lips;
 And the world she had trampled on heard, without pity,
 The howl in her halls, and the cry from her ships:

When the curse Heaven keeps for the haughty came over
 Her merchants rapacious, her rulers unjust,
 And, a ruin, at last, for the earthworm to cover,
 The Lady of Kingdoms lay low in the dust.

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY!

DEAR Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song!
The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
But, so oft hast thou echo'd the deep sigh of sadness,
That ev'n in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my Country! farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine!
Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine;
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;
I was *but* as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own.



SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING.

SUBLIME was the warning that Liberty spoke,
 And grand was the moment when Spaniards awoke
 Into life and revenge from the conqueror's chain.
 Oh, Liberty! let not this spirit have rest,
 Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the waves of the west—
 Give the light of your look to each sorrowing spot,
 Nor, oh, be the Shamrock of Erin forgot
 While you add to your garland the Olive of Spain!

If the fame of our fathers, bequeath'd with their rights,
 Give to country its charm, and to home its delights,
 If deceit be a wound, and suspicion a stain,
 Then, ye men of Iberia, our cause is the same!
 And oh! may his tomb want a tear and a name,
 Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death,
 Than to turn his last sigh into victory's breath,
 For the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

Ye Blakes and O'Donnells, whose fathers resign'd
 The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find
 That repose which, at home, they had sigh'd for in vain,
 Join, join in our hope that the flame, which you light,
 May be felt yet in Erin, as calm, and as bright,
 And forgive even Albion while blushing she draws,
 Like a truant, her sword, in the long-slighted cause
 Of the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

God prosper the cause!—oh, it cannot but thrive,
 While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive,
 Its devotion to feel, and its right to maintain;
 Then, how sainted by sorrow, its martyrs will die! }
 The finger of glory shall point where they lie;
 While, far from the footstep of coward or slave,
 The young spirit of Freedom shall shelter their grave
 Beneath Shamrocks of Erin and Olives of Spain!

OH! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE OF OUR OWN.

OH! had we some bright little isle of our own,
 In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone,
 Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,
 And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers;
 Where the sun loves to pause
 With so fond a delay,
 That the night only draws
 A thin veil o'er the day;
 Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
 Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give.

There, with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,
 We should love, as they lov'd in the first golden time;
 The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
 Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there.
 With affection as free
 From decline as the bowers,
 And, with hope, like the bee,
 Living always on flowers,
 Our life should resemble a long day of light,
 And our death come on, holy and calm as the night.



THE WINE-CUP IS CIRCLING.

THE wine-cup is circling in Almhin's hall,
 And its Chief, 'mid his heroes reclining,
 Looks up, with a sigh, to the trophied wall,
 Where his sword hangs idly shining.
 When, hark! that shout
 From the vale without,—
 "Arm ye quick, the Dane, the Dane is nigh!"
 Ev'ry Chief starts up
 From his foaming cup,
 And "To battle, to battle!" is the Finian's cry.

The minstrels have seized their harps of gold,
 And they sing such thrilling numbers,—
 'Tis like the voice of the Brave, of 'old,
 Breaking forth from their place of slumbers!
 Spear to buckler rang,
 As the minstrels sang,
 And the Sun-burst⁶ o'er them floated wide;
 While rememb'ring the yoke
 Which their fathers broke,
 "On for liberty, for liberty!" the Finians cried.

Like clouds of the night the Northmen came,
 O'er the valley of Almhin lowering;
 While onward mov'd, in the light of its fame
 That banner of Erin, towering.
 With the mingling shock
 Rung cliff and rock,
 While, rank on rank, the invaders die:
 And the shout, that last
 O'er the dying pass'd,
 Was "Victory! victory!"—the Finian's cry.



THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUER'D WITH PLEASURES AND WOES

THIS life is all chequer'd with pleasures and woes,
 That chase one another like waves of the deep,—
 Each brightly or darkly, as onward it flows,
 Reflecting our eyes, as they sparkle or weep.
 So closely our whims on our miseries tread,
 That the laugh is awak'd ere the tear can be dried;
 And, as fast as the rain-drop of Pity is shed,
 The goose-plumage of Folly can turn it aside.
 But pledge me the cup—if existence would cloy,
 With hearts ever happy, and heads ever wise,
 Be ours the light Sorrow, half-sister to Joy,
 And the light, brilliant Folly that flashes and dies.

When Hylas was sent with his urn to the fount,
 Through fields full of light, and with heart full of play,
 Light rambled the boy, over meadow and mount,
 And neglected his task for the flowers on the way.
 Thus many, like me, who in youth should have tasted
 The fountain that runs by Philosophy's shrine,
 Their time with the flow'rs on the margin have wasted,
 And left their light urns all as empty as mine.
 But pledge me the goblet;—while Idleness weaves
 These flow'rets together, should Wisdom but see
 One bright drop or two that has fall'n on the leaves,
 From her fountain divine, 'tis sufficient for me.



OH! DOUBT ME NOT.

OH! doubt me not—the season
 Is o'er, when Folly made me rove,
 And now the vestal, Reason,
 Shall watch the fire awak'd by Love.
 Although this heart was early blown,
 And fairest hands disturb'd the tree,
 They only shook some blossoms down,
 Its fruit has all been kept for thee.
 Then doubt me not—the season
 Is o'er, when Folly made me rove,
 And now the vestal, Reason,
 Shall watch the fire awak'd by Love.

And though my lute no longer
 May sing of Passion's ardent spell,
 Yet, trust me, all the stronger
 I feel the bliss I do not tell.
 The bee through many a garden roves,
 And hums his lay of courtship o'er,
 But when he finds the flower he loves,
 He settles there, and hums no more.
 Then doubt me not—the season
 Is o'er, when Folly kept me free,
 And now the vestal, Reason,
 Shall guard the flame awak'd by thee.



RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.

RICH and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems, or snow-white wand.

“Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
“So lone and lovely through this bleak way?
“Are Erin’s sons so good or so cold,
“As not to be tempted by woman or gold?”

“Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm,
 “No son of Erin will offer me harm:—
 “For though they love woman and golden store,
 “Sir Knight! they love honour and virtue more.”

On she went, and her maiden smile
 In safety lighted her round the Green Isle;
 And blest for ever is she who relied
 Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride.



NE'ER ASK THE HOUR.

NE'ER ask the hour—what is it to us
 How Time deals out his treasures?
 The golden moments lent us thus,
 Are not *his* coin, but *Pleasure's*.
 If counting them o'er could add to their blisses,
 I'd number each glorious second:
 But moments of joy are, like Lesbia's kisses,
 Too quick and sweet to be reckon'd.
 Then fill the cup—what is it to us
 How Time his circle measures?
 The fairy hours we call up thus,
 Obey no wand but *Pleasure's*.

Young Joy ne'er thought of counting hours,
 Till Care, one summer's morning,
 Set up, among his smiling flowers,
 A dial, by way of warning.
 But Joy lov'd better to gaze on the sun,
 As long as its light was glowing,
 Than to watch with old Care how the shadows stole on,
 And how fast that light was going.
 So fill the cup—what is it to us
 How Time his circle measures?
 The fairy hours we call up thus,
 Obey no wand but *Pleasure's*.

NO, NOT MORE WELCOME.

No, not more welcome the fairy numbers
 Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,
 When half-awaking from fearful slumbers,
 He thinks the full quire of heaven is near,—
 Than came that voice, when, all forsaken,
 This heart long had sleeping lain,
 Nor thought its cold pulse would ever waken
 To such benign, blessed sounds again.

Sweet voice of comfort! 'twas like the stealing
 Of summer wind thro' some wreathed shell—
 Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
 Of all my soul echoed to its spell.
 'Twas whisper'd balm—'twas sunshine spoken!—
 I'd live years of grief and pain
 To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
 By such benign, blessed sounds again.

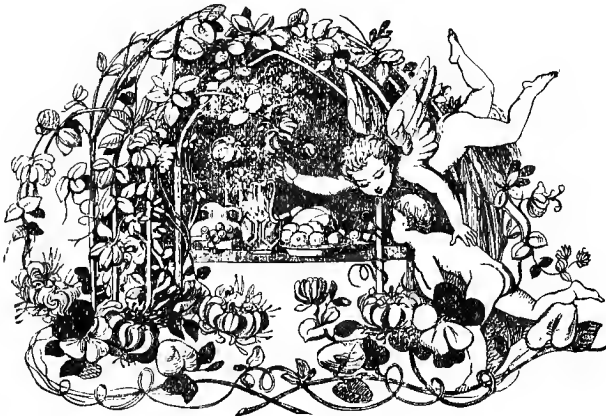


DRINK TO HER.

DRINK to her, who long
 Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
 The girl, who gave to song
 What gold could never buy.
 Oh! woman's heart was made
 For minstrel hands alone;
 By other fingers play'd,
 It yields not half the tone.
 Then here's to her, who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,
 The girl, who gave to song
 What gold could never buy.

At Beauty's door of glass,
 When Wealth and Wit once stood,
 They ask'd her, "*Which* might pass?"
 She answer'd, "He who could."
 With golden key Wealth thought
 To pass—but 'twould not do:
 While Wit a diamond brought,
 Which cut his bright way through.
 So here's to her, who long
 Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
 The girl, who gave to song
 What gold could never buy.

The love that seeks a home
 Where wealth or grandeur shines,
 Is like the gloomy gnome,
 That dwells in dark gold mines.
 But oh! the poet's love
 Can boast a brighter sphere;
 Its native home's above,
 Though woman keeps it here.
 Then drink to her, who long
 Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
 The girl, who gave to song
 What gold could never buy.



THEY KNOW NOT MY HEART.

THEY know not my heart, who believe there can be
 One stain of this earth in its feelings for thee;
 Who think, while I see thee in beauty's young hour,
 As pure as the morning's first dew on the flow'r,
 I could harm what I love,—as the sun's wanton ray
 But smiles on the dew-drop to waste it away.

No—beaming with light as those young features are,
 There's a light round thy heart which is lovelier far:
 It *is* not that cheek—'tis the soul dawning clear
 Thro' its innocent blush makes thy beauty so dear;
 As the sky we look up to, though glorious and fair,
 Is look'd up to the more, because Heaven lies there.



SONG OF THE BATTLE EVE.

TIME—THE NINTH CENTURY.

TO-MORROW, comrade, we
 On the battle-plain must be,
 There to conquer, or both lie low!
 The morning star is up,—
 But there's wine still in the cup,
 And we'll take another quaff, ere we go, boy, go;
 We'll take another quaff, ere we go.

'Tis true, in manliest eyes
 A passing tear will rise,
 When we think of the friends we leave lone
 But what can wailing do?
 See, our goblet's weeping too!
 With its tears we'll chase away our own, boy, our own;
 With its tears we'll chase away our own.

But daylight's stealing on;—
 The last that o'er us shone
 Saw our children around us play;
 The next—ah! where shall we
 And those rosy urchins be?
 But—no matter—grasp thy sword and away, boy, away;
 No matter—grasp thy sword and away!

Let those, who brook the chain
 Of Saxon or of Dane,
 Ignobly by their firesides stay;
 One sigh to home be given,
 One heartfelt prayer to heaven,
 Then, for Erin and her cause, hurra! hurra! hurra!
 Then, for Erin and her cause, hurra!



WE MAY ROAM THROUGH THIS WORLD.

WE may roam through this world, like a child at a feast,
 Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest;
 And, when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,
 We may order our wings, and be off to the west;

But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,
 Are the dearest gifts that heaven supplies,
 We never need leave our own green isle,
 For sensitive hearts, and for sun-bright eyes.
 Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
 Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
 Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

In England, the garden of Beauty is kept
 By a dragon of prudery placed within call;
 But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,
 That the garden's but carelessly watch'd after all.
 Oh! they want the wild sweet-briery fence,
 Which round the flowers of Erin dwells;
 Which warns the touch, while winning the sense,
 Nor charms us least when it most repels.

Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
 Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward you roam
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
 Oh! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail,
 On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,
 Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
 But just pilots her off, and then bids her good-bye.
 While the daughters of Erin keep the boy,
 Ever smiling beside his faithful oar,
 Through billows of woe, and beams of joy,
 The same as he look'd when he left the shore.
 Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
 Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
 Oh! remember the smile that adorns her at home.



OH, YE DEAD!

Oh, ye Dead! oh, ye Dead! whom we know by the light you give
 From your cold gleaming eyes, though you move like men who live,
 Why leave you thus your graves,
 In far off fields and waves,
 Where the worm and the sea-bird only know your bed,
 To haunt this spot where all
 Those eyes that wept your fall,
 And the hearts that wail'd you, like your own, lie dead?

It is true, it is true, we are shadows cold and wan;
 And the fair and the brave whom we lov'd on earth are gone;
 But still thus ev'n in death,
 So sweet the living breath
 Of the fields and the flow'rs in our youth we wander'd o'er
 That ere, condemn'd, we go
 To freeze 'mid Hecla's snow,
 We would taste it awhile, and think we live once more!



THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

The young May moon is beaming, love,
The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love,
How sweet to rove
Through Morna's grove,
When the drowsy world is dreaming, love!
Then awake!—the heavens look bright, my dear,
'Tis never too late for delight, my dear,
And the best of all ways
To lengthen our days,
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

Now all the world is sleeping, love,
 But the Sage, his star-watch keeping, love,
 And I, whose star,
 More glorious far,
 Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.
 Then awake!—till rise of sun, my dear,
 The Sage's glass we'll shun, my dear,
 Or, in watching the flight
 Of bodies of light,
 He might happen to take thee for one, my dear.



FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

FORGET not the field where they perish'd,
 The truest, the last of the brave,
 All gone—and the bright hope we cherish'd
 Gone with them, and quenich'd in their grave!

Oh! could we from death but recover
 Those hearts as they bounded before,
 In the face of high heav'n to fight over
 That combat for freedom once more;—

Could the chain for an instant be riven
 Which Tyranny flung round us then,
 No, 'tis not in Man, nor in Heaven,
 To let Tyranny bind it again!

But 'tis past—and, tho' blazon'd in story
 The name of our Victor may be,
 Accurst is the march of that glory
 Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

Far dearer the grave or the prison,
 Illumed by one patriot name,
 Than the trophies of all, who have risen
 On Liberty's ruins to fame.

THEE, THEE, ONLY THEE.

THE dawning of morn, the daylight's sinking,
The night's long hours still find me thinking

Of thee, thee, only thee.

When friends are met, and goblets crown'd,
And smiles are near, that once enchanted,
Unreach'd by all that sunshine round,

My soul, like some dark spot, is haunted
By thee, thee, only thee.

Whatever in fame's high path could waken
My spirit once, is now forsaken

For thee, thee, only thee.

Like shores, by which some headlong bark
To th' ocean hurries, resting never,
Life's scenes go by me, bright or dark,

I know not, heed not, hastening ever
To thee, thee, only thee.

I have not a joy but of thy bringing,
And pain itself seems sweet when springing

From thee, thee, only thee.

Like spells, that nought on earth can break,
Till lips that know the charm have spoken,
This heart, howe'er the world may wake

Its grief, its scorn, can but be broken
By thee, thee, only thee.



REMEMBER THEE.

REMEMBER thee? yes, while there's life in this heart,
It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art;
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and thy showers,
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious, and free,
 First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,
 I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,
 But oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?

No, thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,
 But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons—
 Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest,
 Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast.



W A R S O N G.

REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN THE BRAVE.

REMEMBER the glories of Brien the brave,
 Tho' the days of the hero are o'er;
 Tho' lost to Mononia, and cold in the grave,
 He returns to Kinkora no more.
 That star of the field, which so often hath pour'd
 Its beam on the battle, is set;
 But enough of its glory remains on each sword,
 To light us to victory yet.

Mononia! when Nature embellish'd the tint
 Of thy fields, and thy mountains so fair,
 Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
 The footstep of slavery there?
 No! Freedom, whose smile we shall never resign,
 Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
 That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,
 Than to sleep but a moment in chains.

Forget not our wounded companions, who stood
 In the day of distress by our side;
 While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood
 They stirr'd not, but conquered and died.
 That sun which now blesses our arms with his light,
 Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain;—
 Oh! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,
 To find that they fell there in vain.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
 As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
 Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
 Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it *was* not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
 Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
 'Twas *not* her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
 Oh! no,—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near,
 Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
 And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
 When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
 In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
 Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease
 And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.



WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.

WHILE History's Muse the memorial was keeping
 Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves,
 Beside her the Genius of Erin stood weeping,
 For her's was the story that blotted the leaves.
 But oh! how the tear in her eyelids grew bright,
 When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame,
 She saw History write,
 With a pencil of light
 That illum'd the whole volume, her Wellington's name.

"Hail, Star of my Isle!" said the Spirit, all sparkling
 With beams, such as break from her own dewy skies—
 "Through ages of sorrow, deserted and darkling,
 "I've watched for some glory like thine to arise.
 "For, though Heroes I've number'd, unblest was their lot,
 "And unhallow'd they sleep in the crossways of Fame;—
 " "But oh! there is not
 " "One dishonouring blot
 "On the wreath that encircles my Wellington's name.

"Yet still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
 "The grandest, the purest, ev'n *thou* hast yet known;
 "Though proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,
 "Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.
 "At the foot of that throne for whose weal thou hast stood,
 "Go, plead for the land that first cradled thy fame,
 " "And, bright o'er the flood
 " "Of her tears and her blood,
 "Let the rainbow of Hope be her Wellington's name!"



THOUGH HUMBLE THE BANQUET.

THOUGH humble the banquet to which I invite thee,
 Thou'lt find there the best a poor bard can command:
 Eyes, beaming with welcome, shall throng round to light thee,
 And Love serve the feast with his own willing hand.

And though Fortune may seem to have turn'd from the dwelling
 Of him thou regardest her favouring ray,
 Thou wilt find there a gift, all her treasures excelling,
 Which, proudly he feels, hath ennobled his way.

'Tis that freedom of mind, which no vulgar dominion
 Can turn from the path a pure conscience approves;
 Which, with hope in the heart, and no chain on the pinion,
 Holds upwards its course to the light which it loves.

'Tis this makes the pride of his humble retreat,
 And, with this, though of all other treasures bereav'd,
 The breeze of his garden to him is more sweet
 Than the costliest incense that Pomp e'er receiv'd.

Then, come,—if a board so untempting hath power
 To win thee from grandeur, its best shall be thine;
 And there's one, long the light of the bard's happy bower,
 Who, smiling, will blend her bright welcome with mine.



DESMOND'S SONG.⁷

By the Feal's wave benighted,
 No star in the skies,
 To thy door by Love lighted,
 I first saw those eyes.
 Some voice whisper'd o'er me,
 As the threshold I crost,
 There was ruin before me,
 If I lov'd, I was lost.

Love came, and brought sorrow
 Too soon in his train;
 Yet so sweet, that to-morrow
 'Twere welcome again.
 Though misery's full measure
 My portion should be,
 I would drain it with pleasure,
 If pour'd out by thee.

You, who call it dishonour
 To bow to this flame,
 If you've eyes, look but on her,
 And blush while you blame.
 Hath the pearl less whiteness
 Because of its birth?
 Hath the violet less brightness
 For growing near earth?

No—Man for his glory
 To ancestry flies;
 But Woman's bright story
 Is told in her eyes.
 While the Monarch but traces
 Through mortals his line,
 Beauty, born of the Graces,
 Ranks next to Divine!



WREATHE THE BOWL

WREATHE the bowl
 With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
 We'll take a flight
 Tow'rds heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.
 Should Love amid
 The wreaths be hid,
That Joy, th' enchanter, brings us,
 No danger fear,
 While wine is near,
 We'll drown him if he stings us;
 Then, wreathe the bowl
 With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
 We'll take a flight
 Tow'rds heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.

'Twas nectar fed
 Of old, 'tis said,
Their Junos, Joves, Apollos;
 And man may brew
 His nectar too,
The rich receipt's as follows:
 Take wine like this,
 Let looks of bliss

Around it well be blended,
 Then bring Wit's beam
 To warm the stream,
And there's your nectar, splendid!
 So wreathe the bowl
 With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us ;
 We'll take a flight
 Tow'rds heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.

Say, why did Time
 His glass sublime
Fill up with sands unsightly
 When wine, he knew,
 Runs brisker through,
And sparkles far more brightly ?
 Oh, lend it us,
 And, smiling thus,
The glass in two we'll sever,
 Make pleasure glide
 In double tide,
And fill both ends for ever !
 Then wreathe the bowl
 With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us ;
 We'll take a flight
 Tow'rds heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.



THE SONG OF O'RUARK,

PRINCE OF BREFFNI.⁶

THE valley lay smiling before me,
 Where lately I left her behind;
 Yet I trembled, and something hung o'er me,
 That sadden'd the joy of my mind.
 I look'd for the lamp which, she told me,
 Should shine, when her Pilgrim return'd;
 But, though darkness began to infold me,
 No lamp from the battlements burn'd!

I flew to her chamber—'twas lonely,
 As if the lov'd tenant lay dead;—
 Ah, would it were death, and death only!
 But no, the young false one had fled.
 And there hung the lute that could soften
 My very worst pains into bliss;
 While the hand, that had wak'd it so often,
 Now throbb'd to a proud rival's kiss.

There *was* a time, falsest of women,
 When Breffni's good sword would have sought
 That man, through a million of foemen,
 Who dar'd but to wrong thee *in thought!*
 While now—oh degenerate daughter
 Of Erin, how fall'n is thy fame!
 And through ages of bondage and slaughter,
 Our country shall bleed for thy shame.

Already, the curse is upon her,
 And strangers her valleys profane;
 They come to divide, to dishonour,
 And tyrants they long will remain.
 But onward!—the green banner rearing,
 Go, flesh every sword to the hilt;
 On *our* side is Virtue and Erin,
 On *theirs* is the Saxon and guilt.

THE LEGACY.

WHEN in death I shall calmly recline,
 O bear my heart to my mistress dear;
 Tell her it liv'd upon smiles and wine
 Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd here.
 Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow
 To sully a heart so brilliant and light;
 But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,
 To bathe the relic from morn till night.

When the light of my song is o'er,
 Then take my harp to your ancient hall;
 Hang it up at that friendly door,
 Where weary travellers love to call.
 Then if some bard, who roams forsaken,
 Revive its soft note in passing along,
 Oh! let one thought of its master waken
 Your warmest smile for the child of song.

Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,
 To grace your revel, when I'm at rest;
 Never, oh' never its balm bestowing
 On lips that beauty hath seldom blest.
 But when some warm devoted lover
 To her he adores shall bathe its brim,
 Then, then my spirit around shall hover,
 And hallow each drop that foams for him.



WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

WEEP on, weep on, your hour is past;
 Your dreams of pride are o'er,
 The fatal chain is round you cast,
 And you are men no more.

In vain the hero's heart hath bled;
 The sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain;
 Oh, Freedom! once thy flame hath fled,
 It never lights again.

Weep on—perhaps in after days
 They'll learn to love your name;
 When many a deed may wake in praise
 That long hath slept in blame.
 And when they tread the ruin'd Isle,
 Where rest, at length, the lord and slave,
 They'll wond'ring ask, how hands so vile
 Could conquer hearts so brave?

"Twas fate," they'll say, "a wayward fate
 "Your web of discord wove;
 "And while your tyrants join'd in hate,
 "You never join'd in love.
 "But hearts fell off, that ought to twine.
 "And man profan'd what God had given;
 "Till some were heard to curse the shrine,
 "Where others knelt to heaven!"



WHERE IS THE SLAVE.

OH, where's the slave so lowly,
 Condemn'd to chains unholy,
 Who, could he burst
 His bonds at first,
 Would pine beneath them slowly?
 What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,
 Would wait till time decay'd it,
 When thus its wing
 At once may spring
 To the throne of Him who made it?

Farewell, Erin,—farewell, all,
 Who live to weep our fall!

Less dear the laurel growing,
 Alive, untouch'd and blowing,
 Than that, whose braid
 Is pluck'd to shade
 The brows with victory glowing.
 We tread the land that bore us
 Her green flag glitters o'er us,
 The friends we've tried
 Are by our side,
 And the foe we hate before us.

Farewell, Erin,—farewell, all,
 Who live to weep our fall!



ST. SENANUS AND THE LADY.

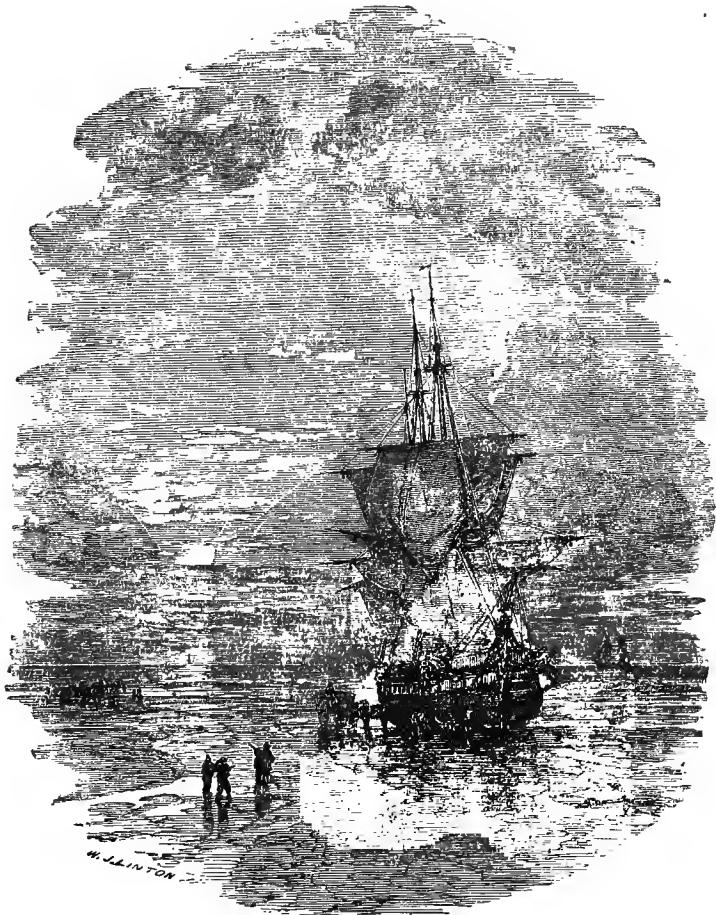
ST. SENANUS.

“Oh! haste and leave this sacred isle,
 “Unholy bark, ere morning smile;
 “For on thy deck, though dark it be,
 “A female form I see;
 “And I have sworn this sainted sod
 “Shall ne'er by woman's feet be trod.”

THE LADY.

“Oh! Father, send not hence my bark,
 “Through wintry winds and billows dark:
 “I come with humble heart to share
 “Thy morn and evening prayer;
 “Nor mine the feet, oh! holy Saint,
 “The brightness of thy sod to taint.”

The Lady's prayer Senanus spurn'd;
 The winds blew fresh, the bark return'd;
 But legends hint, that had the maid
 Till morning's light delay'd;
 And giv'n the saint one rosy smile
 She ne'er had left his lonely isle.



I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

I SAW from the beach, when the morning was shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on ;
I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining,
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.

And such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known ;
Each wave, that we danc'd on at morning, ebbs from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories, serenely adorning
 The close of our day, the calm eve of our night;—
 Give me back, give me back, the wild freshness of Morning,
 Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's best light.

Oh, who would not welcome that moment's returning,
 When passion first wak'd a new life through his frame,
 And his soul, like the wood, that grows precious in burning,
 Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame.



ALONE IN CROWDS TO WANDER ON.

ALONE in crowds to wander on,
 And feel that all the charm is gone
 Which voices dear and eyes belov'd
 Shed round us once, where'er we rov'd—
 This, this the doom must be
 Of all who've lov'd, and liv'd to see
 The few bright things they thought would stay
 For ever near them, die away.

Tho' fairer forms around us throng,
 Their smiles to others all belong,
 And want that charm which dwells alone
 Round those the fond heart calls its own.
 Where, where the sunny brow?
 The long-known voice—where are they now?
 Thus ask I still, nor ask in vain,
 The silence answers all too plain.

Oh, what is Fancy's magic worth,
 If all her art cannot call forth
 One bliss like those we felt of old
 From lips now mute, and eyes now cold?
 No, no,—her spell is vain,—
 As soon could she bring back again
 Those eyes themselves from out the grave,
 As wake again one bliss they gave.

ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

ONE bumper at parting!—though many
 Have circled the board since we met,
 The fullest, the saddest of any,
 Remains to be crown'd by us yet.
 The sweetness that pleasure hath in it,
 Is always so slow to come forth,
 That seldom, alas, till the minute
 It dies, do we know half its worth.
 But come—may our life's happy measure
 Be all of such moments made up;
 They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
 They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

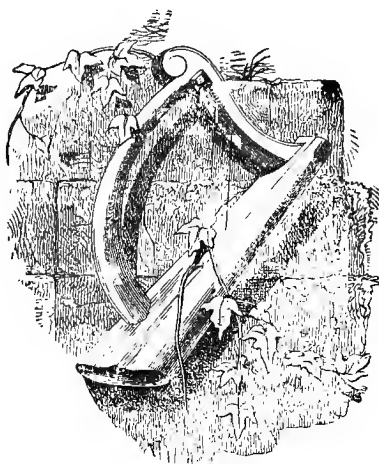
As onward we journey, how pleasant
 To pause and inhabit awhile
 Those few sunny spots, 'like the present,
 That 'mid the dull wilderness smile!
 But Time, like a pitiless master,
 Cries "Onward!" and spurs the gay hours—
 Ah, never doth Time travel faster,
 Than when his way lies among flowers.
 But come,—may our life's happy measure
 Be all of such moments made up;
 They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
 They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

We saw how the sun look'd in sinking,
 The waters beneath him how bright;
 And now, let our farewell of drinking
 Resemble that farewell of light.
 You saw how he finish'd, by darting
 His beam o'er a deep billow's brim—
 So, fill up, let's shine at our parting,
 In full liquid glory, like him.
 And oh! may our life's happy measure
 Of moments like this be made up,
 'Twas born on the bosom of Pleasure,
 It dies, 'mid the tears of the cup.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALL

THE harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled.—
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives,
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.



COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

COME, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
 Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here;
 Here still is the smile, that no cloud can o'ercast,
 And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
 Through joy and through torment, through glory and shame?
 I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
 I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

Thou hast call'd me thy Angel in moments of bliss,
 And thy Angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this,—
 Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
 And shield thee, and save thee,—or perish there too!



'TIS GONE, AND FOR EVER.

'Tis gone, and for ever, the light we saw breaking,
 Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead—
 When Man, from the slumber of ages awaking,
 Look'd upward, and bless'd the pure ray, ere it fled.
 'Tis gone, and the gleams it has left of its burning
 But deepen the long night of bondage and mourning,
 That dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is returning,
 And darkest of all, hapless Erin, o'er thee.

For high was thy hope, when those glories were darting
 Around thee, through all the gross clouds of the world;
 When Truth, from her fetters indignantly starting,
 At once, like a Sun-burst, her banner unfurl'd.
 Oh! never shall earth see a moment so splendid!
 Then, then—had one Hymn of Deliverance blended
 The tongues of all nations—how sweet had ascended
 The first note of Liberty, Erin, from thee!

But, shame on those tyrants, who envied the blessing!
 And shame on the light race, unworthy its good,
 Who, at Death's reeking altar, like furies, caressing
 The young hope of Freedom, baptiz'd it in blood.
 Then vanish'd for ever that fair, sunny vision,
 Which, spite of the slavish, the cold heart's derision,
 Shall long be remember'd, pure, bright, and elysian
 As first it arose, my lost Erin, on thee.



QUICK! WE HAVE BUT A SECOND.

QUICK! we have but a second,
 Fill round the cup, while you may;
 For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
 And we must away, away!
 Grasp the pleasure that's flying,
 For oh, not Orpheus' strain
 Could keep sweet hours from dying,
 Or charm them to life again.
 Then, quick! we have but a second,
 Fill round the cup, while you may;
 For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
 And we must away, away!

See the glass, how it flushes,
 Like some young Hebe's lip,
 And half meets thine, and blushes
 That thou shouldst delay to sip.
 Shame, oh shame unto thee,
 If ever thou see'st that day,
 When a cup or lip shall woo thee,
 And turn untouch'd away!
 Then quick! we have but a second,
 Fill round, fill round, while you may,
 For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
 And we must away, away!

TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE.

WRITTEN ON RETURNING A BLANK BOOK.

TAKE back the virgin page,
 White and unwritten still;
 Some hand, more calm and sage,
 The leaf must fill.
 Thoughts come as pure as light,
 Pure as even you require:
 But, oh! each work I write
 Love turns to fire.

Yet let me keep the book.
 Oft shall my heart renew,
 When on its leaves I look,
 Dear thoughts of you.
 Like you, 'tis fair and bright;
 Like you, too bright and fair
 To let wild passion write
 One wrong wish there.

Haply, when from those eyes
 Far, far away I roam,
 Should calmer thoughts arise
 Tow'rds you and home;
 Fancy may trace some line,
 Worthy those eyes to meet,
 Thoughts that not burn, but shine,
 Pure, calm, and sweet.

And as, o'er ocean far,
 Seamen their records keep,
 Led by some hidden star
 Through the cold deep;
 So may the words I write
 Tell thro' what storms I stray—
 You still the unseen light,
 Guiding my way.



HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR.

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea ;
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee.

And, as I watch the line of light, that plays
Along the smooth wave tow'rd the burning west,
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest

FAIREST, PUT ON AWHILE.

FAIREST! put on awhile
 These pinions of light I bring thee,
 And o'er thy own Green Isle
 In fancy let me wing thee.
 Never did Ariel's plume,
 At golden sunset, hover
 O'er scenes so full of bloom,
 As I shall waft thee over.

Fields, where the Spring delays,
 And fearlessly meets the ardour
 Of the warm Summer's gaze,
 With only her tears to guard her.
 Rocks, through myrtle boughs
 In grace majestic frowning;
 Like some bold warrior's brows
 That Love hath just been crowning.

Islets, so freshly fair,
 That never hath bird come nigh them,
 But from his course through air
 He hath been won down by them;—
 Types, sweet maid, of thee,
 Whose look, whose blush inviting,
 Never did Love yet see
 From Heav'n, without alighting.

Lakes, where the pearl lies hid,
 And caves where the gem is sleeping,
 Bright as the tears thy lid
 Lets fall in lonely weeping.
 Glens, where Ocean comes,
 To 'scape the wild wind's rancour,
 And Harbours, worthiest homes
 Where Freedom's fleet can anchor.

Then, if, while scenes so grand,
 So beautiful, shine before thee,
 Pride for thy own dear land
 Should haply be stealing o'er thee,
 Oh, let grief come first,
 O'er pride itself victorious—
 Thinking how man hath curst
 What Heaven had made so glorious.



THE PRINCE'S DAY.

THO' dark are our sorrows, to-day we'll forget them,
 And smile through our tears, like a sunbeam in showers
 There never were hearts, if our rulers would let them,
 More form'd to be grateful and blest than ours.
 But just when the chain
 Has ceas'd to pain,
 And hope has enwreath'd it round with flowers,
 There comes a new link
 Our spirits to sink—
 Oh! the joy that we taste, like the light of the poles,
 Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant to stay;
 But, though 'twere the last little spark in our souls,
 We must light it up now, on our Prince's Day.

Contempt on the minion, who calls you disloyal!
 Tho' fierce to your foe, to your friends you are true;
 And the tribute most high to a head that is royal,
 Is love from a heart that loves liberty too.
 While cowards, who blight
 Your fame, your right,
 Would shrink from the blaze of the battle-array,
 The Standard of Green
 In front would be seen,—
 Oh, my life on your faith! were you summon'd this minute,
 You'd cast every bitter remembrance away,
 And show what the arm of old Erin has in it,
 When rous'd by the foe, on her Prince's Day.

He loves the Green Isle, and his love is recorded
 In hearts, which have suffer'd too much to forget;
 And hope shall be crown'd, and attachment rewarded,
 And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet.
 The gem may be broke
 By many a stroke,
 But nothing can cloud its native ray;
 Each fragment will cast
 A light, to the last,—
 And thus, Erin, my country, tho' broken thou art,
 There's a lustre within thee, that ne'er will decay;
 A spirit, which beams through each suffering part,
 And now smiles at all pain on the Prince's Day.



THE NIGHT DANCE.

STRIKE the gay harp! see the moon is on high,
 And, as true to her beam as the tides of the ocean,
 Young hearts, when they feel the soft light of her eye
 Obey the mute call, and heave into motion.
 Then, sound notes—the gayest, the lightest,
 That ever took wing, when heav'n look'd brightest!
 Again! Again!
 Oh! could such heart-stirring music be heard
 In that City of Statues described by romancers,
 So wak'ning its spell, even stone would be stirr'd,
 And statues themselves all start into dancers!

Why then delay, with such sounds in our ears,
 And the flower of Beauty's own garden before us,—
 While stars overhead leave the song of their spheres,
 And list'ning to ours, hang wondering o'er us?
 Again, that strain!—to hear it thus sounding
 Might set even Death's cold pulses bounding—
 Again! Again!
 Oh, what delight when the youthful and gay,
 Each with eye like a sunbeam and foot like a feather,
 Thus dance, like the Hours to the music of May.
 And mingle sweet song and sunshine together!

LOVE AND THE NOVICE.

"HERE we dwell, in holiest bowers,
 "Where angels of light o'er our orisons bend;
 "Where sighs of devotion and breathings of flowers
 "To heaven in mingled odour ascend.
 "Do not disturb our calm, oh Love!
 "So like is thy form to the cherubs above,
 "It well might deceive such hearts as ours."

Love stood near the Novice and listen'd,
 And Love is no novice in taking a hint;
 His laughing blue eyes soon with piety glisten'd;
 His rosy wing turn'd to heaven's own tint.
 "Who would have thought," the urchin cries,
 "That Love could so well, so gravely disguise
 "His wandering wings and wounding eyes?"

Love now warms thee, waking and sleeping,
 Young Novice, to him all thy orisons rise.
He tinges the heavenly fount with his weeping,
He brightens the censer's flame with his sighs.
 Love is the Saint 'enshrin'd in thy breast,
 And angels themselves would admit such a guest,
 If he came to them cloth'd in Piety's vest.



WHEN COLD IN THE EARTH.

WHEN cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast lov'd,
 Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee then;
 Or, if from their slumber the veil be remov'd,
 Weep o'er them in silence, and close it again.
 And oh! if 'tis pain to remember how far
 From the pathways of life he was tempted to roam,
 Be it bliss to remember that thou wert the star
 That arose on his darkness, and guided him home.

From thee and thy innocent beauty first came
 The revealings, that taught him true love to adore,
 To feel the bright presence, and turn him with shame
 From the idols he blindly had knelt to before.
 O'er the waves of a life, long benighted and wild,
 Thou cam'st, like a soft golden calm o'er the sea;
 And if happiness purely and glowingly smil'd
 On his ev'ning horizon, the light was from thee.

And though, sometimes, the shades of past folly might rise,
 And though falsehood again would allure him to stray,
 He but turn'd to the glory that dwelt in those eyes,
 And the folly, the falsehood, soon vanish'd away.
 As the Priests of the Sun, when their altar grew dim,
 At the day-beam alone could its lustre repair,
 So, if virtue a moment grew languid in him,
 He but flew to that smile, and rekindled it there.



'TIS SWEET TO THINK.

'Tis sweet to think, that, where'er we rove,
 We are sure to find something blissful and dear,
 And that, when we're far from the lips we love,
 We've but to make love to the lips we are near.
 The heart, like a tendril, accustom'd to cling,
 Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone,
 But will lean to the nearest, and loveliest thing,
 It can twine with itself, and make closely its own.
 Then oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
 To be sure to find something, still, that is dear,
 And to know, when far from the lips we love,
 We've but to make love to the lips we are near.

'Twere a shame, when flowers around us rise,
 To make light of the rest, if the rose isn't there;
 And the world's so rich in resplendent eyes,
 'Twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair.

Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike,
 They are both of them bright, but they're changeable too,
 And, wherever a new beam of beauty can strike,
 It will tincture Love's plume with a different hue.
 Then oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
 To be sure to find something, still, that is dear,
 And to know, when far from the lips we love,
 We've but to make love to the lips we are near.



ILL OMENS.

WHEN daylight was yet sleeping under the billow,
 And stars in the heavens still lingering shone,
 Young Kitty, all blushing, rose up from her pillow,
 The last time she e'er was to press it alone.
 For the youth whom she treasur'd her heart and her soul in,
 Had promised to link the last tie before noon;
 And, when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
 The maiden herself will steal after it soon.

As she look'd in the glass, which a woman ne'er misses,
 Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or two,
 A butterfly, fresh from the night-flower's kisses,
 Flew over the mirror, and shaded her view.
 Enrag'd with the insect for hiding her graces,
 She brush'd him—he fell, alas! never to rise:
 "Ah! such," said the girl, "is the pride of our faces,
 "For which the soul's innocence too often dies."

While she stole thro' the garden, where heart's-ease was growing,
 She cull'd some, and kiss'd off its night-fall'n dew;
 And a rose, farther on, look'd so tempting and glowing,
 That, spite of her haste, she must gather it too!
 But while o'er the roses too carelessly leaning,
 Her zone flew in two, and the heart's-ease was lost:
 "Ah! this means," said the girl (and she sigh'd at its meaning),
 "That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost!"

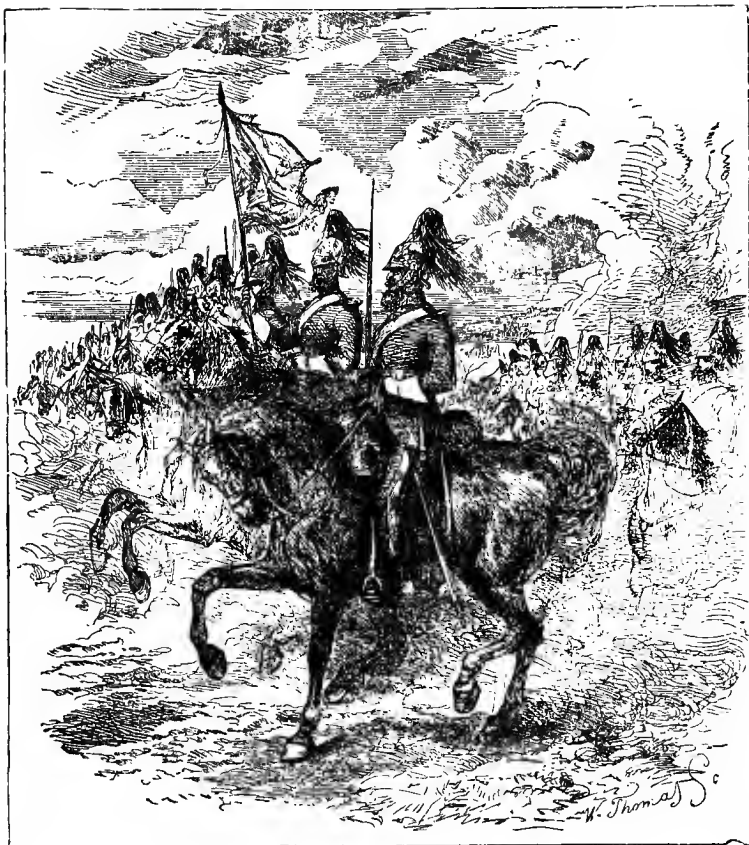
I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME.

I SAW thy form in youthful prime,
Nor thought that pale decay
Would steal before the steps of Time,
And waste its bloom away, Mary!
Yet still thy features wore that light,
Which fleets not with the breath;
And life ne'er look'd more truly bright
Than in thy smile of death, Mary!

As streams that run o'er golden mines,
Yet humbly, calmly glide,
Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
Within their gentle tide, Mary!
So veil'd beneath the simplest guise,
Thy radiant genius shone,
And that, which charm'd all other eyes,
Seem'd worthless in thy own, Mary!

If souls could always dwell above,
Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere;
Or could we keep the souls we love,
We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary!
Though many a gifted mind we meet,
Though fairest forms we see,
To live with them is far less sweet,
Than to remember thee, Mary!





OH, THE SIGHT ENTRANCING.

Oh, the sight entrancing,
When morning's beams are glancing
O'er files array'd
With helm and blade,
And plumes, in the gay wind dancing!
When hearts are all high beating,
And the trumpet's voice repeating
That song, whose breath
May lead to death,
But never to retreating.
Oh, the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files array'd
With helm and blade,
And plumes in the gay wind dancing.

Yet, 'tis not helm or feather—
 For ask yon despot, whether
 His plumed bands
 Could bring such hands
 And hearts as ours together.
 Leave pomps to those who need 'em—
 Give man but heart and freedom,
 And proud he braves
 The gaudiest slaves
 That crawl where monarchs lead 'em.
 The sword may pierce the beaver,
 Stone walls in time may sever,
 'Tis mind alone,
 Worth steel and stone,
 That keeps men free for ever.
 Oh, that sight entrancing,
 When the morning's beam is glancing
 O'er files array'd
 With helm and blade,
 •And in Freedom's cause advancing!



SING—SING—MUSIC WAS GIVEN.

SING—sing—Music was given,
 To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving;
 Souls here, like planets in Heaven,
 By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.
 Beauty may boast of her eyes and her cheeks,
 But Love from the lips his true archery wings;
 And she, who but feathers the dart when she speaks,
 At once sends it home to the heart when she sings.
 Then sing—sing—Music was given,
 To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving;
 Souls here, like planets in Heaven,
 By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.

When Love, rock'd by his mother,
 Lay sleeping as calm as slumber could make him,
 "Hush, hush," said Venus, "no other
 "Sweet voice but his own is worthy to wake him."
 Dreaming of music he slumber'd the while
 Till faint from his lip a soft melody broke,
 And Venus, enchanted, look'd on with a smile,
 While Love to his own sweet singing awoke.
 Then sing—sing—Music was given,
 To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving;
 Souls here, like planets in Heaven,
 By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.



I WISH I WAS BY THAT DIM LAKE.

I WISH I was by that dim Lake,
 Where sinful souls their farewell take
 Of this vain world, and half-way lie
 In death's cold shadow, ere they die.
 There, there, far from thee,
 Deceitful world, my home should be;
 Where, come what might of gloom and pain,
 False hope should ne'er deceive again.

The lifeless sky, the mournful sound
 Of unseen waters falling round;
 The dry leaves, quiv'ring o'er my head,
 Like man, unquiet ev'n when dead!
 These, ay, these shall wean
 My soul from life's deluding scene,
 And turn each thought, o'ercharg'd with gloom,
 Like willows, downward tow'rds the tomb.

As they, who to their couch at night
 Would win repose, first quench the light,
 So must the hopes, that keep this breast
 Awake, be quench'd ere it can rest.
 Cold, cold, this heart must grow,
 Unmov'd by either joy or woe,
 Like freezing founts, where all that's thrown
 Within their current turns to stone.



OH FOR THE SWORDS OF FORMER TIME!

Oh for the swords of former time!
 Oh for the men who bore them,
 When arm'd for Right, they stood sublime,
 And tyrants crouch'd before them:
 When free yet, ere courts began
 With honours to enslave him,
 The best honours worn by Man,
 Were those which Virtue gave him.
 Oh for the swords of former time!
 Oh for the men who bore them,
 When arm'd for Right, they stood sublime,
 And tyrants crouch'd before them!

Oh for the Kings who flourish'd then!
 Oh for the pomp that crown'd them,
 When hearts and hands of freeborn men
 Were all the ramparts round them.
 When, safe built on bosoms true,
 The throne was but the centre,
 Round which Love a circle drew,
 That Treason durst not enter,
 Oh for the Kings who flourish'd then!
 Oh for the pomp that crown'd them,
 When hearts and hands of freeborn men
 Were all the ramparts round them!



WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT.

WHILE gazing on the moon's light,
A moment from her smile I turn'd,
To look at orbs, that, more bright,
In lone and distant glory burn'd.
 But *too* far
 Each proud star,
For me to feel its warming flame ;
 Much more dear
 That mild sphere,
Which near our planet smiling came ;—

Thus, Mary, be but thou my own ;
 While brighter eyes unheeded play,
 I'll love those moonlight looks alone,
 That bless my home and guide my way.

The day had sunk in dim showers,
 But midnight now, with lustre meet,
 Illumin'd all the pale flowers,
 Like hope upon a mourner's cheek.
 I said (while
 The moon's smile
 Play'd o'er a stream, in dimpling bliss,)
 "The moon looks
 "On many brooks
 "The brook can see no moon but this ;"
 And thus, I thought, our fortunes run,
 For many a lover looks to thee,
 While oh ! I feel there is but *one*,
One Mary in the world for me.



THE DREAM OF THOSE DAYS.

THE dream of those days when first I sung thee is o'er,
 Thy triumph hath stain'd the charm thy sorrows then wore ;
 And ev'n of the light which Hope once shed o'er thy chains,
 Alas, not a gleam to grace thy freedom remains.

Say, is it that slavery sunk so deep in thy heart,
 That still the dark brand is there, though chainless thou art ;
 And Freedom's sweet fruit, for which thy spirit long burn'd,
 Now, reaching at last thy lip, to ashes hath turn'd ?

Up Liberty's steep by Truth and Eloquence led,
 With eyes on her temple fix'd, how proud was thy tread !
 Ah, better thou ne'er had'st liv'd that summit to gain,
 Or died in the porch, than thus dishonour the fane.

O H T H E S H A M R O C K .

THROUGH Erin's Isle,
 To sport awhile,
 As Love and Valour wander'd,
 With Wit, the sprite,
 Whose quiver bright
 A thousand arrows squander'd ;
 Where'er they pass,
 A triple grass
 Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,
 As softly green
 As emeralds seen
 Through purest crystal gleaming.
 Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock !
 Chosen leaf
 Of Bard and Chief,
 Old Erin's native Shamrock !

 Says Valour, " See,
 " They spring for me,
 " Those leafy gems of morning !"
 Says Love, " No, no,
 " For *me* they grow,
 " My fragrant path adorning."
 But Wit perceives
 The triple leaves,
 And cries, " Oh ! do not sever
 " A type, that blends
 " Three godlike friends,
 " Love, Valour, Wit, for ever !"
 Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock !
 Chosen leaf
 Of Bard and Chief,
 Old Erin's native Shamrock !

 So firmly fond
 May last the bond
 They wove that morn together,
 And ne'er may fall
 One drop of gall
 On Wit's celestial feather.

May Love, as twine
 His flowers divine,
 Of thorny falsehood weed 'em;
 May Valour ne'er
 His standard rear
 Against the cause of Freedom!
 Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
 Chosen leaf
 Of Bard and Chief.
 Old Erin's native Shamrock!



SONG OF INNISFAIL.

THEY came from a land beyond the sea,
 And now o'er the western main
 Set sail, in their good ships, gallantly,
 From the sunny land of Spain.
 "Oh, where's the Isle we've seen in dreams,
 "Our destin'd home or grave?"
 Thus sung they as, by the morning's beams,
 They swept the Atlantic wave.

And lo, where afar o'er ocean shines
 A sparkle of radiant green,
 As though in that deep lay emerald mines,
 Whose light through the wave was seen.
 "'Tis Innisfail—'tis Iunisfail!"
 Rings o'er the echoing sea;
 While, bending to heav'n, the warriors hail
 That home of the brave and free.

Then turn'd they unto the Eastern wave,
 Where now their Day-God's eye
 A look of such sunny omen gave
 As lighted up sea and sky.
 Nor frown was seen through sky or sea,
 Nor tear o'er leaf or sod,
 When first on their Isle of Destiny
 Our great forefathers trod.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

OH! the days are gone, when Beauty bright
 My heart's chain wove;
 When my dream of life, from morn till night
 Was love, still love.
 New hope may bloom,
 And days may come,
 Of milder, calmer beam,
 But there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As love's young dream:
 No, there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As love's young dream.

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
 When wild youth's past;
 Though he win the wise, who frown'd before,
 To smile at last;
 He'll never meet
 A joy so sweet,
 In all his noon of fame,
 As when first he sung to woman's ear
 His soul-felt flame,
 And at every close she blush'd to hear
 The one lov'd name.

No,—that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot
 Which first love trac'd;
 Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
 On memory's waste.
 'Twas odour fled
 As soon as shed;
 'Twas morning's winged dream;
 'Twas a light, that ne'er can shine again
 On life's dull stream:
 Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
 On life's dull stream.

OH! ARRANMORE, LOV'D ARRANMORE.

OH! Arranmore, lov'd Arranmore,
 How oft I dream of thee,
 And of those days when, by thy shore,
 I wander'd young and free.
 Full many a path I've tried since then,
 Through pleasure's flowery maze,
 But ne'er could find the bliss again
 I felt in those sweet days.

How blithe upon thy breezy cliffs
 At sunny morn I've stood,
 With heart as bounding as the skiffs
 That danc'd along thy flood;
 Or, when the western wave grew bright
 With daylight's parting wing,
 Have sought that Eden in its light
 Which dreaming poets sing;—

That Eden where th' immortal brave
 Dwell in a land serene,—
 Whose bow'rs beyond the shining wave,
 At sunset, oft are seen.
 Ah! dream too full of sadd'ning truth!
 Those mansions o'er the main
 Are like the hopes I built in youth,—
 As sunny and as vain!



AS VANQUISH'D ERIN.

As vanquish'd Erin wept beside
 The Boyne's ill-fated river,
 She saw where Discord, in the tide,
 Had dropp'd his loaded quiver.
 "Lie hid," she cried, "ye venom'd darts,
 "Where mortal eye may shun you;
 "Lie hid—the stain of manly hearts,
 "That bled for me, is on you."

But vain her wish, her weeping vain—
 As Time too well hath taught her—
 Each year the Fiend returns again,
 And dives into that water;
 And brings, triumphant, from beneath
 His shafts of desolation,
 And sends them, wing'd with worse than death,
 Through all her madd'ning nation.

Alas for her who sits and mourns,
 Ev'n now, beside that river—
 Unwearied still the Fiend returns,
 And stor'd is still his quiver.
 "When will this end, ye Powers of Good?"
 She weeping asks for ever;
 But only hears, from out that flood,
 The Demon answer, "Never."



LAY HIS SWORD BY HIS SIDE.

LAY his sword by his side, it hath serv'd him too well
 Not to rest near his pillow below;
 To the last moment true, from his hand ere it fell,
 Its point was still turn'd to a flying foe.
 Fellow-lab'rrers in life, let them slumber in death,
 Side by side, as becomes the reposing brave,—
 That sword which he lov'd still unbroke in its sheath,
 And himself unsubdued in his grave.

Yet pause—for, in fancy, a still voice I hear,
 As if breath'd from his brave heart's remains;—
 Faint echo of that which, in Slavery's ear,
 Once sounded the war-word, "Burst your chains!"
 And it cries, from the grave where the hero lies deep,
 "Tho' the day of your Chieftain for ever hath set,
 "O leave not his sword thus inglorious to sleep,—
 "It hath victory's life in it yet!

"Should some alien, unworthy such weapon to wield,
 "Dare to touch thee, my own gallant sword,
 "Then rest in thy sheath, like a talisman seal'd,
 "Or return to the grave of thy chainless lord.
 "But, if grasp'd by a hand that hath learn'd the proud use
 "Of a falchion, like thee, on the battle-plain,—
 "Then, at Liberty's summons, like lightning let loose,
 "Leap forth from thy dark sheath again!"



IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.

IN the morning of life, when its cares are unknown,
 And its pleasures in all their new lustre begin,
 When we live in a bright-beaming world of our own,
 And the light that surrounds us is all from within;
 Oh 'tis not, believe me, in that happy time
 We can love, as in hours of less transport we may;—
 Of our smiles, of our hopes, 'tis the gay sunny prime,
 But affection is truest when these fade away.

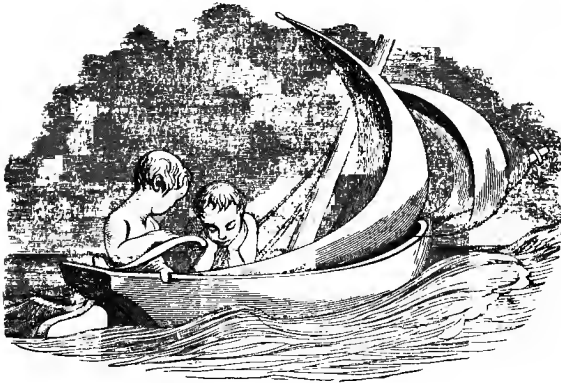
When we see the first glory of youth pass us by,
 Like a leaf on the stream that will never return;
 When our cup, which had sparkled with pleasure so high,
 First tastes of the *other*, the dark-flowing urn;
 Then, then is the time when affection holds sway
 With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew;
 Love, nurs'd among pleasures, is faithless as they,
 But the love born of Sorrow, like Sorrow, is true.

In climes full of sunshine, though splendid the flowers,
 Their sighs have no freshness, their odour no worth;
 'Tis the cloud and the mist of our own Isle of showers,
 That call the rich spirit of fragrancy forth.
 So it is not 'mid splendour, prosperity, mirth,
 That the depth of Love's generous spirit appears;
 To the sunshine of smiles it may first owe its birth,
 But the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears.

SAIL ON, SAIL ON.

SAIL on, sail on, thou fearless bark—
 Wherever blows the welcome wind,
 It cannot lead to scenes more dark,
 More sad than those we leave behind.
 Each wave that passes seems to say,
 “Though death beneath our smile may be,
 “Less cold we are, less false than they,
 Whose smiling wreck'd thy hopes and thee.”

Sail on, sail on—through endless space—
 Through calm—through tempest—stop no more:
 The stormiest sea's a resting-place
 To him who leaves such hearts on shore.
 Or—if some desert land we meet,
 Where never yet false-hearted men
 Profan'd a world, that else were sweet,—
 Then rest thee, bark, but not till then.



O'DONOHUE'S MISTRESS.

OF all the fair months that round the sun
In light-link'd dance their circles run,
Sweet May, shine thou for me ;
For still, when thy earliest beams arise,
That youth, who beneath the blue lake lies,
Sweet May, returns to me.

Of all the bright haunts, where daylight leaves
Its lingering smile on golden eves,
Fair Lake, thou'rt dearest to me ;
For when the last April sun grows dim,
Thy Naiads prepare his steed⁹ for him
Who dwells, bright Lake, in thee.

Of all the proud steeds, that ever bore
Young plumed Chiefs on sea or shore,
White Steed, most joy to thee ;
Who still, with the first young glance of spring,
From under that glorious lake dost bring
My love, my chief, to me.

While, white as the sail some bark unfurls,
When newly launch'd, thy long mane curls,
Fair Steed, as white and free ;
And spirits, from all the lake's deep bowers,
Glide o'er the blue wave scattering flowers,
Around my love and thee.

Of all the sweet deaths that maidens die,
Whose lovers beneath the cold wave lie,
Most sweet that death will be,
Which, under the next May evening's light,
When thou and thy steed are lost to sight,
Dear love, I'll die for thee.

THERE ARE SOUNDS OF MIRTH.

THERE are sounds of mirth in the night-air ringing,
 And lamps from every casement shown;
 While voices blithe within are singing,
 That seem to say "Come," in every tone.
 Ah! once how light, in Life's young season,
 My heart had leap'd at that sweet lay;
 Nor paus'd to ask of greybeard Reason
 Should I the syren call obey.

And, see—the lamps still livelier glitter,
 The syren lips more fondly sound;
 No, seek, ye nymphs, some victim fitter
 To sink in your rosy bondage bound.
 Shall a bard, whom not the world in arms
 Could bend to tyranny's rude control,
 Thus quail, at sight of woman's charms,
 And yield to a smile his freeborn soul?

Thus sung the sage, while, slyly stealing,
 The nymphs their fetters around him cast,
 And,—their laughing eyes, the while, concealing,
 Led Freedom's Bard their slave at last.
 For the Poet's heart, still prone to loving,
 Was like that rock of the Druid race,
 Which the gentlest touch at once set moving,
 But all earth's power couldn't cast from its base.



YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.

You remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride,
 How meekly she blessed her humble lot,
 When the stranger, William, had made her his bride,
 And love was the light of their lowly cot.

Together they toil'd through winds and rains,
 Till William, at length, in sadness said,
 "We must seek our fortune on other plains;"
 Then, sighing, she left her lowly shed.

They roam'd a long and a weary way,
 Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,
 When now, at close of one stormy day,
 They see a proud castle among the trees.
 "To-night," said the youth, "we'll shelter there;
 "The wind blows cold, the hour is late:"
 So he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,
 And the Porter bow'd, as they pass'd the gate.

"Now, welcome, Lady," exclaim'd the youth,—
 "This castle is thine, and these dark woods all!"
 She believ'd him crazed, but his words were truth,
 For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall!
 And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves
 What William, the stranger, woo'd and wed;
 And the light of bliss, in these lordly groves,
 Shines pure as it did in the lowly shed.



OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
 Where cold and unhonoured his relics are laid:
 Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
 As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
 Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
 And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
 Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

WHEN first I met thee, warm and young,
 There shone such truth about thee,
 And on thy lip such promise hung,
 I did not dare to doubt thee.
 I saw thee change, yet still relied,
 Still clung with hope the fonder,
 And thought, though false to all beside,
 From me thou couldst not wander.
 But go, deceiver! go,
 The heart, whose hopes could make it
 Trust one so false, so low,
 Deserves that thou shouldst break it.

When every tongue thy follies nam'd,
 I fled the unwelcome story;
 Or found, in even the faults they blam'd,
 Some gleams of future glory.
 I still was true, when nearer friends
 Conspired to wrong, to slight thee;
 The heart that now thy falsehood rends
 Would then have bled to right thee.
 But go, deceiver! go,—
 Some day, perhaps, thou'lt waken
 From pleasure's dream, to know
 The grief of hearts forsaken.

Even now, though youth its bloom has shed,
 No lights of age adorn thee:
 The few, who lov'd thee once, have fled,
 And they, who flatter, scorn thee.
 Thy midnight cup is pledg'd to slaves,
 No genial ties enwreath it;
 The smiling there, like light on graves,
 Has rank cold hearts beneath it.
 Go—go—though worlds were thine,
 I would not now surrender
 One taintless tear of mine
 For all thy guilty splendour!

And days may come, thou false one! yet,
 When even those ties shall sever;
 When thou wilt call, with vain regret,
 On her thou'st lost for ever;
 On her who, in thy fortune's fall,
 With smiles had still receiv'd thee,
 And gladly died to prove thee all
 Her fancy first believ'd thee.
 Go—go—'tis vain to curse,
 'Tis weakness to upbraid thee;
 Hate cannot wish thee worse
 Than guilt and shame have made thee.



FAREWELL!—BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME.

FAREWELL!—but whenever you welcome the hour,
 That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
 Then think of the friend who once welcom'd it too,
 And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
 His griefs may return, not a hope may remain
 Of the few that have brighten'd his pathway of pain,
 But he ne'er will forget the short vision, that threw
 Its enchantment around him, while ling'ring with you.

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
 To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
 Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
 My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night;
 Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
 And return to me, beaming all o'er with your smiles—
 Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
 Some kind voice had murmur'd, "I wish he were here!"

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
 Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
 Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
 And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
 Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!
 Like the vase, in which roses have once been distill'd—
 You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
 But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.



ON MUSIC.

WHEN thro' life unblest we rove,
 Losing all that made life dear,
 Should some notes we used to love,
 In days of boyhood, meet our ear,
 Oh! how welcome breathes the strain!
 Wakening thoughts that long have slept;
 Kindling former smiles again
 In faded eyes that long have wept.

Like the gale, that sighs along
 Beds of oriental flowers,
 Is the grateful breath of song,
 That once was heard in happier hours;
 Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
 Though the flowers have sunk in death;
 So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
 Its memory lives in Music's breath.

Music, oh how faint, how weak,
 Language fades before thy spell!
 Why should Feeling ever speak,
 When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
 Friendship's balmy words may feign,
 Love's are ev'n more false than they;
 Oh! tis only music's strain
 Can sweetly soothe and not betray.

IF THOU'LT BE MINE.

IF thou'lt be mine, the treasures of air,
 Of earth, and sea, shall lie at thy feet;
 Whatever in Fancy's eye looks fair,
 Or in Hope's sweet music sounds *most* sweet,
 Shall be ours—if thou wilt be mine, love!

Bright flowers shall bloom wherever we rove,
 A voice divine shall talk in each stream;
 The stars shall look like worlds of love,
 And this earth be all one beautiful dream
 In our eyes—if thou wilt be mine, love!

And thoughts, whose source is hidden and high,
 Like streams, that come from heaven-ward hills,
 Shall keep our hearts, like meads, that lie
 To be bath'd by those eternal rills,
 Ever green, if thou wilt be mine, love!

All this and more the Spirit of Love
 Can breathe o'er them who feel his spells;
 That heaven, which forms his home above,
 He can make on earth, wherever he dwells,
 As thou'lt own,—if thou wilt be mine, love!



SILENCE IS IN OUR FESTAL HALLS.

SILENCE is in our festal halls,—
 Sweet Son of Song! thy course is o'er;
 In vain on thee sad Erin calls,
 Her minstrel's voice responds no more;—
 All silent as th' Eolian shell
 Sleeps at the close of some bright day,
 When the sweet breeze, that wak'd its swell
 At sunny morn, hath died away.

Yet, at our feasts, thy spirit long,
 Awak'd by music's spell, shall rise;
 For name so link'd with deathless song
 Partakes its charm and never dies:
 And ev'n within the holy fane,
 When music wafts the soul to heaven,
 One thought to him, whose earliest strain
 Was echoed there, shall long be given.

But, where is now the cheerful day,
 The social night, when, by thy side,
 He, who now weaves this parting lay,
 His skillless voice with thine allied;
 And sung those songs whose every tone,
 When bard and minstrel long have past,
 Shall still, in sweetness all their own,
 Embalm'd by fame, undying last?

Yes, Erin, thine alone the fame,—
 Or, if thy bard have shar'd the crown,
 From thee the borrow'd glory came,
 And at thy feet is now laid down.
 Enough, if Freedom still inspire
 His latest song, and still there be,
 As evening closes round his lyre,
 One ray upon its chords from thee.



NATIONAL AIRS.



THOSE EVENING BELLS.

(AIR—THE BELLS OF ST. PETERSBURGH.)

THOSE evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,
When last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are pass'd away;
And many a heart, that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone ;
 That tuneful peal will still ring on,
 While other bards shall walk these dells,
 And sing your praise, sweet evening bells !



COMMON SENSE AND GENIUS.

(FRENCH AIR.)

WHILE I touch the string,
 Wreath my brows with laurel,
 For the tale I sing
 Has, for once, a moral.
 Common Sense, one night,
 Though not used to gambols,
 Went out by moonlight,
 With Genius, on his rambles.
 While I touch the string, &c.

Common Sense went on,
 Many wise things saying;
 While the light that shone
 Soon set Genius straying.
One his eye ne'er rais'd
 From the path before him.
T'other idly gaz'd
 On each night-cloud o'er him.
 While I touch the string, &c.

So they came, at last,
 To a shady river;
 Common Sense soon pass'd,
 Safe, as he doth ever;
 While the boy, whose look
 Was in Heaven that minute,
 Never saw the brook
 But tumbled headlong in it!
 While I touch the string, &c

How the Wise One smil'd,
 When safe o'er the torrent,
 At that youth, so wild,
 Dripping from the current!
 Sense went home to bed;
 Genius, left to shiver
 On the bank, 'tis said,
 Died of that cold river!
 While I touch the string, &c.



THE CRYSTAL-HUNTERS.

(SWISS AIR.)

O'ER mountains bright
 With snow and light,
 We Crystal-hunters speed along;
 While rocks and caves,
 And icy waves,
 Each instant echo to our song;
 And, when we meet with store of gems,
 We grudge not kings their diadems.
 O'er mountains bright
 With snow and light,
 We Crystal-hunters speed along;
 While grotts and caves,
 And icy waves,
 Each instant echo to our song.

Not half so oft the lover dreams
 Of sparkles from his lady's eyes,
 As we of those refreshing gleams
 That tell where deep the crystal lies;
 Though, next to crystal, we too grant,
 That ladies' eyes may most enchant.
 O'er mountains bright, &c.

Sometimes, when on the Alpine rose
 The golden sunset leaves its ray,
 So like a gem the flow'ret glows,
 We thither bend our headlong way;
 And, though we find no treasure there,
 We bless the rose that shines so fair.
 O'er mountains bright
 With snow and light,
 We Crystal-hunters speed along;
 While rocks and caves,
 And icy waves,
 Each instant echo to our song.



ROW GENTLY HERE.

(VENETIAN AIR.)

Row gently here,
 My gondolier,
 So softly wake the tide,
 That not an ear
 On earth may hear,
 But hers to whom we glide.
 Had Heaven but tongues to speak, as well
 As starry eyes to see,
 Oh, think what tales 'twould have to tell
 Of wandering youths like me!

Now rest thee here,
 My gondolier,
 Hush, hush, for up I go,
 To climb yon light
 Balcony's height,
 While thou keep'st watch below.
 Ah! did we take for Heaven above
 But half such pains as we
 Take, day and night, for woman's love,
 What Angels we should be!



LOVE AND HOPE.

(SWISS AIR.)

At morn, beside yon summer sea,
Young Hope and Love reclin'd;
But scarce had noon-tide come, when he
Into his bark leap'd smilingly,
And left poor Hope behind

"I go," said Love, "to sail awhile
 "Across this sunny main,"
 And then so sweet his parting smile,
 That Hope, who never dreamt of guile,
 Believ'd he'd come again.

She linger'd there till evening's beam
 Along the waters lay;
 And o'er the sands, in thoughtful dream,
 Oft trac'd his name, which still the stream
 As often wash'd away.

At length a sail appears in sight,
 And tow'rd the maiden moves!
 'Tis Wealth that comes, and gay and bright
 His golden bark reflects the light,
 But ah! it is not Love's.

Another sail—'twas Friendship show'd
 Her night-lamp o'er the sea;
 And calm the light that lamp bestow'd;
 But Love had lights that warmer glow'd,
 And where, alas! was he?

Now fast around the sea and shore
 Night threw her darkling chain;
 The sunny sails were seen no more,
 Hope's morning dreams of bliss were o'er,—
 Love never came again.



KEEP THOSE EYES STILL PURELY MINE.

KEEP those eyes still purely mine,
 Though far off I be:
 When on others most they shine,
 Then think they're turned on me.

Should those lips as now respond
 To sweet minstrelsy,
 When their accents seem most fond,
 Then think they're breath'd for me.

Make what hearts thou wilt thy own,
 If when all on thee
 Fix their charmed thoughts alone,
 Thou think'st the while on me.



FARE THEE WELL, THOU LOVELY ONE!

(SICILIAN AIR.)

FARE thee well, thou lovely one:
 Lovely still, but dear no more;
 Once his soul of truth is gone,
 Love's sweet life is o'er.
 Thy words, whate'er their flatt'ring spell,
 Could scarce have thus deceived;
 But eyes that acted truth so well
 Were sure to be believed.
 Then, fare thee well, thou lovely one!
 Lovely still, but dear no more;
 Once his soul of truth is gone,
 Love's sweet life is o'er.

Yet those eyes look constant still,
 True as stars they keep their light;
 Still those cheeks their pledge fulfil
 Of blushing always bright.
 'Tis only on thy changeful heart
 The blame of falsehood lies;
 Love lives in every other part,
 But there, alas! he dies.
 Then, fare thee well, thou lovely one!
 Lovely still, but dear no more;
 Once his soul of truth is gone,
 Love's sweet life is o'er.

IF IN LOVING, SINGING.

If in loving, singing, night and day
 We could trifle merrily life away,
 Like atoms dancing in the beam,
 Like day-flies skimming o'er the stream,
 Or summer blossoms, born to sigh
 Their sweetness out, and die—
 How brilliant, thoughtless, side by side,
 Thou and I could make our minutes glide.
 No atoms ever glanced so bright,
 No day-flies ever danc'd so light,
 Nor summer blossoms mix'd their sigh
 So close, as thou and I!



HOPE COMES AGAIN.

HOPE comes again, to this heart long a stranger,
 Once more she sings me her flattering strain;
 But hush, gentle syren—for, ah, there's less danger
 In still suff'ring on, than in hoping again.

Long, long, in sorrow, too deep for repining,
 Gloomy, but tranquil, this bosom hath lain;
 And joy coming now, like a sudden light shining
 O'er eyelids long dark'ned, would bring me but pain.

Fly then, ye visions, that Hope would shed o'er me;
 Lost to the future, my sole chance of rest
 Now lies not in dreaming of bliss that's before me,
 But, ah—in forgetting how once I was blest.



WHEN THROUGH THE PIAZZETTA.

(VENETIAN AIR.)

WHEN *through* the Piazzetta
Night breathes her cool air,
Then, dearest Ninetta,
I'll come to thee there.
Beneath thy mask shrouded,
I'll know thee afar,
As Love knows, though clouded,
His own evening star.

In garb, then, resembling
 Some gay gondolier,
 I'll whisper thee, trembling,
 "Our bark, love, is near:
 "Now, now, while there hover
 "Those clouds o'er the moon,
 "'Twill waft thee safe over
 "Yon silent Lagoon."



WHEN ABROAD IN THE WORLD.

WHEN abroad in the world thou appearest,
 And the young and the lovely are there,
 To my heart while of all thou'rt the dearest,
 To my eyes thou'rt of all the most fair.
 They pass, one by one,
 Like waves of the sea,
 That say to the Sun,
 "See, how fair we can be."
 But where's the light like thine,
 In sun or shade to shine?
 No—no, 'mong them all, there is nothing like thee,
 Nothing like thee.

Oft, of old, without farewell or warning,
 Beauty's self used to steal from the skies;
 Flung a mist round her head, some fine morning,
 And post down to earth in disguise;
 But, no matter what shroud
 Around her might be,
 Men peep'd through the cloud,
 And whisper'd, "'Tis She."
 So thou, where thousands are,
 Shin'st forth the only star,—
 Yes, yes, 'mong them all, there is nothing like thee,
 Nothing like thee.

GO, THEN—'TIS VAIN.

(SICILIAN AIR.)

Go, then—'tis vain to hover
 Thus round a hope that's dead;
 At length my dream is over;
 'Twas sweet—'twas false—'tis fled!
 Farewell! since nought it moves thee,
 Such truth as mine to see—
 Some one, who far less loves thee
 Perhaps more bless'd will be.

Farewell, sweet eyes, whose brightness
 New life around me shed;
 Farewell, false heart, whose lightness
 Now leaves me death instead.
 Go, now, those charms surrender
 To some new lover's sigh—
 One who, though far less tender,
 May be more bless'd than I.



THOU LOVST NO MORE.

Too plain, alas! my doom is spoken,
 Nor canst thou veil the sad truth o'er;
 Thy heart is chang'd, thy vow is broken,
 Thou lov'st no more—thou lov'st no more.

Though kindly still those eyes behold me,
 The smile is gone, which once they wore;
 Though fondly still those arms enfold me,
 'Tis not the same—thou lov'st no more.

Too long my dream of bliss believing,
 I've thought thee all thou wert before;
 But now—alas! there's no deceiving,
 'Tis all too plain, thou lov'st no more.

Oh, thou as soon the dead couldst waken,
 As lost affection's life restore,
 Give peace to her that is forsaken,
 Or bring back him who loves no more.



ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.

(INDIAN AIR.)

ALL that's bright must fade,—
 The brightest still the fleetest;
 All that's sweet was made,
 But to be lost when sweetest.
 Stars that shine and fall;—
 The flower that drops in springing;—
 These, alas! are types of all
 To which our hearts are clinging.
 All that's bright must fade,—
 The brightest still the fleetest;
 All that's sweet was made
 But to be lost when sweetest!

Who would seek or prize
 Delights that end in aching?
 Who would trust to ties
 That every hour are breaking?
 Better far to be
 In utter darkness lying,
 Than to be blessed with light, and see
 That light for ever flying.
 All that's bright must fade,—
 The brightest still the fleetest;
 All that's sweet was made
 But to be lost when sweetest!



THE GAZELLE.

Dost thou not hear the silver bell,
Through yonder lime-trees ringing?
'Tis my lady's light gazelle,
To me her love thoughts bringing,—
All the while that silver bell
Around his dark neck ringing.

See, in his mouth he bears a wreath,
My love hath kiss'd in tying;
Oh, what tender thoughts beneath
Those silent flowers are lying,—
Hid within the mystic wreath,
My love hath kiss'd in tying!

Welcome, dear gazelle, to thee,
 And joy to her, the fairest,
 Who thus hath breath'd her soul to me
 In every leaf thou bearest ;
 Welcome, dear gazelle, to thee,
 And joy to her, the fairest.

Hail, ye living, speaking flowers,
 That breathe of her who bound ye:
 Oh, 'twas not in fields, or bowers,
 'Twas on her lips, she found ye;—
 Yes, ye blushing, speaking flowers,
 'Twas on her lips she found ye.



NETS AND CAGES.

(SWEDISH AIR.)

COME, listen to my story, while
 Your needle's task you ply ;
 At what I sing some maids will smile.
 While some, perhaps, may sigh.
 Though Love's the theme, and Wisdom blames
 Such florid songs as ours,
 Yet Truth sometimes, like eastern dames,
 Can speak her thoughts by flowers.
 Then listen, maids, come listen, while
 Your needle's task you ply ;
 At what I sing there's some may smile
 While some, perhaps, will sigh.

Young Cloe, bent on catching Loves,
 Such nets had learn'd to frame,
 That none, in all our vales and groves,
 E'er caught so much small game :
 But gentle Sue, less giv'n to roam,
 While Cloe's nets were taking
 Such lots of Loves, sat still at home,
 One little Love-cage making.
 Come, listen, maids, &c.

Much Cloe laugh'd at Susan's task;
 But mark how things went on:
 These light-caught Loves, ere you could ask
 Their name and age, were gone!
 So weak poor Cloe's nets were wove,
 That, though she charm'd into them
 New game each hour, the youngest Love
 Was able to break through them.
 Come, listen, maids, &c.

Meanwhile, young Sue, whose cage was wrought
 Of bars too strong to sever,
 One Love with golden pinions caught,
 And caged him there for ever;
 Instructing, thereby, all coquettes,
 Whate'er their looks or ages,
 That, though 'tis pleasant weaving Nets,
 'Tis wiser to make Cages.

Thus, maidens, thus do I beguile
 The task your fingers ply.—
 May all who hear, like Susan, smile,
 And not, like Cloe, sigh!



WHO'LL BUY MY LOVE-KNOTS?

(PORTUGUESE AIR.)

HYMEN, late, his love-knots selling,
 Call'd at many a maiden's dwelling,
 None could doubt, who saw or knew them,
 Hymen's call was welcome to them.
 "Who'll buy my love-knots?"
 "Who'll buy my love-knots?"
 Soon as that sweet cry resounded,
 How his baskets were surrounded!

Maids, who now first dreamt of trying
 These gay knots of Hymen's tying;
 Dames, who long had sat to watch him
 Passing by, but ne'er could catch him;—
 "Who'll buy my love-knots?"
 "Who'll buy my love-knots?"
 All at that sweet cry assembled;
 Some laugh'd, some blush'd, and some trembled

"Here are knots," said Hymen, taking
 Some loose flowers, "of Love's own making;
 "Here are gold ones—you may trust 'em"—
 (These, of course, found ready custom).
 "Come, buy my love-knots!"
 "Come, buy my love-knots!"
 "Some are labell'd 'Knots to tie men—
 "Love the maker—Bought of Hymen."

Scarce their bargains were completed,
 When the nymphs all cried, "We're cheated!"
 "See these flowers—they're drooping sadly;
 "This gold-knot, too, ties but badly—
 "Who'd buy such love-knots?"
 "Who'd buy such love-knots?"
 "Even this tie, with Love's name round it—
 "All a sham—He never bound it."

Love, who saw the whole proceeding,
 Would have laugh'd, but for good-breeding;
 White Old Hymen, who was used to
 Cries like that these dames gave loose to—
 "Take back your love-knots!"
 "Take back your love-knots!"
 Coolly said, "There's no returning
 "Wares on Hymen's hands—Good Morning!"





DOST THOU REMEMBER.

(PORTUGUESE AIR.)

Dost thou remember that place so lonely,
A place for lovers, and lovers only,
Where first I told thee all my secret sighs?
When, as the moonbeam that trembled o'er thee
Illum'd thy blushes, I knelt before thee,
And read my hope's sweet triumph in those eyes!
Then, then, while closely heart was drawn to heart,
Love bound us—never, never more to part!

And when I call'd thee by names the dearest
 That love could fancy, the fondest, nearest,—
 "My life, my only life!" among the rest;
 In those sweet accents that still enthrall me,
 Thou saidst, "Ah! wherefore thy life thus call me?
 Thy soul, thy soul's the name that I love best;
 For life soon passes,—but how bless'd to be
 That Soul which never, never parts from thee!"



THOUGH 'TIS ALL BUT A DREAM.

(FRENCH AIR.)

THOUGH 'tis all but a dream at the best,
 And still, when happiest, soonest o'er,
 Yet, even in a dream, to be bless'd
 Is so sweet, that I ask for no more.
 The bosom that opes
 With earliest hopes,
 The soonest finds those hopes untrue;
 As flowers that first
 In spring-time burst
 The earliest wither too!
 Ay—'tis all but a dream, &c.

Though by Friendship we oft are deceiv'd
 And find Love's sunshine soon o'ercast,
 Yet Friendship will still be believ'd,
 And Love trusted on to the last.
 The web 'mong the leaves
 The spider weaves
 Is like the charm Hope hangs o'er men;
 Though oft she sees
 'Tis broke by the breeze,
 She spins the bright tissue again.
 Ay—'tis all but a dream, &c.

SO WARMLY WE MET.

(HUNGARIAN AIR.)

So warmly we met and so fondly we parted,
 That which was the sweeter ev'n I could not tell,—
 That first look of welcome her sunny eyes darted,
 Or that tear of passion, which bless'd our farewell.
 To meet was a heaven, and to part thus another,—
 Our joy and our sorrow seem'd rivals in bliss;
 Oh! Cupid's two eyes are not liker each other
 In smiles and in tears, than that moment to this.

The first was like day-break, new, sudden, delicious,—
 The dawn of a pleasure scarce kindled up yet;
 The last like the farewell of daylight, more precious,
 More glowing and deep, as 'tis nearer its set.
 Our meeting, though happy, was ting'd by a sorrow
 To think that such happiness could not remain;
 While our parting, though sad, gave a hope that to-morrow
 Would bring back the bless'd hour of meeting again.



GO, NOW, AND DREAM.

(SICILIAN AIR.)

Go, now, and dream o'er that joy in thy slumber—
 Moments so sweet again ne'er shalt thou number.
 Of Pain's bitter draught the flavour ne'er flies,
 While Pleasure's scarce touches the lip ere it dies.
 Go, then, and dream, &c.

That moon, which hung o'er your parting, so splendid,
 Often will shine again, bright as she then did—
 But never more will the beam she saw burn
 In those happy eyes, at your meeting, return.
 Go, then, and dream, &c.

NE'ER TALK OF WISDOM'S GLOOMY SCHOOLS.

(MAHRATTA AIR.)

NE'ER talk of Wisdom's gloomy schools;
 Give me the sage who's able
 To draw his moral thoughts and rules
 From the study of the table;—
 Who learns how lightly, fleetly pass
 This world and all that's in it,
 From the bumper that but crowns his glass,
 And is gone again next minute!

The diamond sleeps within the mine,
 The pearl beneath the water;
 While Truth, more precious, dwells in wine,
 The grape's own rosy daughter.
 And none can prize her charms like him,
 Oh, none like him obtain her,
 Who thus can, like Leander, swim
 Through sparkling floods to gain her!



HERE SLEEPS THE BARD.

(HIGHLAND AIR.)

HERE sleeps the Bard who knew so well
 All the sweet windings of Apollo's shell;
 Whether its music roll'd like torrents near,
 Or, died, like distant streamlets, on the ear.
 Sleep, sleep, mute bard; alike unheeded now
 The storm and zephyr sweep thy lifeless brow;—
 That storm, whose rush is like thy martial lay;
 That breeze which, like thy love-song, dies away!



HARK! THE VESPER HYMN IS STEALING.

(RUSSIAN AIR.)

HARK! the vesper hymn is stealing
O'er the waters soft and clear;
Nearer yet and nearer pealing,
And now bursts upon the ear:
 Jubilate, Amen.
Farther now, now farther stealing,
Soft it fades upon the ear:
 Jubilate, Amen.

Now, like moonlight waves retreating
 To the shore, it dies along ;
 Now, like angry surges meeting,
 Breaks the mingled tide of song :
 Jubilate, Amen.
 Hush! again, like waves retreating
 To the shore, it dies along :
 Jubilate, Amen.



SPRING AND AUTUMN.

Ev'ry season hath its pleasures ;
 Spring may boast her flow'ry prime,
 Yet the vineyard's ruby treasures
 Brighten Autumn's sob'rer time.
 So Life's year begins and closes ;
 Days, though short'ning, still can shine ;
 What though youth gave love and roses,
 Age still leaves us friends and wine.

Phyllis when she might have caught me,
 All the Spring look'd coy and shy,
 Yet herself in Autumn sought me,
 When the flowers were all gone by.
 Ah, too late ;—she found her lover
 Calm and free beneath his vine,
 Drinking to the Spring-time over
 In his best autumnal wine.

Thus may we, as years are flying,
 To their flight our pleasures suit,
 Nor regret the blossoms dying,
 While we still may taste the fruit.
 Oh, while days like this are ours,
 Where's the lip that dares repine ?
 Spring may take our loves and flowers,
 So Autumn leaves us friends and wine.

WHERE SHALL WE BURY OUR SHAME?

(NEAPOLITAN AIR.)

WHERE shall we bury our shame?
 Where, in what desolate place,
 Hide the last wreck of a name
 Broken and stain'd by disgrace?
 Death may dissever the chain,
 Oppression will cease when we're gone;
 But the dishonour, the stain,
 Die as we may, will live on.

Was it for this we sent out
 Liberty's cry from our shore?
 Was it for this that her shout
 Thrill'd to the world's very core?
 Thus to live cowards and slaves!—
 Oh, ye free hearts that lie dead,
 Do you not, ev'n in your graves,
 Shudder, as o'er you we tread?



BRING THE BRIGHT GARLANDS HITHER.

BRING the bright garlands hither,
 Ere yet a leaf is dying;
 If so soon they must wither,
 Ours be their last sweet sighing.
 Hark, that low dismal chime!
 'Tis the dreary voice of Time.
 Oh, bring beauty, bring roses,
 Bring all that yet is ours;
 Let life's day, as it closes,
 Shine to the last through flowers.

Haste, ere the bowl's declining,
 Drink of it now or never;
 Now, while Beauty is shining,
 Love, or she's lost for ever.
 Hark! again that dull chime,
 'Tis the dreary voice of Time.
 Oh, if life be a torrent,
 Down to oblivion going,
 Like this cup be its current,
 Bright to the last drop flowing!



OFT, WHEN THE WATCHING STARS.

(SAVOYARD AIR.)

OFT, when the watching stars grow pale,
 And round me sleeps the moonlight scene,
 To hear a flute through yonder vale
 I from my casement lean.
 "Come, come, my love!" each note then seems to say,
 "Oh, come, my love! the night wears fast away!"
 Never to mortal ear
 Could words, though warm they be,
 Speak Passion's language half so clear
 As do those notes to me!

Then quick my own light lute I seek,
 And strike the chords with loudest swell;
 And, though they nought to others speak,
He knows their language well.
 "I come, my love!" each note then seems to say,
 "I come, my love!—thine, thine till break of day."
 Oh, weak the power of words,
 The hues of painting dim,
 Compar'd to what those simple chords
 Then say and paint to him!



REASON, FOLLY, AND BEAUTY.

(ITALIAN AIR.)

REASON, and Folly, and Beauty, they say,
Went on a party of pleasure one day:
 Folly play'd
 Around the maid,
The bells of his cap rung merrily out;
 While Reason took
 To his sermon book—
Oh! which was the pleasanter no one need doubt,
Which was the pleasanter no one need doubt.

Beauty, who likes to be thought very sage,
 Turn'd for a moment to Reason's dull page,
 Till Folly said,
 "Look here, sweet maid!"—
 The sight of his cap brought her back to herself;
 While Reason read
 His leaves of lead,
 With no one to mind him, poor sensible elf!
 No,—no one to mind him, poor sensible elf!

Then Reason grew jealous of Folly's gay cap;
 Had he that on, he her heart might entrap—
 "There it is,"
 Quoth Folly, "old quiz!"
 (Folly was always good-natured, 'tis said)
 "Under the sun
 There's no such fun,
 As Reason with my cap and bells on his head,
 Reason with my cap and bells on his head!"

But Reason the head-dress so awkwardly wore,
 That Beauty now lik'd him still less than before;
 While Folly took
 Old Reason's book,
 And twisted the leaves in a cap of such *ton*,
 That Beauty vow'd
 (Though not aloud),
 She lik'd him still better in that than his own,
 Yes,—lik'd him still better in that than his own.



DO NOT SAY THAT LIFE IS WANING.

Do not say that life is waning,
 Or that Hope's sweet day is set;
 While I've thee and love remaining,
 Life is in th' horizon yet.

Do not think those charms are flying,
 Though thy roses fade and fall;
 Beauty hath a grace undying,
 Which in thee survives them all.

Not for charms, the newest, brightest,
 That on other cheeks may shine,
 Would I change the least, the slightest,
 That is ling'ring now o'er thine.



THEN, FARE THEE WELL.,

(OLD ENGLISH AIR.)

Then, fare thee well, my own dear love,
 This world has now for us
 No greater grief, no pain above
 The pain of parting thus,
 Dear love!
 The pain of parting thus.

Had we but known, since first we met,
 Some few short hours of bliss,
 We might, in numb'ring them, forget
 The deep, deep pain of this,
 Dear love!
 The deep, deep pain of this.

But no, alas, we've never seen
 One glimpse of pleasure's ray,
 But still there came some cloud between,
 And chas'd it all away,
 Dear love!
 And chas'd it all away.

Yet, ev'n could those sad moments last,
 Far dearer to my heart
 Were hours of grief, together past,
 Than years of mirth apart,
 Dear love!
 Than years of mirth apart.

Farewell! our hope was born in fears,
 And nurs'd 'mid vain regrets;
 Like winter suns, it rose in tears,
 Like them in tears it sets,
 Dear love!
 Like them in tears it sets.



WHEN THE WINE-CUP IS SMILING.

(ITALIAN AIR.)

WHEN the wine-cup is smiling before us,
 And we pledge round to hearts that are true, boy, true
 Then the sky of this life opens o'er us,
 And Heaven gives a glimpse of its blue.
 Talk of Adam in Eden reclining,
 We are better, far better off thus, boy, thus;
 For *him* but *two* bright eyes were shining—
 See, what numbers are sparkling for us!

When on *one* side the grape-juice is dancing,
 While on t'other a blue eye beams, boy, beams,
 'Tis enough, 'twixt the wine and the glancing,
 To disturb ev'n a saint from his dreams.
 Yet, though life like a river is flowing,
 I care not how fast it goes on, boy, on,
 So the grape on its bank is still growing,
 And Love lights the waves as they run.

OH, DAYS OF YOUTH.

(FRENCH AIR.)

OH, days of youth and joy, long clouded,
 Why thus for ever haunt my view?
 When in the grave your light lay shrouded,
 Why did not Memory die there too?
 Vainly doth Hope her strain now sing me,
 Telling of joys that yet remain—
 No, never more can this life bring me
 One joy that equals youth's sweet pain.

Dim lies the way to death before me,
 Cold winds of Time blow round my brow;
 Sunshine of youth! that once fell o'er me
 Where is your warmth, your glory now?
 'Tis not that then no pain could sting me;
 'Tis not that now no joys remain;
 Oh, 'tis that life no more can bring me
 One joy so sweet as that worst pain.



THE GARLAND I SEND THEE.

THE Garland I send thee was cull'd from those bowers
 Where thou and I wander'd in long vanish'd hours;
 Not a leaf or a blossom its bloom here displays,
 But bears some remembrance of those happy days.

The roses were gather'd by that garden gate,
 Where our meetings, though early, seem'd always too late;
 While ling'ring full oft through a summer-night's moon,
 Our partings, though late, appear'd always too soon.

The rest were all cull'd from the banks of that glade,
 Where, watching the sunset, so often we've stray'd.
 And mourn'd, as the time went, that Love had no power
 To bind in his chain even one happy hour.



OFT, IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

(SCOTCH AIR.)

OFT, in the stilly night,
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
 Fond Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me;
 The smiles, the tears,
 Of boyhood's years,
 The words of love then spoken;
 The eyes that shone,
 Now dimm'd and gone,
 The cheerful hearts now broken!
 Thus, in the stilly night,
 Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,
 Sad Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

When I remember all
 The friends, so link'd together,
 I've seen around me fall
 Like leaves in wintry weather;
 I feel like one,
 Who treads alone
 Some banquet-hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled,
 Whose garlands dead,
 And all but he departed!
 Thus, in the stilly night,
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

LOVE IS A HUNTER-BOY.

(LANGUEDOCIAN AIR.)

LOVE is a hunter-boy,
 Who makes young hearts his prey;
 And, in his nets of joy,
 Ensnares them night and day.
 In vain conceal'd they lie—
 Love tracks them everywhere;
 In vain aloft they fly—
 Love shoots them flying there.

But 'tis his joy most sweet,
 At early dawn to trace
 The print of Beauty's feet,
 And give the trembler chase.
 And if, through virgin snow,
 He tracks her footsteps fair,
 How sweet for Love to know
 None went before him there.



HOW SHALL I WOO?

IF I speak to thee in Friendship's name,
 Thou think'st I speak too coldly;
 If I mention Love's devoted flame,
 Thou say'st I speak too boldly.
 Between these two unequal fires,
 Why doom me thus to hover?
 I'm a friend, if such thy heart requires,
 If more thou seek'st, a lover.
 Which shall it be? How shall I woo?
 Fair one, choose between the two.

Tho' the wings of Love will brightly play,
 When first he comes to woo thee,
 There's a chance that he may fly away
 As fast as he flies *to* thee.
 While Friendship, though on foot she come,
 No flights of fancy trying,
 Will, therefore, oft be found at home,
 When Love abroad is flying.
 Which shall it be? How shall I woo?
 Dear one, choose between the two.

If neither feeling suits thy heart,
 Let's see, to please thee, whether
 We may not learn some precious art
 To mix their charms together;
 One feeling, still more sweet, to form
 From two so sweet already—
 A friendship that like love is warm,
 A love like friendship steady.
 Thus let it be, thus let me woo,
 Dearest, thus we'll join the two.



WHERE ARE THE VISIONS.

“WHERE are the visions that round me once hover'd,
 Forms that shed grace from their shadows alone;
 Looks fresh as light from a star just discover'd,
 And voices that Music might take for her own?”

Time, while I spoke, with his wings resting o'er me,
 Heard me say, “Where are those visions, oh where?”
 And pointing his wand to the sunset before me,
 Said, with a voice like the hollow wind, “There.”

Fondly I look'd, when the wizard had spoken,
 And there, 'mid the dim shining ruins of day,
 Saw, by their light, like a talisman broken,
 The last golden fragments of hope melt away.



OH, NO—NOT EV'N WHEN FIRST WE LOV'D.

(CASHMERICAN AIR.)

Oh, no—not ev'n when first we lov'd,
Wert thou as dear as now thou art;
Thy beauty then my senses mov'd,
But now thy virtues bind my heart.

What was but Passion's sigh before,
 Has since been turn'd to Reason's vow;
 And, though I then might love thee *more*,
 Trust me, I love thee *betier* now.

Although my heart in earlier youth
 Might kindle with more wild desire,
 Believe me, it has gain'd in truth
 Much more than it has lost in fire.
 The flame now warms my inmost core,
 That then but sparkled o'er my brow,
 And, though I seem'd to love thee *more*,
 Yet, oh, I love thee *better* now.



LIKE ONE WHO, DOOM'D.

LIKE one who, doom'd o'er distant seas
 His weary path to measure,
 When home at length, with fav'ring breeze,
 He brings the far-sought treasure;

His ship, in sight of shore, goes down,
 That shore to which he hasted;
 And all the wealth he thought his own
 Is o'er the waters wasted:

Like him, this heart, through many a track
 Of toil and sorrow straying,
 One hope alone brought fondly back,
 Its toil and grief repaying.

Like him, alas, I see that ray
 Of hope before me perish,
 And one dark minute sweep away
 What years were given to cherish.

O SAY, THOU BEST AND BRIGHTEST.

O SAY, thou best and brightest,
 My first love and my last,
 When he, whom now thou slightest,
 From life's dark scene hath past,
 Will kinder thoughts then move thee?
 Will pity wake one thrill
 For him who liv'd to love thee,
 And dying, lov'd thee still?

If, when that hour recalling
 From which he dates his woes,
 Thou feel'st a tear-drop falling,
 Ah, blush not while it flows:
 But, all the past forgiving,
 Bend gently o'er his shrine,
 And say, "This heart, when living,
 "With all its faults, was mine."



SHOULD THOSE FOND HOPES.

(PORTUGUESE AIR.)

SHOULD those fond hopes e'er forsake thee,
 Which now so sweetly thy heart employ;
 Should the cold world come to wake thee
 From all thy visions of youth and joy;
 Should the gay friends, for whom thou wouldst banish
 Him who once thought thy young heart his own,
 All, like spring birds, falsely vanish,
 And leave thy winter unheeded and lone;

Oh! 'tis then that he thou hast slighted
 Would come to cheer thee, when all seem'd o'er;
 Then the truant, lost and blighted,
 Would to his bosom be taken once more:
 Like that dear bird we both can remember,
 Who left us while summer shone round,
 But, when chill'd by bleak December,
 On our threshold a welcome still found.



PEACE TO THE SLUMB'RERS!

(CATALONIAN AIR.)

PEACE to the slumb'ers!
 They lie on the battle-plain,
 With no shroud to cover them;
 The dew and the summer rain
 Are all that weep over them.
 Peace to the slumb'ers!

Vain was their brav'ry!—
 The fallen oak lies where it lay
 Across the wintry river;
 But brave hearts, once swept away,
 Are gone, alas! for ever.
 Vain was their brav'ry!

Woe to the cong'ror!
 Our limbs shall lie as cold as theirs
 Of whom his sword bereft us,
 Ere we forget the deep arrears
 Of vengeance they have left us!
 Woe to the cong'ror!



FLOW ON, THOU SHINING RIVER.

(PORTUGUESE AIR.)

FLOW on, thou shining river ;
But, ere thou reach the sea,
Seek Ella's bower, and give her
The wreaths I fling o'er thee.
And tell her thus, if she'll be mine,
The current of our lives shall be,
With joys along their course to shine,
Like those sweet flowers on thee.

But if, in wand'ring thither,
Thou find'st she mocks my prayer,
Then leave those wreaths to wither
Upon the cold bank there ;

And tell her thus, when youth is o'er,
 Her lone and loveless charms shall be
 Thrown by upon life's weedy shore,
 Like those sweet flowers from thee.



WHEN NIGHT BRINGS THE HOUR.

WHEN night brings the hour
 Of starlight and joy,
 There comes to my bower
 A fairy-wing'd boy;
 With eyes so bright,
 So full of wild arts,
 Like nets of light,
 To tangle young hearts;
 With lips, in whose keeping
 Love's secret may dwell,
 Like Zephyr asleep in
 Some rosy sea-shell.
 Guess who he is,
 Name but his name,
 And his best kiss,
 For reward, you may claim.

Where'er o'er the ground
 He prints his light feet,
 The flow'rs there are found
 Most shining and sweet:
 His looks, as soft
 As lightning in May,
 Though dangerous oft,
 Ne'er wound but in play:
 And oh, when his wings
 Have brush'd o'er my lyre,
 You'd fancy its strings
 Were turning to fire.
 Guess who he is,
 Name but his name,
 And his best kiss,
 For reward, you may claim.

PEACE BE AROUND THEE.

(SCOTCH AIR.)

PEACE be around thee, wherever thou ro'v'st;
 May life be for thee one summer's day,
 And all that thou wishest, and all that thou lov'st,
 Come smiling around thy sunny way!
 If sorrow e'er this calm should break,
 May even thy tears pass off so lightly,
 Like spring-showers, they'll only make
 The smiles that follow shine more brightly.

May Time, who sheds his blight o'er all,
 And daily dooms some joy to death,
 O'er thee let years so gently fall,
 They shall not crush one flower beneath.
 As half in shade and half in sun
 This world along its path advances,
 May that side the sun's upon
 Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances!



A TEMPLE TO FRIENDSHIP.

(SPANISH AIR.)

"A TEMPLE to Friendship," said Laura, enchanted,
 "I'll build in this garden,—the thought is divine!"
 Her temple was built, and she now only wanted
 An image of Friendship to place on the shrine.
 She flew to a sculptor, who set down before her
 A Friendship, the fairest his art could invent;
 But so cold and so dull, that the youthful adorer
 Saw plainly this was not the idol she meant.

"Oh! never," she cried, "could I think of enshrining
 An image, whose looks are so joyless and dim;—
 But yon little god, upon roses reclining,
 We'll make, if you please, Sir, a Friendship of him!"
 So the bargain was struck; with the little god laden
 She joyfully flew to her shrine in the grove:
 "Farewell," said the sculptor, "you're not the first maiden
 Who came but for Friendship and took away Love."



T H E R E C O M E S A T I M E .

(GERMAN AIR.)

THERE comes a time, a dreary time,
 To him whose heart hath flown
 O'er all the fields of youth's sweet **prime,**
 And made each flower its own.
 'Tis when his soul must first renounce
 Those dreams so bright, so fond;
 Oh! then's the time to die at **once,**
 For life has nought beyond.

When sets the sun on Afric's shore,
 That instant all is night;
 And so should life at once be o'er,
 When Love withdraws his light;—
 Nor, like our northern day, gleam on
 Through twilight's dim delay,
 The cold remains of lustre gone,
 Of fire long pass'd away.



JOYS OF YOUTH, HOW FLEETING.

(PORTUGUESE AIR.)

WHISP'RINGS, heard by wakeful maids,
To whom the night-stars guide us;
Stolen walks through moonlight shades,
With those we love beside us,
Hearts beating,
At meeting;
Tears starting,
At parting;
Oh, sweet youth, how soon it fades!
Sweet joys of youth, how fleeting!

Wand'rings far away from home,
 With life all new before us;
 Greetings warm, when home we come,
 From hearts whose prayers watch'd o'er us.
 Tears starting,
 At parting;
 Hearts beating,
 At meeting;
 Oh, sweet youth, how lost on some!
 To some, how bright and fleeting!



SEE THE DAWN FROM HEAVEN.

(TO AN AIR SUNG AT ROME, ON CHRISTMAS EVE.)

SEE, the dawn from Heaven is breaking
 O'er our sight,
 And Earth, from sin awaking,
 Hails the light!
 See those groups of angels, winging
 From the realms above,
 On their brows, from Eden, bringing
 Wreaths of Hope and Love.

Hark, their hymns of glory pealing
 Through the air,
 To mortal ears revealing
 Who lies there!
 In that dwelling, dark and lowly,
 Sleeps the Heavenly Son,
 He, whose home's above,—the Holy,
 Ever Holy One!



HEAR ME BUT ONCE.

(FRENCH AIR.)

HEAR me but once, while o'er the grave,
 In which our Love lies cold and dead,
 I count each flatt'ring hope he gave
 Of joys, now lost, and charms now fled.

Who could have thought the smile he wore,
 When first we met, would fade away?
 Or that a chill would e'er come o'er
 Those eyes so bright through many a day?
 Hear me but once, &c.



LOVE ALONE.

IF thou wouldst have thy charms enchant our eyes,
 First win our hearts, for there thy empire lies:
 Beauty in vain would mount a heartless throne,
 Her Right Divine is given by Love alone.

What would the rose with all her pride be worth,
 Were there no sun to call her brightness forth?
 Maidens, unlov'd, like flowers in darkness thrown,
 Wait but that light, which comes from Love alone.

Fair as thy charms in yonder glass appear,
 Trust not their bloom, they'll fade from year to year:
 Wouldst thou they still should shine as first they shone,
 Go, fix thy mirror in Love's eyes alone.



OH, GUARD OUR AFFECTION.

OH, guard our affection, nor e'er let it feel
 The blight that this world o'er the warmest will steal:
 While the faith of all round us is fading or past,
 Let ours, ever green, keep its bloom to the last.

Far safer for Love 'tis to wake and to weep,
 As he used in his prime, than go smiling to sleep;
 For death on his slumber, cold death follows fast,
 While the love that is wakeful lives on to the last.

And though, as Time gathers his clouds o'er our head,
 A shade somewhat darker o'er life they may spread,
 Transparent, at least, be the shadow they cast,
 So that Love's soften'd light may shine through to the last.



OH, COME TO ME WHEN DAYLIGHT SETS.

(VENETIAN AIR.)

OH, come to me when daylight sets;
Sweet! then come to me,
When smoothly go our gondolets
O'er the moonlight sea.
When Mirth's awake, and Love begins,
Beneath that glancing ray,
With sound of lutes and mandolins,
To steal young hearts away.

Then, come to me when daylight sets;
 Sweet! then come to me,
 When smoothly go our gondolets
 O'er the moonlight sea.

Oh, then's the hour for those who love,
 Sweet! like thee and me;
 When all's so calm below, above,
 In heav'n and o'er the sea,
 When maidens sing sweet barcarolles
 And Echo sings again
 So sweet, that all with ears and souls
 Should love and listen then.
 So, come to me when daylight sets;
 Sweet! then come to me,
 When smoothly go our gondolets
 O'er the moonlight sea.



GAILY SOUNDS THE CASTANET.

(MALTESE AIR.)

GAILY sounds the castanet,
 Beating time to bounding feet,
 When, after daylight's golden set,
 Maids and youths by moonlight meet.
 Oh, then, how sweet to move
 Through all that maze of mirth,
 Led by light from eyes we love
 Beyond all eyes on earth.

Then, the joyous banquet spread
 On the cool and fragrant ground,
 With heav'n's bright sparklers overhead,
 And still brighter sparkling round.
 Oh, then, how sweet to say
 Into some lov'd one's ear,
 Thoughts reserv'd through many a day
 To be thus whisper'd here.

When the dance and feast are done,
 Arm in arm as home we stray,
 How sweet to see the dawning sun
 O'er her cheek's warm blushes play!
 Then, too, the farewell kiss—
 The words, whose parting tone
 Lingers still in dreams of bliss,
 That haunt young hearts alone.



WHEN LOVE IS KIND.

WHEN Love is kind,
 Cheerful and free,
 Love's sure to find
 Welcome from me.

But when Love brings
 Heartache or pang,
 Tears, and such things—
 Love may go hang!

If Love can sigh
 For one alone,
 Well pleas'd am I
 To be that one.

But should I see
 Love giv'n to rove
 To two or three,
 Then—good-by, Lovet

Love must, in short,
 Keep fond and true,
 Through good report,
 And evil too.

Else, here I swear,
 Young Love may go,
 For aught I care—
 To Jericho.

BRIGHT BE THY DREAMS.

(WELSH AIR.)

BRIGHT be thy dreams—may all thy weeping
Turn into smiles while thou art sleeping.

May those by death or seas remov'd,
The friends, who in thy spring-time knew thee,
All, thou hast ever priz'd or lov'd,
In dreams come smiling to thee!

There may the child, whose love lay deepest,
Dearest of all, come while thou sleepest;
Still as she was—no charm forgot—
No lustre lost that life had given;
Or, if changed, but chang'd to what
Thou'lt find her yet in Heaven!



NO—LEAVE MY HEART TO REST.

No—leave my heart to rest, if rest it may,
When youth, and love, and hope, have pass'd away.
Couldst thou, when summer hours are fled,
To some poor leaf that's fall'n and dead,
Bring back the hue it wore, the scent it shed?
No—leave this heart to rest, if rest it may,
When youth, and love, and hope, have pass'd away.

Oh, had I met thee then, when life was bright,
Thy smile might still have fed its tranquil light;
But now thou com'st like sunny skies,
Too late to cheer the seaman's eyes,
When wreck'd and lost his bark before him lies!
No—leave this heart to rest, if rest it may,
Since youth, and love, and hope, have pass'd away.



WIND THY HORN, MY HUNTER BOY.

WIND thy horn, my hunter boy,
And leave thy lute's inglorious sighs;
Hunting is the hero's joy,
Till war his nobler game supplies.
Hark the hound-bells ringing sweet,
While hunters shout, and the woods repeat,
Hilli-ho! Hilli-ho!

Wind again thy cheerful horn,
 Till echo, faint with answering, dies:
 Burn, bright torches, burn till morn,
 And lead us where the wild boar lies.
 Hark! the cry, "He's found, he's found,"
 While hill and valley our shouts resound,
 Hilli-ho! Hilli-



WHEN LOVE WAS A CHILD.

(SWEDISH AIR.)

WHEN Love was a child, and went idling round,
 'Mong flowers, the whole summer's day,
 One morn in the valley a bower he found,
 So sweet, it allur'd him to stay.

O'erhead, from the trees, hung a garland fair,
 A fountain ran darkly beneath;—
 'Twas Pleasure had hung up the flow'rets there;
 Love knew it, and jump'd at the wreath.

But Love didn't know—and, at *his* weak years,
 What urchin was likely to know?—
 That Sorrow had made of her own salt tears
 The fountain that murmur'd below.

He caught at the wreath—but with too much haste,
 As boys when impatient will do—
 It fell in those waters of briny taste,
 And the flowers were all wet through.

This garland he now wears night and day;
 And, though it all sunny appears
 With Pleasure's own light, each leaf, they say,
 Still tastes of the Fountain of Tears.

FEAR NOT THAT WHILE AROUND THEE.

FEAR not that, while around thee
 Life's varied blessings pour,
 One sigh of hers shall wound thee,
 Whose smile thou seek'st no more.
 No, dead and cold for ever
 Let our past love remain;
 Once gone, its spirit never
 Shall haunt thy rest again.

May the new ties that bind thee
 Far sweeter, happier prove,
 Nor e'er of me remind thee,
 But by their truth and love.
 Think how, asleep or waking,
 Thy image haunts me yet,
 But, how this heart is breaking
 For thy own peace forget.



WHEN THOU SHALT WANDER.

(SICILIAN AIR.)

WHEN thou shalt wander by that sweet light
 We used to gaze on so many an eve,
 When love was new and hope was bright,
 Ere I could doubt, or thou deceive—
 Oh, then, rememb'ring how swift went by
 Those hours of transport, even *thou* mayst sigh.

Yes, proud one! even thy heart may own
 That love like ours was far too sweet
 To be, like summer garments, thrown
 Aside, when pass'd the summer's heat;
 And wish in vain to know again
 Such days, such nights, as bless'd thee then.

COME, CHASE THAT STARTING TEAR AWAY.

(FRENCH AIR.)

COME, chase that starting tear away,
 Ere mine to meet it springs;
 To-night, at least, to-night be gay,
 Whate'er to-morrow brings.
 Like sunset gleams, that linger late
 When all is dark'ning fast,
 Are hours like these we snatch from Fate—
 The brightest, and the last.
 Then, chase that starting tear, &c.

To gild the deep'ning gloom, if Heaven
 But one bright hour allow,
 Oh, think that one bright hour is given,
 In all its splendour, now.
 Let's live it out—then sink in night,
 Like waves that from the shore
 One minute swell, are touch'd with light,
 Then lost for evermore!
 Come, chase that starting tear, &c.



SAY, WHAT SHALL BE OUR SPORT TO-DAY?

(SICILIAN AIR.)

SAY, what shall be our sport to-day?
 There's nothing on earth, in sea, or air,
 Too bright, too high, too wild, too gay,
 For spirits like mine to dare!
 'Tis like the returning bloom
 Of those days, alas, gone by,
 When I lov'd, each hour—I scarce knew whom—
 And was bless'd—I scarce knew why.

Ay—those were days when life had wings,
 And flew, oh, flew so wild a height,
 That, like the lark which sunward springs,
 'Twas giddy with too much light.
 And, though of some plumes bereft,
 With that sun, too, nearly set,
 I've enough of light and wing still left
 For a few gay soarings yet,



WHEN FIRST THAT SMILE

(VENETIAN AIR.)

WHEN first that smile, like sunshine, bless'd my sight,
 Oh what a vision then came o'er me!
 Long years of love, of calm and pure delight,
 Seem'd in that smile to pass before me.
 Ne'er did the peasant dream of summer skies,
 Of golden fruit, and harvests springing,
 With fonder hope than I of those sweet eyes,
 And of the joy their light was bringing.

Where now are all those fondly promis'd hours?
 Ah! woman's faith is like her brightness—
 Fading as fast as rainbows, or day-flowers,
 Or aught that's known for grace and lightness.
 Short as the Persian's prayer, at close of day,
 Should be each vow of Love's repeating;
 Quick let him worship Beauty's precious ray—
 Ev'n while he kneels, that ray is fleeting!



SLUMBER, OH SLUMBER

"SLUMBER, oh slumber; if sleeping thou mak'st
My heart beat so wildly, I'm lost if thou wak'st."

Thus sung I to a maiden,
Who slept one summer's day,
And, like a flower o'erladen
With too much sunshine, lay.
Slumber, oh slumber, &c.

"Breathe not, oh breathe not, ye winds, o'er her cheeks;
If mute thus she charm me, I'm lost when she speaks,"

Thus sing I, while, awaking,
She murmurs words that seem
As if her lips were taking
Farewell of some sweet dream.
Breathe, not, oh breathe not, &c.



WHEN THE FIRST SUMMER BEE.

(GERMAN AIR.)

WHEN the first summer bee
O'er the young rose shall hover,
Then, like that gay rover,
I'll come to thee.

He to flowers, I to lips, full of sweets to the brim—
What a meeting, what a meeting for me and for him!
When the first summer bee, &c.

Then, to every bright tree
In the garden he'll wander;
While I, oh, much fonder,
Will stay with thee.

In search of new sweetness through thousands he'll run,
While I find the sweetness of thousands in one.
Then, to every bright tree, &c.

TAKE HENCE THE BOWL.

(NEAPOLITAN AIR.)

TAKE hence the bowl;—though beaming
 Brightly as bowl e'er shone,
 Oh, it but sets me dreaming
 Of happy days now gone.
 There, in its clear reflection,
 As in a wizard's glass,
 Lost hopes and dead affection,
 Like shades, before me pass.

Each cup I drain brings hither
 Some scene of bliss gone by;—
 Bright lips, too bright to wither,
 Warm hearts, too warm to die.
 Till, as the dream comes o'er me
 Of those long vanish'd years,
 Alas! the wine before me
 Seems turning all to tears!



FAREWELL, THERESA!

(VENETIAN AIR.)

FAREWELL, Theresa! yon cloud that over
 Heaven's pale night-star gath'ring we see,
 Will scarce from that pure orb have pass'd, ere thy lover
 Swift o'er the wide wave shall wander from thee.

Long, like that dim cloud, I've hung around thee,
 Dark'ning thy prospects, sadd'ning thy brow;
 With gay heart, Theresa, and bright cheek I found thee,
 Oh, think how chang'd, love, how chang'd art thou now!

But here I free thee: like one awaking
 From fearful slumber, thou break'st the spell;
 'Tis over—the moon, too, her bondage is breaking—
 Past are the dark clouds; Theresa, farewell!



MY HARP HAS ONE UNCHANGING THEME.

(SWEDISH AIR.)

My harp has one unchanging theme,
 One strain that still comes o'er
 Its languid chord, as 'twere a dream
 Of joy that's now no more.
 In vain I try, with livelier air,
 To wake the breathing string;
 That voice of other times is there,
 And saddens all I sing.

Breathe on, breathe on, thou languid strain,
 Henceforth be all my own;
 Though thou art oft so full of pain
 Few hearts can bear thy tone.
 Yet oft thou'rt sweet, as if the sigh,
 The breath that Pleasure's wings
 Gave out, when last they wanton'd by,
 Were still upon thy strings.



LALLA ROOKH.

IN the eleventh year of the reign of Aurungzebe, Abdalla, King of the Lesser Bucharía, a lineal descendant from the Great Zingis, having abdicated the throne in favour of his son, set out on a pilgrimage to the Shrine of the Prophet; and, passing into India through the delightful valley of Cashmere, rested for a short time at Delhi on his way. He was entertained by Aurungzebe in a style of magnificent hospitality, worthy alike of the visitor and the host, and was afterwards escorted with the same splendour to Surat, where he embarked for Arabia. During the stay of the Royal Pilgrim at Delhi, a marriage was agreed upon between the Prince, his son, and the youngest daughter of the Emperor, LALLA ROOKH;¹—a Princess described by the poets of her time as more beautiful than Leila, Shirine, Dewildé, or any of those heroines whose names and loves embellish the songs of Persia and Hindostan. It was intended that the nuptials should be celebrated at Cashmere; where the young King, as soon as the cares of empire would permit, was to meet, for the first time, his lovely bride, and, after a few months' repose in that enchanting valley, conduct her over the snowy hills into Bucharía.

The day of LALLA ROOKH's departure from Delhi was as splendid as sunshine and pageantry could make it. The bazaars and baths were all covered with the richest tapestry; hundreds of gilded barges upon the Jumna floated with their banners shining in the waters; while through the streets groups of beautiful children went strewing the most delicious flowers around, as in that Persian festival called the Scattering of the Roses; till every part of the city was as fragrant as if a caravan of musk from Khoten had passed through it. The Princess, having taken leave of her kind father, who at parting hung a cornelian of Yemen round her neck, on which was inscribed a verse from the Koran, and having sent a considerable present to the Fakirs, who kept up the Perpetual Lamp in her sister's tomb, meekly ascended the palankeen prepared for her; and, while Aurungzebe stood to take a last look from his balcony, the procession moved slowly on the road to Lahore.

Seldom had the Eastern world seen a cavalcade so superb. From the gardens in the suburbs to the Imperial palace, it was one unbroken line of splendour. The gallant appearance of the Rajahs and Mogul lords, distinguished by those insignia of the Emperor's favour, the feathers of the egret of Cashmere in their turbans, and the small silver-rimmed kettle-drums at the bows of their saddles;—the costly armour of their cavaliers, who vied, on this occasion, with the guards of the great Keder Khan, in the brightness of their silver battle-axes and the massiness of their maces of gold;—the glittering of the gilt pine-apples on the tops of the palankeens; the

embroidered trappings of the elephants, bearing on their back small turrets, in the shape of little antique temples, within which the ladies of LALLA ROOKH lay, as it were, enshrined;—the rose-coloured veils of the Princess' own sumptuous litter, at the front of which a fair young female slave sat fanning her through the curtains, with feathers of the Argus pheasant's wing;—and the lovely troop of Tartarian and Cashmerian maids of honour, whom the young King had sent to accompany his bride, and who rode on each side of the litter, upon small Arabian horses;—all was brilliant, tasteful, and magnificent, and pleased even the critical and fastidious FADLADEEN, Great Nazir or Chamberlain of the Haram, who was borne in his palan-keen immediately after the Princess, and considered himself not the least important personage of the pageant.

FADLADEEN was a judge of everything,—from the pencilling of a Circassian's eyelids to the deepest questions of science and literature; from the mixture of a conserve of rose-leaves to the composition of an epic poem: and such influence had his opinion upon the various tastes of the day, that all the cooks and poets of Delhi stood in awe of him. His political conduct and opinions were founded upon that line of Sadi,—“Should the Prince at noon-day say, It is night, declare that you behold the moon and stars.” And his zeal for religion, of which Aurungzebe was a munificent protector, was about as disinterested as that of the goldsmith who fell in love with the diamond eyes of the idol of Jaghernaut.

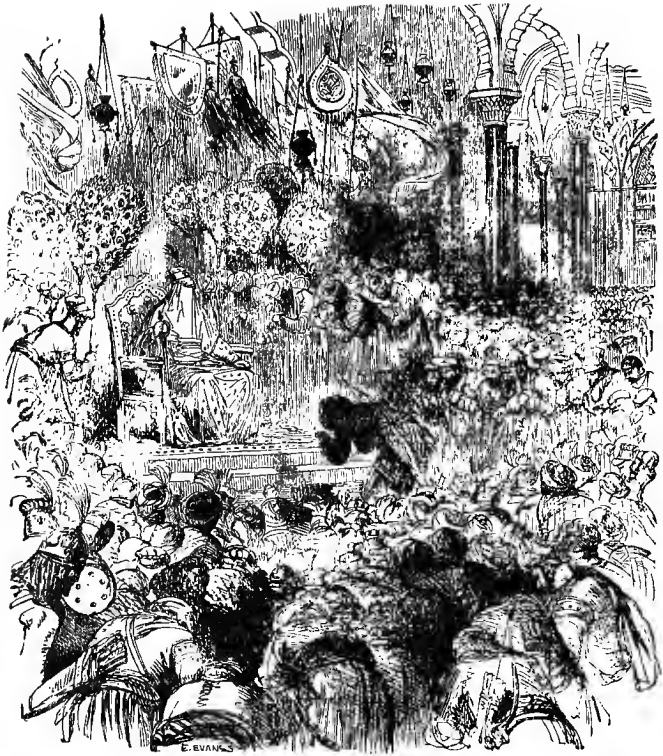
During the first days of their journey, LALLA ROOKH, who had passed all her life within the shadow of the Royal Gardens of Delhi, found enough in the beauty of the scenery through which they passed to interest her mind and delight her imagination; and when at evening, or in the heat of the day, they turned off from the high road to those retired and romantic places which had been selected for her encampments,—sometimes on the banks of a small rivulet, as clear as the waters of the Lake of Pearl; sometimes under the sacred shade of a Banyan-tree, from which the view opened upon a glade covered with antelopes; and often in those hidden, embowered spots, described by one from the Isles of the West as “places of melancholy, delight, and safety, where all the company around was wild peacocks and turtle-doves;”—she felt a charm in these scenes, so lovely and so new to her, which, for a time, made her indifferent to every other amusement. But LALLA ROOKH was young, and the young love variety; nor could the conversation of her Ladies and the Great Chamberlain, FADLADEEN (the only persons, of course, admitted to her pavilion), sufficiently enliven those many vacant hours, which were devoted neither to the pillow nor the palan-keen. There was a little Persian slave who sung sweetly to the Vina, and who, now and then, lulled the Princess to sleep with the ancient ditties of her country, about the loves of Wanak and Ezra, the fair-haired Zal and his mistress Rodahver; not forgetting the combat of Rustam with the terrible White Demon. At other times she was amused by those graceful dancing-girls of Delhi, who had been permitted by the Bramins of the Great Pagoda to attend her, much to the horror of the good Mussulman FADLADEEN, who could see nothing graceful or agreeable in idolaters, and to whom the very tinkling of their golden anklets was an abomination.

But these and many other diversions were repeated till they lost all their charm, and the nights and noon-days were beginning to move heavily, when, at length,

it was recollected that, among the attendants sent by the bridegroom, was a young poet of Cashmere, much celebrated throughout the Valley for his manner of reciting the stories of the East, on whom his Royal Master had conferred the privilege of being admitted to the pavilion of the Princess, that he might help to beguile the tediousness of the journey by some of his most agreeable recitals. At the mention of a poet, FADLADEEN elevated his critical eyebrows, and, having refreshed his faculties with a dose of that delicious opium which is distilled from the black poppy of the Thebais, gave orders for the minstrel to be forthwith introduced into the presence.

The Princess, who had once in her life seen a poet from behind the screens of gauze in her Father's hall, and had conceived from that specimen no very favourable ideas of the Caste, expected but little in this new exhibition to interest her;—she felt inclined, however, to alter her opinion on the very first appearance of FERAMORZ. He was a youth about LALLA ROOKH's own age, and graceful as that idol of women, Krishna²—such as he appears to their young imaginations, heroic, beautiful, breathing music from his very eyes, and exalting the religion of his worshippers into love. His dress was simple, yet not without some marks of costliness; and the ladies of the Princess were not long in discovering that the cloth which encircled his high Tartarian cap was of the most delicate kind that the shawl-goats of Tibet supply. Here and there, too, over his vest, which was confined by a flowered girdle of Kashan, hung strings of fine pearl, disposed with an air of studied negligence;—nor did the exquisite embroidery of his sandals escape the observation of these fair critics; who, however they might give way to FADLADEEN upon the unimportant topics of religion and government, had the spirit of martyrs in everything relating to such momentous matters as jewels and embroidery.

For the purpose of relieving the pauses of recitation by music, the young Cashmerian held in his hands a kitar—such as, in old times, the Arab maids of the West used to listen to by moonlight in the gardens of the Alhambra;—and, having promised, with much humility, that the story he was about to relate was founded on the adventures of that Veiled Prophet of Khorassan³ who, in the year of the Hegira 163, created such alarm throughout the Eastern Empire, made an obeisance to the Princess, and thus began:—



THE VEILED PROPHET OF KHORASSAN.

In that delightful Province of the Sun,
The first of Persian lands he shines upon,
Where all the loveliest children of his beam,
Flow'rets and fruits, blush over ev'ry stream,
And, fairest of all streams, the MURGA roves
Among MEROU'S bright palaces and groves;—
There on that throne, to which the blind belief
Of millions raised him, sat the Prophet-Chief,
The Great MOKANNA. O'er his features hung
The Veil, the Silver Veil, which he had flung
In mercy there, to hide from mortal sight
His dazzling brow, till man could bear its light.
For far less luminous, his votaries said,
Were ev'n the gleams, miraculously shed
O'er MOUSSA'S⁴ cheek, when down the Mount he trod,
All glowing from the presence of his God!

On either side, with ready hearts and hands,
 His chosen guard of bold Believers stands;
 Young fire-ey'd disputants, who deem their swords,
 On points of faith, more eloquent than words;
 And such their zeal, there's not a youth with brand
 Uplifted there, but, at the Chief's command,
 Would make his own devoted heart its sheath,
 And bless the lips that doom'd so dear a death!
 In hatred to the Caliph's hue of night,⁵
 Their vesture, helms and all, is snowy white;
 Their weapons various;—some equipp'd, for speed,
 With javelins of the light Kathaian reed;
 Or bows of buffalo horn and shining quivers
 Fill'd with the stems that bloom on IRAN'S rivers;
 While some, for war's more terrible attacks,
 Wield the huge mace and pond'rous battle-axe;
 And as they wave aloft in morning's beam
 The milk-white plumage of their helms, they seem
 Like a chenar-tree grove when winter throws
 O'er all its tufted heads his feath'ring snows.

Between the porphyry pillars, that uphold
 The rich moresque-work of the roof of gold,
 Aloft the Haram's curtain'd galleries rise,
 Where through the silken net-work, glancing eyes,
 From time to time, like sudden gleams that glow
 Through autumn clouds, shine o'er the pomp below.
 What impious tongue, ye blushing saints, would dare
 To hint that aught but Heav'n hath plac'd you there?
 Or that the loves of this light world could bind,
 In their gross chain, your Prophet's soaring mind?
 No—wrongful thought!—commission'd from above
 To people Eden's bowers with shapes of love
 (Creatures so bright, that the same lips and eyes
 They wear on earth will serve in Paradise),
 There to recline among Heav'n's native maids,
 And crown th' Elect with bliss that never fades—
 Well hath the Prophet-Chief his bidding done;
 And ev'ry beauteous race beneath the sun
 From those who kneel at BRAHMA'S burning founts,
 To the fresh nymphs bounding o'er YEMEN'S mounts;
 From PERSIA'S eyes of full and fawn-like ray,
 To the small, half-shut glances of KATHAY;

And GEORGIA'S bloom, and AZAB'S darker smiles,
 And the gold ringlets of the Western Isles;
 All, all are there;—each Land its flower hath given,
 To form that fair young Nursery for Heaven!
 But why this pageant now? this arm'd array?
 What triumph crowds the rich Divan to-day
 With turban'd heads, of every hue and race,
 Bowing before that veil'd and awful face,
 Like tulip-beds, of diff'rent shapes and dyes,
 Bending beneath th' invisible West-wind's sighs!
 What new-made mystery now, for Faith to sign,
 And blood to seal, as genuine and divine,
 What dazzling mimicry of God's own power
 Hath the bold Prophet plann'd to grace this hour?

Not such the pageant now, though not less proud;
 Yon warrior-youth, advancing from the crowd,
 With silver bow, with belt of broider'd crape,
 And fur-bound bonnet of Bucharian shape,
 So fiercely beautiful in form and eye,
 Like war's wild planet in a summer sky;
 That youth to-day,—a proselyte, worth hordes
 Of cooler spirits and less practis'd swords,—
 Is come to join, all bravery and belief,
 The creed and standard of the heav'n-sent Chief.

Though few his years, the West already knows
 Young AZIM'S fame;—beyond th' Olympian snows,
 Ere manhood darken'd o'er his downy cheek,
 O'erwhelm'd in fight, and captive to the Greek,
 He linger'd there, till peace dissolv'd his chains;—
 Oh! who could, ev'n in bondage, tread the plains
 Of glorious GREECE, nor feel his spirit rise
 Kindling within him? who, with heart and eyes,
 Could walk where Liberty had been, nor see
 The shining foot-prints of her Deity,
 Nor feel those godlike breathings in the air,
 Which mutely told her spirit had been there?
 Not he, that youthful warrior,—no, too well
 For his soul's quiet work'd th' awak'ning spell;
 And now, returning to his own dear land,
 Full of those dreams of good that, vainly grand,

Haunt the young heart,—proud views of human-kind,
 Of men to Gods exalted and refin'd,—
 False views, like that horizon's fair deceit,
 Where earth and heav'n but *seem*, alas, to meet!
 Soon as he heard an Arm Divine was rais'd
 To right the nations, and beheld, emblaz'd
 On the white flag MOKANNA'S host unfurl'd,
 Those words of sunshine, "Freedom to the World,"
 At once his faith, his sword, his soul obey'd
 Th' inspiring summons; every chosen blade,
 That fought beneath that banner's sacred text,
 Seem'd doubly edg'd, for this world and the next;
 And ne'er did Faith with her smooth bandage bind
 Eyes more devoutly willing to be blind
 In virtue's cause;—never was soul inspir'd
 With livelier trust in what it most desir'd,
 Than his, th' enthusiast there, who kneeling, pale
 With pious awe, before that Silver Veil,
 Believes the form, to which he bends his knee,
 Some pure, redeeming angel, sent to free
 This fetter'd world from every bond and stain,
 And bring its primal glories back again!

Low as young AZIM knelt, that motley crowd
 Of all earth's nations sunk the knee and bow'd,
 With shouts of "ALLA!" echoing long and loud;
 While high in air, above the Prophet's head,
 Hundreds of banners, to the sunbeam spread,
 Wav'd, like the wings of the white birds that fan
 The flying throne of star-taught SOLIMAN!
 Then thus he spoke:—"Stranger, though new the frame
 Thy soul inhabits now, I've track'd its flame
 For many an age,⁷ in every chance and change
 Of that existence, through whose varied range,—
 As through a torch-race, where, from hand to hand,
 The flying youths transmit their shining brand,—
 From frame to frame the unextinguish'd soul
 Rapidly passes, till it reach the goal!

"Nor think 'tis only the gross Spirits, warm'd
 With duskiest fire and for earth's medium form'd,
 That run this course:—Beings, the most divine,
 Thus deign through dark mortality to shine.

Such was the Essence that in ADAM dwelt,
 To which all Heav'n, except the Proud One, knelt.⁸
 Such the refin'd Intelligence that glow'd
 In MOUSSA'S frame, and, thence descending, flow'd
 Through many a Prophet's breast;—in ISSA shoue,⁹
 And in MOHAMMED burn'd; till, hast'ning on
 (As a bright river that, from fall to fall
 In many a maze descending, bright through all,
 Finds some fair region where, each labyrinth past,
 In one full lake of light it rests at last),
 That Holy Spirit, settling calm and free
 From lapse or shadow, centres all in me!"

Again throughout th' assembly at these words,
 Thousands of voices rung; the warriors' swords
 Were pointed up to heav'n; a sudden wind
 In th' open banners play'd, and from behind
 Those Persian hangings, that but ill could screen
 The Haram's loveliness, white hands were seen
 Waving embroider'd scarves, whose motion gave
 A perfume forth—like those the Houris wave,
 When beckoning to their bowers th' immortal Brave.

"But these," pursued the Chief, "are truths sublime.
 That claim a holier mood and calmer time
 Than earth allows us now;—this sword must first
 The darkling prison-house of Mankind burst,
 Ere Peace can visit them, or Truth let in
 Her wakening day-light on a world of sin!
 But then, celestial warriors, then, when all
 Earth's shrines and thrones before our banner fall;
 When the glad Slave shall at these feet lay down
 His broken chain, the tyrant Lord his crown,
 The Priest his book, the Conqueror his wreath,
 And from the lips of Truth one mighty breath
 Shall, like a whirlwind, scatter in its breeze
 That whole dark pile of human mockeries;—
 Then shall the reign of Mind commence on earth,
 And starting fresh as from a second birth,
 Man, in the sunshine of the world's new spring,
 Shall walk transparent, like some holy thing!
 Then, too, your Prophet from his angel brow
 Shall cast the Veil that hides its splendours now,

And gladden'd Earth shall, through her wide expanse,
Bask in the glories of this countenance!

“For thee, young warrior, welcome!—thou hast yet
Some tasks to learn, some frailties to forget,
Ere the white war-plume o'er thy brow can wave;—
But, once my own, mine all till in the grave!”

The pomp is at an end,—the crowds are gone—
Each ear and heart still haunted by the tone
Of that deep voice, which thrill'd like ALLA'S own!
The Young all dazzled by the plumes and lances,
The glitt'ring throne, and Haram's half-caught glances;
The Old deep pond'ring on the promis'd reign
Of peace and truth: and all the female train
Ready to risk their eyes, could they but gaze
A moment on that brow's miraculous blaze!

But there was one, among the chosen maids
Who blush'd behind the gallery's silken shades,
One, to whose soul the pageant of to-day
Has been like death:—you saw her pale dismay,
Ye wond'ring sisterhood, and heard the burst
Of exclamation from her lips, when first
She saw that youth, too well, too dearly known,
Silently kneeling at the Prophet's throne.

Ah, ZELICA! there *was* a time, when bliss
Shone o'er thy heart from ev'ry look of his;
When but to see him, hear him, breathe the air
In which he dwelt, was thy soul's fondest prayer;
When round him hung such a perpetual spell,
Whate'er he did, none ever did so well.
Too happy days! when, if he touch'd a flow'r
Or gem of thine, 'twas sacred from that hour;
When thou didst study him till every tone
And gesture and dear look became thy own,—
Thy voice like his, the changes of his face
In thine reflected with still lovelier grace,
Like echo, sending back sweet music, fraught
With twice th' aerial sweetness it had brought!
Yet now he comes—brighter than even he
E'er beam'd before,—but, ah! not bright for thee;

No—dread, unlook'd for, like a visitant
 From th' other world, he comes as if to haunt
 Thy guilty soul with dreams of lost delight,
 Long lost to all but memory's aching sight:—
 Sad dreams! as when the Spirit of our Youth
 Returns in sleep, sparkling with all the truth
 And innocence once ours, and leads us back,
 In mournful mockery, o'er the shining track
 Of our young life, and points out every ray
 Of hope and peace we've lost upon the way!

Once happy pair!—in proud BOKHARA'S groves,
 Who had not heard of their first youthful loves?
 Born by that ancient flood,¹⁰ which from its spring
 In the Dark Mountains swiftly wandering,
 Enrich'd by every pilgrim brook that shines
 With relics from BUCHARA'S ruby mines,
 And lending to the CASPIAN half its strength,
 In the cold Lake of Eagles sinks at length;—
 There, on the banks of that bright river born,
 The flow'rs, that hung above its wave at morn,
 Bless'd not the waters, as they murmur'd by,
 With holier scent and lustre, than the sigh
 And virgin-glance of first affection cast
 Upon their youth's smooth current, as it pass'd!
 But war disturb'd this vision,—far away
 From her fond eyes, summon'd to join th' array
 Of PERSIA'S warriors on the hills of THRACE,
 The youth exchang'd his sylvan dwelling-place
 For the rude tent and war-field's deathful clash;
 His ZELICA'S sweet glances for the flash
 Of Grecian wild fire, and Love's gentle chains
 For bleeding bondage on BYZANTIUM'S plains.

Month after month, in widowhood of soul
 Drooping, the maiden saw two summers roll
 Their suns away—but, ah, how cold and dim
 Ev'n summer' suns, when not beheld with him!
 From time to time ill-omen'd rumours came,
 Like spirit-tongues, mutt'ring the sick man's name,
 Just ere he dies:—at length, those sounds of dread
 Fell with'ring on her soul, "AZIM is dead!"

Oh Grief, beyond all other griefs, when fate
 First leaves the young heart lone and desolate
 In the wide world, without that only tie
 For which it lov'd to live or fear'd to die;—
 Lorn as the hung-up lute, that ne'er hath spoken
 Since the sad day its master-chord was broken!

Fond maid, the sorrow of her soul was such,
 Ev'n reason sunk—blighted beneath its touch;
 And though, ere long, her sanguine spirit rose
 Above the first dead pressure of its woes,
 Though health and bloom return'd, the delicate chain
 Of thought, once tangled, never clear'd again.
 Warm, lively, soft as in youth's happiest day,
 The mind was still all there, but turn'd astray;
 A wandering bark, upon whose pathway shone
 All stars of heav'n, except the guiding one!
 Again she smil'd, nay, much and brightly smil'd,
 But 'twas a lustre, strange, unreal, wild;
 And when she sung to her lute's touching strain,
 'Twas like the notes, half ecstasy, half pain,
 The bulbul¹¹ utters, ere her soul depart,
 When, vanquish'd by some minstrel's powerful art,
 She dies upon the lute whose sweetness broke her heart!

Such was the mood in which that mission found
 Young ZELICA,—that mission, which around
 The Eastern world, in every region blest
 With woman's smile, sought out its loveliest,
 To grace that galaxy of lips and eyes
 Which the Veil'd Prophet destin'd for the skies!—
 And such quick welcome as a spark receives
 Dropp'd on a bed of Autumn's wither'd leaves,
 Did every tale of these enthusiasts find
 In the wild maiden's sorrow-blighted mind.
 All fire, at once the madd'ning zeal she caught;—
 Elect of Paradise! blest, rapturous thought!
 Predestin'd bride, in heaven's eternal dome,
 Of some brave youth—ah! durst they say “of some?”
 No—of the one, one only object trac'd
 In her heart's core too deep to be effac'd;
 The one whose mem'ry, fresh as life, is twin'd
 With every broken link of her lost mind.



Whose image lives, though Reason's self be wreck'd,
Safe 'mid the ruins of her intellect!

Alas, poor ZELICA! it needed all
The fantasy, which held thy mind in thrall,
To see in that gay Haram's glowing maids
A sainted colony for Eden's shades;
Or dream that he,—of whose unholy flame
Thou wert too soon the victim,—shining came
From Paradise, to people its pure sphere
With souls like thine, which he hath ruin'd here!
No—had not reason's light totally set,
And left thee dark, thou hadst an amulet
In the lov'd image, graven on thy heart,
Which would have sav'd thee from the tempter's art,
And kept alive, in all its bloom of breath,
That purity, whose fading is love's death!—

But lost, inflam'd,—a restless zeal took place
 Of the mild virgin's still and feminine grace;—
 First of the Prophet's favourites, proudly first
 In zeal and charms,—too well th' Impostor nurs'd
 Her soul's delirium, in whose active flame,
 Thus lighting up a young, luxuriant frame,
 He saw more potent sorceries to bind
 To his dark yoke the spirits of mankind,
 More subtle chains than hell itself e'er twin'd
 No art was spar'd, no witch'ry;—all the skill
 His demons taught him was employ'd to fill
 Her mind with gloom and ecstasy by turns—
 That gloom, through which Frenzy but fiercer burns,
 That ecstasy, which from the depth of sadness
 Glares like the maniac's moon, whose light is madness!

'Twas from a brilliant banquet, where the sound
 Of poesy and music breath'd around,
 Together picturing to her mind and ear
 The glories of that heav'n, her destin'd sphere,
 Where all was pure, where every stain that lay
 Upon the spirit's light should pass away,
 And, realizing more than youthful love
 E'er wish'd or dream'd, she should for ever rove
 Through fields of fragrance by her AZIM'S side,
 His own bless'd, purified, eternal bride!—
 'Twas from a scene, a witching trance like this,
 He hurried her away, yet breathing bliss,
 To the dim charnel-house;—through all its steams
 Of damp and death, led only by those gleams
 Which foul Corruption lights, as with design
 To show the gay and proud *she* too can shine!—
 And, passing on through upright ranks of Dead
 Which to the maiden, doubly craz'd by dread,
 Seem'd, through the bluish death-light-round them cast,
 To move their lips in mutt'rings as she pass'd—
 There, in that awful place, when each had quaff'd
 And pledg'd in silence such a fearful draught,
 Such—oh! the look and taste of that red bowl
 Will haunt her till she dies—he bound her soul
 By a dark oath, in hell's own language fram'd,
 Never, while earth his mystic presence claim'd,

While the blue arch of day hung o'er them both,
 Never, by that all-imprecating oath,
 In joy or sorrow from his side to sever.—
 She swore, and the wide charnel echoed, "Never, never!"

From that dread hour, entirely, wildly giv'n
 To him and—she believ'd, lost maid!—to heav'n;
 Her brain, her heart, her passions all inflam'd,
 How proud she stood, when in full Haram nam'd
 The Priestess of the Faith!—how flash'd her eyes
 With light, alas! that was not of the skies,
 When round, in trances only less than hers,
 She saw the Haram kneel, her prostrate worshippers.
 Well might MOKANNA think that form alone
 Had spells enough to make the world his own:—
 Light, lovely limbs, to which the spirit's play
 Gave motion, airy as the dancing spray,
 When from its stem the small bird wings away!
 Lips in whose rosy labyrinth, when she smil'd
 The soul was lost; and blushes, swift and wild
 As are the momentary meteors sent
 Across th' uncalm, but beauteous firmament.
 And then her look!—oh! where's the heart so wise
 Could unbewilder'd meet those matchless eyes?
 Quick, restless, strange, but exquisite withal,
 Like those of angels, just before their fall;
 Now shadow'd with the shames of earth—now crost
 By glimpses of the Heav'n her heart had lost;
 In every glance there broke, without control,
 The flashes of a bright but troubled soul,
 Where sensibility still wildly play'd,
 Like lightning, round the ruins it had made!

And such was now young ZELICA—so chang'd
 From her who, some years since, delighted rang'd
 The almond groves, that shade BOKHARA'S tide,
 All life and bliss, with AZIM by her side!
 So alter'd was she now, this festal day,
 When, 'mid the proud Divan's dazzling array,
 The visions of that Youth whom she had lov'd,
 Had wept as dead, before her breath'd and mov'd;
 When—bright, she thought, as if from Eden's track
 But half-way trodden, he had wander'd back

Again to earth, glist'ning with Eden's light—
Her beauteous AZIM shone before her 'sight.

O Reason! who shall say what spells renew,
When least we look for it, thy broken clew!
Through what small vistas o'er the darken'd brain
Thy intellectual day-beam bursts again;
And how, like forts, to which beleaguers win
Unhop'd-for entrance through some friend within,
One clear idea, waken'd in the breast
By mem'ry's magic, lets in all the rest.
Would it were thus, unhappy girl, with thee!
But though light came, it came but partially;
Enough to show the maze, in which thy sense
Wander'd about,—but not to guide it thence;
Enough to glimmer o'er the yawning wave,
But not to point the harbour which might save.
Hours of delight and peace, long left behind,
With that dear form came rushing o'er her mind;
But, oh! to think how deep her soul had gone
In shame and falsehood since those moments shone;
And, then, her oath—*there* madness lay again;
And, shudd'ring, back she sunk into her chain
Of mental darkness, as if blest to flee
From light, whose every glimpse was agony!
Yet, *one* relief this glance of former years
Brought, mingled with its pain,—tears, floods of tears,
Long frozen at her heart, but now like rills
Let loose in spring-time from the snowy hills,
And gushing warm, after a sleep of frost,
Through valleys where their flow had long been lost.

Sad and subdued, for the first time her frame
Trembled with horror, when the summons came
(A summons proud and rare, which all but she,
And she, till now, had heard with ecstasy)
To meet MOKANNA at his place of prayer,
A garden oratory, cool and fair,
By the stream's side, where still at close of day
The Prophet of the Veil retir'd to pray;
Sometimes alone—but, oft'ner far, with one,
One chosen nymph, to share his orison.

Of late none found such favour in his sight
 As the young Priestess; and though, since that night
 When the death-caverns echo'd every tone
 Of the dire oath that made her all his own,
 Th' Impostor, sure of his infatuate prize,
 Had, more than once, thrown off his soul's disguise
 And utter'd such unheavenly, monstrous things,
 As even across the desp'rate wanderings
 Of a weak intellect, whose lamp was out,
 Threw startling shadows of dismay and doubt;
 Yet zeal, ambition, her tremendous vow,
 The thought, still haunting her, of that bright brow
 Whose blaze, as yet from mortal eye conceal'd,
 Would soon, proud triumph! be to her reveal'd,
 To her alone;—and then the hope, most dear,
 Most wild of all, that her transgression here
 Was but a passage through earth's grosser fire
 From which the spirit would at last aspire,
 Even purer than before—as perfumes rise
 Through flame and smoke, most welcome to the
 And that when AZIM'S fond, divine embrace
 Should circle her in heav'n, no dark'ning trace
 Would on that bosom he once lov'd remain,
 But all be bright, be pure, be *his* again!—
 These were the 'wild'ring dreams, whose curst deceit
 Had chain'd her soul beneath the tempter's feet,
 And made her think ev'n damning falsehood sweet
 But now that Shape, which had appall'd her view
 That Semblance—oh how terrible, if true!—
 Which came across her frenzy's full career
 With shock of consciousness, cold, deep, severe,
 As when, in northern seas, at midnight dark,
 An isle of ice encounters some swift bark,
 And, startling all its wretches from their sleep,
 By one cold impulse hurls them to the deep;—
 So came that shock not frenzy's self could bear,
 And waking up each long-lull'd image there,
 But check'd her headlong soul, to sink it in despair

Wan and dejected, through the evening dusk,
 She now went slowly to that small kiosk,
 Where, pondering alone his impious schemes,
 MOKANNA waited her—too wrapt in dreams

Of the fair rip'ning future's rich success,
 To heed the sorrow, pale and spiritless,
 That sat upon his victim's downcast brow,
 Or mark how slow her step, how alter'd now
 From the quick, ardent Priestess, whose light bound
 Came like a spirit's o'er th' unechoing ground,—
 From that wild ZELICA, whose every glance
 Was thrilling fire, whose every thought a trance!

Upon his couch the Veil'd MOKANNA lay,
 While lamps around—not such as lend their ray,
 Glimm'ring and cold, to those who nightly pray
 In holy KOOM, or MECCA'S dim arcades,
 But brilliant, soft, such lights as lovely maids
 Look loveliest in—shed their luxurious glow
 Upon his mystic Veil's white glitt'ring flow.
 Beside him, 'stead of beads and books of pray'r,
 Which the world fondly thought he mus'd on there,
 Stood Vases, fill'd with KISHMEE'S golden wine,
 And the red weepings of the SHIRAZ vine;
 Of which his curtain'd lips full many a draught
 Took zealously, as if each drop they quaff'd,
 Like ZEMZEM'S Spring of Holiness, had pow'r
 To freshen the soul's virtues into flow'r!
 And still he drank and ponder'd—nor could see
 Th' approaching maid, so deep his reverie;
 At length, with fiendish laugh, like that which brok
 From EBLIS at the Fall of Man, he spok:—
 “Yes, ye vile race, for hell's amusement given,
 Too mean for earth, yet claiming kin with heav'n;
 God's images, forsooth!—such gods as he
 Whom INDIA serves, the monkey deity;—
 Ye creatures of a breath, proud things of clay,
 To whom if LUCIFER, as grandams say,
 Refus'd, though at th' forfeit of heaven's light,
 To bend in worship, LUCIFER was right!—
 Soon shall I plant this foot upon the neck
 Of your foul race, and without fear or check,
 Luxuriating in hate, avenge my shame,
 My deep-felt, long-nurst loathing of man's name!
 Soon at the head of myriads, blind and fierce
 As hooded falcons, through the universe

I'll sweep my dark'ning, desolating way.
Weak man my instrument, curst man my prey!

“Ye wise, ye learn'd, who grope your dull way on
By the dim twinkling gleams of ages gone,
Like superstitious thieves, who think the light
From dead men's marrow guides them best at night—
Ye shall have honours—wealth—yes, Sages, yes—
I know, grave fools, your wisdom's nothingness;
Undazzled it can track yon starry sphere,
But a gilt stick, a bauble blinds it here.
How I shall laugh, when trumpeted along,
In lying speech, and still more lying song,
By these learn'd slaves, the meanest of the throng;
Their wits bought up, their wisdom shrunk so small,
A sceptre's puny point can wield it all!

“Ye too, believers of incredible creeds,
Whose faith enshrines the monsters which it breeds;
Who, bolder ev'n than NEMROD, think to rise,
By nonsense heap'd on nonsense, to the skies;
Ye shall have miracles, ay, sound ones too,
Seen, heard, attested, ev'rything—but true,
Your preaching zealots, too inspir'd to seek
One grace of meaning for the things they speak;
Your martyrs, ready to shed out their blood
For truths too heav'nly to be understood;
And your State Priests, sole vendors of the lore
That works salvation;—as, on AVA'S shore,
Where none *but* priests' are privileg'd to trade
In that best marble of which Gods are made;
They shall have mysteries—ay, precious stuff,
For knaves to thrive by—mysteries enough;
Dark, tangled doctrines, dark as fraud can weave,
Which simple votaries shall on trust receive,
While craftier feign belief, till they believe.
A Heav'n too ye must have, ye lords of dust,—
A splendid Paradise,—pure souls, ye must:
That Prophet ill sustains his holy call,
Who finds not heav'ns to suit the tastes of all;
Houris for boys, omniscience for sages,
And wings and glories for all ranks and ages.

Vain things!—as lust or vanity inspires,
 The heav'n of each is but what each desires,
 And, soul or sense, whate'er the object be,
 Man would be man to all eternity!
 So let him—EBLIS!—grant this crowning curse,
 But keep him what he is, no Hell were worse."

"Oh my lost soul!" exclaim'd the shudd'ring maid,
 Whose ears had drunk like poison all he said.
 MOKANNA started—not abash'd, afraid—
 He knew no more of fear than one who dwells
 Beneath the tropics knows of icicles!
 But, in those dismal words that reach'd his ear,
 "Oh my lost soul!" there was a sound so drear
 So like that voice, among the sinful dead,
 In which the legend o'er Hell's Gate is read,
 That, new as 'twas from her, whom nought could dim
 Or sink till now, it startled even him.

"Ha, my fair Priestess!"—thus, with ready wile,
 Th' Impostor turn'd to greet her—"thou, whose smile
 Hath inspiration in its rosy beam
 Beyond th' Enthusiast's hope or Prophet's dream!
 Light of the Faith! who twin'st religion's zeal
 So close with love's, men know not which they feel,
 Nor which to sigh for, in their trance of heart,
 The heav'n thou preachest or the heav'n thou art!
 What should I be without thee? without thee
 How dull were power, how joyless victory!
 Though borne by angels, if that smile of thine
 Bless'd not my banner, 'twere but half divine.
 But—why so mournful, child? those eyes that shone
 All life last night—what!—is their glory gone?
 Come, come—this morn's fatigue hath made them pale,
 They want rekindling—suns themselves would fail
 Did not their comets bring, as I to thee,
 From light's own fount supplies of brilliancy.
 Thou seest this cup—no juice of earth is here,
 But the pure waters of that upper sphere,
 Whose rills o'er ruby beds and topaz flow,
 Catching the gem's bright colour as they go.
 Nightly my Genii come and fill those urns—
 Nay, drink—in every drop life's essence burns;

'Twill make that soul all fire, those eyes all light—
 Come, come, I want thy loveliest smiles to-night:
 There is a youth—why start?—thou saw'st him then;
 Look'd he not nobly? such the godlike men
 Thou'lt have to woo thee in the bow'rs above;
 Though *he*, I fear, hath thoughts too stern for love,
 Too rul'd by that cold enemy of bliss
 The world calls virtue—we must conquer this;
 Nay, shrink not, pretty sage! 'tis not for thee
 To scan the mazes of Heav'n's mystery;
 The steel must pass through fire, ere it can yield
 Fit instruments for mighty hands to wield.
 This very night I mean to try the art
 Of powerful beauty on that warrior's heart.
 All that my Haram boasts of bloom and wit,
 Of skill and charms, most rare and exquisite,
 Shall tempt the boy;—young MIRZALA'S blue eyes,
 Whose sleepy lid like snow on violets lies;
 AROUYA'S cheeks, warm as a spring-day sun,
 And lips that, like the seal of SOLOMON,
 Have magic in their pressure; ZEBA'S lute,
 And LILLA'S dancing feet, that gleam and shoot
 Rapid and white as sea-birds o'er the deep—
 All shall combine their witching powers to steep
 My convert's spirit in that soft'ning trance,
 From which to heav'n is but the next advance;
 That glowing, yielding fusion of the breast,
 On which Religion stamps her image best.
 But hear me, Priestess!—though each nymph of these
 Hath some peculiar, practis'd pow'r to please,
 Some glance or step which, at the mirror tried,
 First charms herself, then all the world beside;
 There still wants *one*, to make the vict'ry sure,
 One who in every look joins every lure;
 Through whom all beauty's beams concentred pass,
 Dazzling and warm, as through love's burning glass;
 Whose gentle lips persuade without a word,
 Whose words, ev'n when unmeaning, are ador'd,
 Like inarticulate breathings from a shrine,
 Which our faith takes for granted are divine!
 Such is the nymph we want, all warmth and light,
 To crown the rich temptations of to-night;
 Such the refin'd enchantress that must be
 This hero's vanquisher,—and thou art she!"

With her hands clasp'd, her lips apart and pale,
 The maid had stood, gazing upon the Veil
 From which these words, like south winds through a fence
 Of Kerzrah flow'rs, came fill'd with pestilence;
 So boldly utter'd too! as if all dread
 Of frowns from her, of virtuous frowns, were fled,
 And the wretch felt assur'd that, once plung'd in,
 Her woman's soul would know no pause in sin!

At first, though mute she listen'd, like a dream
 Seem'd all he said: nor could her mind, whose beam
 As yet was weak, penetrate half his scheme.
 But when, at length, he utter'd, "Thou art she!"
 All flash'd at once, and shrieking piteously,
 "Oh not for worlds!" she cried—"Great God! to whom
 I once knelt innocent, is this my doom?
 Are all my dreams, my hopes of heav'nly bliss,
 My purity, my pride, then come to this,—
 To live, the wanton of a fiend! to be
 The pander of his guilt—oh infamy!
 And sunk, myself, as low as hell can steep
 In its hot flood, drag others down as deep!
 Others—ha! yes—that youth who came to-day—
 Not him I lov'd—not him—oh! do but say,
 But swear to me this moment 'tis not he,
 And I will serve, dark fiend, will worship even thee!"

"Beware, young raving thing!—in time beware,
 Nor utter what I cannot, must not bear,
 Ev'n from *thy* lips. Go—try thy lute, thy voice,
 The boy must feel their magic;—I rejoice
 To see those fires, no matter whence they rise,
 Once more illuming my fair Priestess' eyes;
 And should the youth, whom soon those eyes shall warm,
Indeed resemble thy dead lover's form,
 So much the happier wilt thou find thy doom,
 As one warm lover, full of life and bloom,
 Excels ten thousand cold ones in the tomb.
 Nay, nay, no frowning, sweet!—those eyes were made
 For love, not anger—I must be obey'd."

"Obey'd!—'tis well—yes, I deserve it all—
 On me, on the Heav'n's vengeance cannot fall

Too heavily—but AZIM, brave and true
 And beautiful—must *he* be ruin'd too?
 Must *he* too, glorious as he is, be driven
 A renegade like me from Love and Heaven?
 Like me?—weak wretch, I wrong him—not like me;
 No—he's all truth and strength and purity!
 Fill up your madd'ning hell-cup to the brim,
 Its witch'ry, fiends, will have no charm for him.
 Let loose your glowing wantons from their bowers!
 He loves, he loves, and can defy their powers!
 Wretch as I am, in *his* heart still I reign
 Pure as when first we met, without a stain!
 Though ruin'd—lost—my mem'ry, like a charm
 Left by the dead, still keeps his soul from harm.
 Oh! never let him know how deep the brow
 He kiss'd at parting is dishonour'd now;—
 Ne'er tell him how debas'd, how sunk is she,
 Whom once he lov'd—once!—*still* loves dotingly.
 Thou laugh'st, tormentor,—what!—thou'lt brand my name?
 Do, do—in vain—he'll not believe my shame—
 He thinks me true, that nought beneath God's sky
 Could tempt or change me, and—so once thought I.
 But this is past—though worse than death my lot,
 Than hell—'tis nothing while *he* knows it not.
 Far off to some benighted land I'll fly,
 Where sunbeam ne'er shall enter till I die;
 Where none will ask the lost one whence she came,
 But I may fade and fall without a name.
 And thou—curst man or fiend, whate'er thou art,
 Who found'st this burning plague-spot in my heart,
 And spread'st it—oh, so quick!—through soul and frame,
 With more than demon's art, till I became
 A loathsome thing, all pestilence, all flame!—
 If, when I'm gone——”

“Hold, fearless maniac, hold, .

Nor tempt my rage—by Heaven, not half so bold
 The puny bird, that dares with teasing hum
 Within the crocodile's stretch'd jaws to come!
 And so thou'lt fly, forsooth?—what!—give up all
 Thy chaste dominion in the Haram Hall,
 Where now to Love and now to ALLA given,
 Half mistress and half*saint, thou hang'st as even
 As doth MEDINA'S tomb, 'twixt hell and heaven!

Thou'lt fly!—as easily may reptiles run
 The gaunt snake once hath fixed his eye upon;
 As easily, when caught, the prey may be
 Pluck'd from his loving folds, as thou from me.
 No, no, 'tis fix'd—let good or ill betide,
 Thou'rt mine till death, till death MOKANNA'S bride!
 Hast thou forgot thy oath?"—

At this dread word,

The Maid, whose spirit his rude taunts had stirr'd
 Through all its depths, and rous'd an anger there,
 That burst and lighten'd even through her despair—
 Shrunk back, as if a blight were in the breath
 That spoke that word, and stagger'd, pale as death.

“Yes, my sworn bride, let others seek in bow'rs
 Their bridal place—the charnel vault was ours!
 Instead of scents and balms, for thee and me
 Rose the rich steams of sweet mortality;
 Gay, flick'ring death-lights shone while we were wed,
 And, for our guests, a row of goodly Dead
 (Immortal spirits in their time, no doubt)
 From reeking shrouds upon the rite look'd out!
 That oath thou heard'st more lips than thine repeat—
 That cup—thou shudd'rest, lady,—was it sweet?
 That cup we pledg'd, the charnel's choicest wine,
 Hath bound thee—ay—body and soul all mine;
 Bound thee by chains that, whether blest or *curst*
 No matter now, not hell itself shall burst!
 Hence, woman, to the Haram, and look gay,
 Look wild, look—anything but sad; yet stay—
 One moment more—from what this night hath pass'd,
 I see thou know'st me, know'st me *well* at last.
 Ha! ha! and so, fond thing, thou thought'st all true,
 “And that I love mankind?—I do, I do—
 As victims, love them; as the sea-dog doats
 Upon the small, sweet fry that round him floats;
 Or, as the Nile-bird loves the slime that gives
 That rank and venomous food on which she lives!

“And, now thou seest my *soul's* angelic hue,
 Tis time these *features* were uncurtain'd too;—
 This brow, whose light—oh rare celestial light!
 Hath been reserv'd to bless thy favour'd sight;



These dazzling eyes, before whose shrouded might
Thou'st seen immortal Man kneel down and quake—
Would that they *were* heaven's lightnings for his sake!
But turn and look—then wonder if thou wilt
That I should hate, should take revenge, by guilt,
Upon the hand, whose mischief or whose mirth
Sent me thus maim'd and monstrous upon earth!
And on that race who, though more vile they be
Than mowing apes, are demi-gods to me!
Here—judge if hell, with all its power to damn,
Can add one curse to the foul thing I am!”—

He raised his veil—the Maid turn'd slowly round,
Look'd at him—shriek'd—and sunk upon the ground:

LALLA ROOKH.

ON their arrival, next night, at the place of encampment, they were surprised and delighted to find the groves all around illuminated; some artists of Yamtcheou having been sent on previously for the purpose. On each side of the green alley which led to the Royal Pavilion, artificial sceneries of bamboo-work were erected, representing arches, minarets, and towers, from which hung thousands of silken lanterns, painted by the most delicate pencils of Canton. Nothing could be more beautiful than the leaves of the mango-trees and acacias, shining in the light of the bamboo-scenery, which shed a lustre round as soft as that of the nights of Peristan.

LALLA ROOKH, however, who was too much occupied by the sad story of ZELICA and her lover to give a thought to anything else, except, perhaps, him who related it, hurried on through this scene of splendour to her pavilion,—greatly to the mortification of the poor artists of Yamtcheou,—and was followed with equal rapidity by the Great Chamberlain, cursing, as he went, that ancient Mandarin, whose parental anxiety, in lighting up the shores of the lake, where his beloved daughter had wandered and been lost, was the origin of these fantastic Chinese illuminations.

Without a moment's delay young FERAMORZ was introduced, and FADLADEEN, who could never make up his mind as to the merits of a poet, till he knew the religious sect to which he belonged, was about to ask him whether he was a Shia or a Sooni, when LALLA ROOKH impatiently clapped her hands for silence, and the youth, being seated upon the musnud near her, proceeded:—

PREPARE thy soul, young AZIM!—thou hast brav'd
The bands of GREECE, still mighty though enslav'd;
Hast fac'd her phalanx, arm'd with all its fame,
Her Macedonian pikes and globes of flame;
All this hast fronted, with firm heart and brow,
But a more perilous trial waits thee now,—
Woman's bright eyes, a dazzling host of eyes
From every land where woman smiles or sighs;
Of every hue, as Love may chance to raise
His black or azure banner in their blaze;
And each sweet mode of warfare, from the flash
That lightens boldly through the shadowy lash,
To the sly, stealing splendours, almost hid,
Like swords half-sheath'd, beneath the downcast lid;
Such, AZIM, is the lovely, luminous host
Now led against thee; and, let conq'rors boast
Their fields of fame, he who in virtue arms
A young, warm spirit against beauty's char.

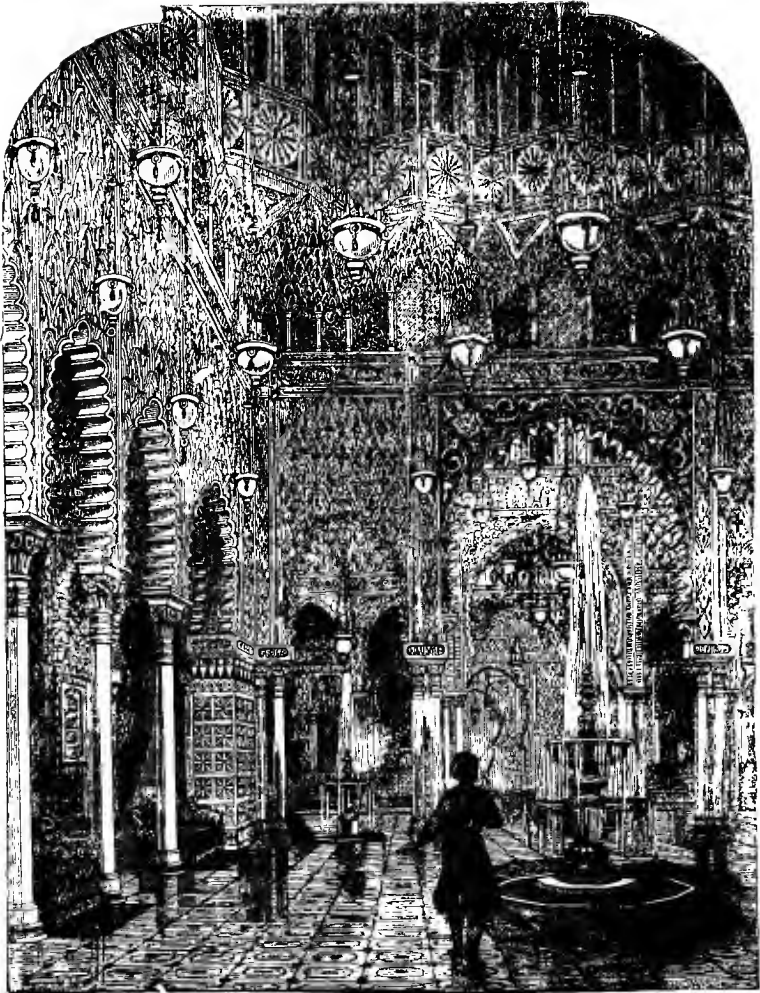
Who feels her brightness, yet defies her thrall,
Is the best, bravest conqueror of them all.

Now, through the Haram chambers, moving lights
And busy shapes proclaim the toilet's rites;—
From room to room the ready handmaids hie,
Some skill'd to wreath the turban tastefully,
Or hang the veil, in negligence of shade,
O'er the warm blushes of the youthful maid,
Who, if between the folds but *one* eye shone,
Like SEBA'S Queen could vanquish with that one:—
While some bring leaves of Henna, to imbue
The fingers' ends with a bright roseate hue,
So bright, that in the mirror's depth they seem
Like tips of coral branches in the stream:
And others mix the Kohol's jetty dye,
To give that long, dark languish to the eye,
Which makes the maids, whom kings are proud to cul
From fair Circassia's vales, so beautiful.
All is in motion; rings and plumes and pearls
Are shining ev'rywhere:—some younger girls
Are gone by moonlight to the garden-beds,
To gather fresh, cool chaplets for their heads;
Gay creatures! sweet, though mournful, 'tis to see
How each prefers a garland from that tree
Which brings to mind her childhood's innocent day,
And the dear fields and friendships far away.
The maid of INDIA, blest again to hold
In her full lap the Champac's leaves of gold,
Thinks of the time when, by the GANGES' flood,
Her little playmates scatter'd many a bud
Upon her long black hair, with glossy gleam
Just dripping from the consecrated stream:
While the young Arab, haunted by the smell
Of her own mountain flow'rs, as by a spell—
The sweet Elcaya, and that courteous tree
Which bows to all who seek its canopy—
Sees, call'd up round her by these magic scents,
The well, the camels, and her father's tents;
Sighs for the home she left with little pain,
And wishes ev'n its sorrows back again!

Meanwhile, through vast illuminated halls,
Silent and bright, where nothing but the falls

Of fragrant waters, gushing with cold sound
 From many a jasper fount, is heard around,
 Young AZIM roams bewilder'd,—nor can guess
 What means this maze of light and loneliness.
 Here, the way leads, o'er tessellated floors
 Or mats of CAIRO, through long corridors,
 Where, rang'd in cassolets and silver urns,
 Sweet wood of aloe or of sandal burns;
 And spicy rods, such as illumine at night
 The bow'rs of TIBET, send forth odorous light,
 Like Peris' wands, when pointing out the road
 For some pure Spirit to its blest abode:—
 And here, at once, the glittering saloon
 Bursts on his sight, boundless and bright as noon
 Where, in the midst, reflecting back the rays
 In broken rainbows, a fresh fountain plays
 High as th' enamell'd cupola, which towers
 All rich with Arabesques of gold and flow'rs:
 And the mosaic floor beneath shines through
 The sprinkling of that fountain's silv'ry dew,
 Like the wet glist'ning shells, of ev'ry dye,
 That on the margin of the Red Sea lie.

Here too he traces the kind visitings
 Of woman's love in those fair, living things
 Of land and wave, whose fate—in bondage thrown
 For their weak loveliness—is like her own!
 On one side gleaming with a sudden grace
 Through water, brilliant as the crystal vase
 In which it undulates, small fishes shine,
 Like golden ingots from a fairy mine;—
 While, on the other, lattic'd lightly in
 With odoriferous woods of COMORIN,
 Each brilliant bird that wings the air is seen;—
 Gay, sparkling loories, such as gleam between
 The crimson blossoms of the coral tree
 In the warm isles of India's sunny sea:
 Mecca's blue sacred pigeon, and the thrush
 Of Hindostan, whose holy warblings gush,
 At evening, from the tall pagoda's top;
 Those golden birds that, in the spice-time, drop
 About the gardens, drunk with that sweet food
 Whose scent hath lur'd them o'er the summer flood,



And those that under Araby's soft sun
Build their high nests of budding cinnamon ;
In short, all rare and beauteous things, that fly
Through the pure element, here calmly lie
Sleeping in light, like the green birds that dwell
In Eden's radiant fields of asphodel !

So on, through scenes past all imagining.
More like the luxuries of that impious King,¹²
Whom Death's dark Angel, with his lightning torch
Struck down and blasted ev'n in Pleasure's porch,

Than the pure dwelling of a Prophet sent,
 Arm'd with Heaven's sword, for man's enfranchisement—
 Young AZIM wander'd, looking sternly round,
 His simple garb and war-boots' clanking sound
 But ill according with the pomp and grace
 And silent lull of that voluptuous place.

‘Is this, then,” thought the youth, “is this the way
 To free man's spirit from the dead'ning sway
 Of worldly sloth,—to teach him while he lives,
 To know no bliss but that which virtue gives,
 And when he dies, to leave his lofty name
 A light, a landmark on the cliffs of fame?
 It was not so, Land of the generous thought
 And daring deed, thy godlike sages taught;
 It was not thus, in bowers of wanton ease,
 Thy Freedom nurs'd her sacred energies;
 Oh! not beneath th' enfeebling, with'ring glow
 Of such dull lux'ry did those myrtles grow,
 With which she wreath'd her sword, when she would dare
 Immortal deeds; but in the bracing air
 Of toil,—of temperance,—of that high, rare,
 Ethereal virtue, which alone can breathe
 Life, health, and lustre into Freedom's wreath.
 Who, that surveys this span of earth we press,—
 This speck of life in time's great wilderness,
 This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
 The past, the future, two eternities!—
 Would sully the bright spot, or leave it bare,
 When he might build him a proud temple there,
 A name, that long shall hallow all its space,
 And be each purer soul's high resting-place?
 But no—it cannot be, that one, whom God
 Hath sent to break the wizard Falsehood's rod,—
 A Prophet of the Truth, whose mission draws
 Its rights from Heav'n, should thus profane its cause
 With the world's vulgar pomps;—no, no,—I see—
 He thinks me weak—this glare of luxury
 Is but to tempt, to try the eaglet gaze
 Of my young soul—shine on, 'twill stand the blaze?

So thought the youth;—but, ev'n while he defied
 This witching sense, he felt its witch'ry glide

Through ev'ry sense. The perfume breathing round,
 Like a pervading spirit; the still sound
 Of falling waters, lulling as the song
 Of Indian bees at sunset, when they throng
 Around the fragrant NILICA, and deep
 In its blue blossoms hum themselves to sleep;
 And music, too—dear music! that can touch
 Beyond all else the soul that loves it much—
 Now heard far off, so far as but to seem
 Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream;
 All was too much for him, too full of bliss,
 The heart could nothing feel, that felt not this;
 Soften'd he sunk upon a couch, and gave
 His soul up to sweet thoughts, like wave on wave
 Succeeding in smooth seas, when storms are laid;
 He thought of ZELICA, his own dear maid,
 And of the time when, full of blissful sighs,
 They sat and look'd into each other's eyes,
 Silent and happy—as if God had giv'n
 Nought else worth looking at on this side heav'n.

“Oh, my lov'd mistress, thou, whose spirit still
 Is with me, round me, wander where I will—
 It is for thee, for thee alone I seek
 The paths of glory; to light up thy cheek
 With warm approval—in that gentle look
 To read my praise, as in an angel's book,
 And think all toils rewarded, when from thee
 I gain a smile worth immortality!
 How shall I bear the moment, when restor'd
 To that young heart where I alone am Lord,
 Though of such bliss unworthy,—since the best
 Alone deserve to be the happiest;—
 When from those lips, unbreath'd upon for years,
 I shall again kiss off the soul-felt tears,
 And find those tears warm as when last they started,
 Those sacred kisses pure as when we parted?
 O my own life!—why should a single day,
 A moment keep me from those arms away?”

While thus he thinks, still nearer on the breeze
 Come those delicious, dream-like harmonies,

Each note of which but adds new, downy links
To the soft chain in which his spirit sinks.
He turns him tow'rd the sound, and far away
Through a long vista, sparkling with the play
Of countless lamps,—like the rich track which Day
Leaves on the waters, when he sinks from us,
So long the path, its light so tremulous;—
He sees a group of female forms advance,
Some chain'd together in the mazy dance
By fetters, forg'd in the green sunny bow'rs,
As they were captives to the King of Flow'rs;
And some disporting round, unlink'd and free,
Who seem'd to mock their sisters' slavery;
And round and round them still, in wheeling flight,
Went, like gay moths about a lamp at night;
While others walk'd, as gracefully along
Their feet kept time, the very soul of song,
From psalt'ry, pipe, and lutes of heav'nly thrill,
Or their own youthful voices, heav'nlier still.
And now they come, now pass before his eye,
Forms such as Nature moulds, when she would vie
With Fancy's pencil, and give birth to things
Lovely beyond its fairest picturings.
Awhile they dance before him, then divide,
Breaking, like rosy clouds at even-tide
Around the rich pavilion of the sun,—
Till silently dispersing, one by one,
Through many a path, that from the chamber leads
To gardens, terraces, and moonlight meads,
Their distant laughter comes upon the wind,
And but one trembling nymph remains behind,—
Beck'ning them back in vain, for they are gone,
And she is left in all that light alone;
No veil to curtain o'er her beautiful brow,
In its young bashfulness more beautiful now;
But a light golden chain-work round her hair,
Such as the maids of YEZD and SHIRAZ wear,
From which, on either side, gracefully hung
A golden amulet, in the Arab tongue,
Engraven o'er with some immortal line
From Holy Writ, or bard scarce less divine;
While her left hand, as shrinkingly she stood,
Held a small lute of gold and sandal-wood,



Which, once or twice, she touch'd with hurried strain,
 Then took her trembling fingers off again.
 But when at length a timid glance she stole
 At AZIM, the sweet gravity of soul
 She saw through all his features calm'd her fear,
 And, like a half-tam'd antelope, more near,
 Though shrinking still, she came;—then sat her down
 Upon a musnud's¹³ edge, and bolder grown,
 In the pathetic mode of ISFAHAN¹⁴
 Touch'd a preluding strain, and thus began:—

There's a bower of roses by BENDEMEER'S stream,
 And the nightingale sings round it all the day long;
 In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream,
 To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.

That bower and its music I never forget,
 But oft when alone, in the bloom of the year,
 I think—is the nightingale singing there yet?
 Are the roses still bright by the calm BENDEMEER?

No, the roses soon wither'd that hung o'er the wave,
 But some blossoms were gather'd, while freshly they shone,
 And a dew was distill'd from their flowers, that gave
 All the fragrance of summer, when summer was gone.

Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
 An essence that breathes of it many a year;
 Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,
 Is that bower on the banks of the calm BENDEMEER.

“Poor maiden!” thought the youth, “if thou wert sent,
 With thy soft lute and beauty's blandishment,
 To wake unholy wishes in this heart,
 Or tempt its troth, thou little know'st the art.
 For though thy lip should sweetly counsel wrong
 Those vestal eyes would disavow its song.
 But thou hast breath'd such purity, thy lay
 Returns so fondly to youth's virtuous day,
 And leads thy soul—if e'er it wander'd thence—
 So gently back to its first innocence,
 That I would sooner stop th' unchain'd dove,
 When swift returning to its home of love,
 And round its snowy wing new fetters twine,
 Than turn from virtue one pure wish of thine!”

Scarce had this feeling pass'd, when, sparkling through
 The gently open'd curtains of light blue
 That veil'd the breezy casement, countless eyes,
 Peeping like stars through the blue ev'ning skies,
 Look'd laughing in, as if to mock the pair
 That sat so still and melancholy there:—
 And now the curtains fly apart, and in
 From the cool air, 'mid show'rs of jessamine
 Which those without fling after them in play,
 Two lightsome maidens spring,—lightsome as they
 Who live in th' air on odours,—and around
 The bright saloon, scarce conscious of the ground
 Chase one another, in a varying dance
 Of mirth and languor, coyness and advance,
 Too eloquently like love's warm pursuit:—
 While she, who sung so gently to the lute
 Her dream of home, steals timidly away,
 Shrinking as violets do in summer's ray,—

But takes with her from AZIM'S heart that sigh
 We sometimes give to forms that pass us by
 In the world's crowd, too lovely to remain,
 Creatures of light we never see again!

Around the white necks of the nymphs who danc'd
 Hung carcanets of orient gems, that glanc'd
 More brilliant than the sea-glass glittering o'er
 The hills of crystal on the Caspian shore;
 While from their long, dark tresses, in a fall
 Of curls descending, bells as musical
 As those that, on the golden-shafted trees
 Of EDEN, shake in the eternal breeze,
 Rung round their steps, at every bound more sweet,
 As 'twere the' extatic language of their feet.
 At length the chase was o'er, and they stood wreath'd
 Within each other's arms; while soft there breath'd
 Through the cool casement, mingled with the sighs
 Of moonlight flow'rs, music that seemed to rise
 From some still lake, so liquidly it rose;
 And, as it swell'd again at each faint close,
 The ear could trace, through all that maze of chords
 And young sweet voices, these impassion'd words:—

A SPIRIT there is, whose fragrant sigh
 Is burning now through earth and air:
 Where cheeks are blushing, the Spirit is nigh;
 Where lips are meeting, the Spirit is there!

His breath is the soul of flowers like these,
 And his floating eyes—oh! *they* resemble
 Blue water-lilies, when the breeze
 Is making the stream around them tremble.

Hail to thee, hail to thee, kindling power!
 Spirit of Love, Spirit of Bliss!
 Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,
 And there never was moonlight so sweet as this.

By the fair and brave
 Who blushing unite,
 Like the sun and wave,
 When they meet at night;

By the tear that shows
 When passion is nigh,
 As the rain-drop flows
 From the heat of the sky;

By the first love-beat
 Of the youthful heart,
 By the bliss to meet,
 And the pain to part;

By all that thou hast
 To mortals given,
 Which—oh, could it last,
 This earth were heaven!

We call thee hither, entrancing Power!
 Spirit of Love, Spirit of Bliss!
 Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,
 And there never was moonlight so sweet as this.

Impatient of a scene, whose lux'ries stole,
 Spite of himself, too deep into his soul;
 And where, midst all that the young heart loves most,
 Flowers, music, smiles, to yield was to be lost;
 The youth had started up and turn'd away
 From the light nymphs, and their luxurious lay,
 To muse upon the pictures that hung round,—
 Bright images, that spoke without a sound,
 And views, like vistas into fairy ground.
 But here again new spells came o'er his sense:—
 All that the pencil's mute omnipotence
 Could call up into life, of soft and fair,
 Of fond and passionate, was glowing there;
 Nor yet too warm, but touch'd with that fine art
 Which paints of pleasure but the purer part;
 Which knows even Beauty when half-veil'd is best,—
 Like her own radiant planet of the west,
 Whose orb when half retir'd looks loveliest.
There hung the history of the Genii-King,
 Trac'd through each gay, voluptuous wandering
 With her from SABA'S bowers, in whose bright eyes
 He read that to be blest is to be wise;

Here fond ZULEIKA¹⁵ woos with open arms
 The Hebrew boy, who flies from her young charms,
 Yet, flying, turns to gaze, and, half undone,
 Wishes that Heav'n and she could *both* be won ;
 And here MOHAMMED, born for love and guile,
 Forgets the Koran in his MARY'S smile ;—
 Then beckons some kind angel from above
 With a new text to consecrate their love.

With rapid step, yet pleas'd and ling'ring eye,
 Did the youth pass these pictured stories by,
 And hasten'd to a casement, where the light
 Of the calm moon came in, and freshly bright
 The fields without were seen, sleeping as still
 As if no life remain'd in breeze or rill.
 Here paus'd he, while the music, now less near,
 Breath'd with a holier language on his ear,
 As though the distance, and that heav'nly ray
 Through which the sounds came floating, took away
 All that had been too earthly in the lay.

Oh! could he listen to such sounds unmov'd,
 And by that light—nor dream of her he lov'd ?
 Dream on, unconscious boy! while yet thou may'st;
 'Tis the last bliss thy soul shall ever taste.
 Clasp yet awhile her image to thy heart,
 Ere all the light that made it dear depart.
 Think of her smiles as when thou saw'st them last,
 Clear, beautiful, by nought of earth o'ercast ;
 Recall her tears, to thee at parting giv'n,
 Pure as they weep, *if* angels weep, in Heav'n.
 Think, in her own still bower she waits thee now,
 With the same glow of heart and bloom of brow,
 Yet shrin'd in solitude—thine all, thine only,
 Like the one star above thee, bright and lonely.
 Oh! that a dream so sweet, so long enjoy'd,
 Should be so sadly, cruelly destroy'd!

The song is hush'd, the laughing nymphs are flown,
 And he is left, musing of bliss, alone.
 Alone?—no, not alone—that heavy sigh,
 That sob of grief, which broke from some one nigh—

Whose could it be?—alas! is misery found
 Here, even here, on this enchanted ground?
 He turns, and sees a female form, close veil'd,
 Leaning, as if both heart and strength had fail'd,
 Against a pillar near;—not glitt'ring o'er
 With gems and wreaths, such as the others wore,
 But in that deep-blue, melancholy dress,
 BOKHARA'S maidens wear in mindfulness
 Of friends or kindred, dead or far away;
 And such as ZELICA had on that day
 He left her—when, with heart too full to speak,
 He took away her last warm tears upon his cheek.

A strange emotion stirs within him,—more
 Than mere compassion ever wak'd before;
 Unconsciously he opes his arms, while she
 Springs forward, as with life's last energy,
 But, swooning in that one convulsive bound,
 Sinks, ere she reach his arms, upon the ground;—
 Her veil falls off—her faint hands clasp his knees—
 'Tis she herself!—'tis ZELICA he sees!
 But, ah, so pale, so chang'd—none but a lover
 Could in that wreck of beauty's shrine discover
 The once ador'd divinity—ev'n he
 Stood for some moments mute, and doubtingly
 Put back the ringlets from her brow, and gaz'd
 Upon those lids, where once such lustre blaz'd,
 Ere he could think she was *indeed* his own,
 Own darling maid, whom he so long had known
 In joy and sorrow, beautiful in both;
 Who, ev'n when grief was heaviest—when loth
 He left her for the wars—in that worst hour
 Sat in her sorrow like the sweet night-flow'r,
 When darkness brings its weeping glories out,
 And spreads its sighs like frankincense about.

“Look up, my ZELICA—one moment show
 Those gentle eyes to me, that I may know
 Thy life, thy loveliness is not all gone,
 But *there*, at least, shines as it ever shone.
 Come, look upon thy AZIM—one dear glance,
 Like those of old, were heav'n! whatever chance
 Hath brought thee here, oh, 'twas a blessed one!
 There—my lov'd lips—they move—that kiss hath run

Like the first shoot of life through every vein,
 And now I clasp her, mine, all mine again.
 Oh the delight—now, in this very hour,
 When had the whole rich world been in my power,
 I should have singled out thee, only thee,
 From the whole world's collected treasury—
 To have thee here—to hang thus fondly o'er
 My own, best, purest ZELICA once more!"

It was indeed the touch of those fond lips
 Upon her eyes that chas'd their short eclipse,
 And, gradual as the snow, at Heaven's breath,
 Melts off and shows the azure flow'rs beneath,
 Her lids unelos'd, and the bright eyes were seen
 Gazing on his—not, as they late had been,
 Quick, restless, wild, but mournfully serene;
 As if to lie, ev'n for that tranced minute,
 So near his heart, had consolation in it;
 And thus to wake in his belov'd caress
 Took from her soul one half its wretchedness.
 But when she heard him call her good and pure,
 Oh, 'twas too much—too dreadful to endure!
 Shudd'ring she broke away from his embrace,
 And, hiding with both hands her guilty face,
 Said, in a tone whose anguish would have riv'n
 A heart of very marble, "Pure!—oh Heav'n!"

That tone—those looks so chang'd—the withering blight,
 That sin and sorrow leave where'er they light;
 The dead despondency of those sunk eyes,
 Where once, had he thus met her by surprise,
 He would have seen himself, too happy boy,
 Reflected in a thousand lights of joy;
 And then the place,—that bright, unholy place,
 Where vice lay hid beneath each winning grace
 And charm of lux'ry, as the viper weaves
 Its wily covering of sweet balsam leaves,—
 All struck upon his heart, sudden and cold
 As death itself;—it needs not to be told—
 No, no—he sees it all, plain as the brand
 Of burning shame can mark—whate'er the hand,
 That could from Heav'n and him such brightness sever
 'Tis done—to Heav'n and him she's lost for ever!

It was a dreadful moment; not the tears,
 The ling'ring, lasting misery of years,
 Could match that minute's anguish—all the worst
 Of sorrow's elements in that dark burst
 Broke o'er his soul, and, with one crash of fate,
 Laid the whole hopes of his life desolate.

“Oh! curse me not,” she cried, as wild he toss'd
 His desp'rate hand tow'rds Heav'n—“though I am lost,
 Think not that guilt, that falsehood made me fall,
 No, no—'twas grief, 'twas madness did it all!
 Nay, doubt me not—though all thy love hath ceas'd—
 I know it hath—yet, yet believe, at least,
 That every spark of reason's light must be
 Quench'd in this brain, ere I could stray from thee.
 They told me thou wert dead—why, AZIM, why
 Did we not, both of us, that instant die
 When we were parted? oh! could'st thou but know
 With what a deep devotedness of woe
 I wept thy absence—o'er and o'er again
 Thinking of thee, still thee, till thought grew pain,
 And memory, like a drop that, night and day,
 Falls cold and ceaseless, wore my heart away.
 Didst thou but know how pale I sat at home,
 My eyes still turn'd the way thou wert to come,
 And, all the long, long night of hope and fear,
 Thy voice and step still sounding in my ear—
 Oh God! thou would'st not wonder that, at last,
 When every hope was all at once o'ercast,
 When I heard frightful voices round me say
Azim is dead!—this wretched brain gave way,
 And I became a wreck, at random driven,
 Without one glimpse of reason or of Heaven—
 All wild—and even this quenchless love within
 Turn'd to foul fires to light me into sin!—
 Thou pitiest me—I knew thou would'st—that sky
 Hath nought beneath it half so lorn as I.
 The fiend, who lur'd me hither—hist! come near,
 Or thou too, *thou* art lost, if he should hear—
 Told me such things—oh! with such dev'lish art
 As would have ruin'd even a holier heart—
 Of thee, and of that ever-radiant sphere,
 Where bless'd at length, if I but serv'd *him* here,

I should for ever live in thy dear sight,
 And drink from those pure eyes eternal light.
 Think, think how lost, how madden'd I must be,
 To hope that guilt could lead to God or thee!
 Thou weep'st for me—do weep—oh, that I durst
 Kiss off that tear! but, no—these lips are curst,
 They must not touch thee;—one divine caress,
 One blessed moment of forgetfulness
 I've had within those arms, and *that* shall lie
 Shrin'd in my soul's deep memory till I die;
 The last of joy's last relics here below,
 The one sweet drop in all this waste of woe,
 My heart has treasur'd from affection's spring:
 To soothe and cool its deadly withering!
 But thou—yes, thou must go—for ever go;
 This place is not for thee—for thee! oh no:
 Did I but tell thee half, thy tortur'd brain
 Would burn like mine, and mine go wild again!
 Enough, that Guilt reigns here—that hearts, once good
 Now tainted, chill'd, and broken, are his food.—
 Enough, that we are parted—that there rolls
 A flood of headlong fate between our souls,
 Whose darkness severs me as wide from thee
 As hell from heav'n, to all eternity!"

'ZELICA, ZELICA!' the youth exclaim'd,
 In all the tortures of a mind inflam'd
 Almost to madness—"by that sacred Heav'n,
 Where yet, if pray'rs can move, thou'lt be forgiv'n,
 As thou art here—here, in this writhing heart,
 All sinful, wild, and ruin'd as thou art!
 By the remembrance of our once pure love,
 Which, like a church-yard light, still burns above
 The grave of our lost souls—which guilt in thee
 Cannot extinguish, nor despair in me!
 I do conjure, implore thee to fly hence—
 If thou hast yet one spark of innocence,
 Fly with me from this place——"

"With thee! oh bliss!

'Tis worth whole years of torment to hear this
 What! take the lost one with thee?—let her rove
 By thy dear side, as in those days of love,

When we were both so happy, both so pure—
 Too heav'nly dream! if there's on earth a cure
 For the sunk heart, 'tis this—day after day
 To be the blest companion of thy way;
 To hear thy angel eloquence—to see
 Those virtuous eyes for ever turn'd on me;
 And, in their light re-chasten'd silently,
 Like the stain'd web that whitens in the sun,
 Grow pure by being purely shone upon!
 And thou wilt pray for me—I know thou wilt—
 At the dim vesper hour, when thoughts of guilt
 Come heaviest o'er the heart, thou'lt lift thine eyes,
 Full of sweet tears, unto the dark'ning skies,
 And plead for me with Heav'n, till I can dare
 To fix my own weak, sinful glances there;
 Till the good angels, when they see me cling
 For ever near thee, pale and sorrowing,
 Shall for thy sake pronounce my soul forgiv'n,
 And bid thee take thy weeping slave to Heav'n!
 Oh yes, I'll fly with thee——”

Scarce had she said

These breathless words, when a voice deep and dread
 As that of MONKER, waking up the dead
 From their first sleep—so startling 'twas to both—
 Rung through the casement near, “Thy oath! thy oath!”
 Oh Heav'n the ghastliness of that Maid's look!—
 “'Tis he,” faintly she cried, while terror shook
 Her inmost core, nor durst she lift her eyes,
 Though through the casement, now, nought but the skies
 And moonlight fields were seen, calm as before—
 “'Tis he, and I am his—all, all is o'er—
 Go—fly this instant, or thou'rt ruin'd too—
 My oath, my oath, oh God! 'tis all too true,
 True as the worm in this cold heart it is—
 I am MOKANNA'S bride—his, AZIM, his—
 The Dead stood round us, while I spoke that vow,
 Their blue lips echo'd it—I hear them now!
 Their eyes glar'd on me, while I pledg'd that bowl,
 'Twas burning blood—I feel it in my soul;
 And the Veil'd Bridegroom—hist! I've seen to-night
 What angels know not of—so foul a sight,
 So horrible—oh! never may'st thou see
 What *there* lies hid from all but hell and me!

But I must hence—off, off—I am not thine,
 Nor Heaven's nor Love's, nor aught that is divine—
 Hold me not—ha! think'st thou the fiends that sever
 Hearts, cannot sunder hands?—thus, then—for ever!”

With all that strength, which madness lends the weak
 She flung away his arm; and, with a shriek,
 Whose sound, though he should linger out more years
 Than wretch e'er told, can never leave his ears—
 Flew up through that long avenue of light,
 Fleetly as some dark ominous bird of night,
 Across the sun, and soon was out of sight!

LALLA ROOKH could think of nothing all day but the misery of these two young lovers. Her gaiety was gone, and she looked pensively even upon FADLADEEN. She felt, too, without knowing why, a sort of uneasy pleasure in imagining that AZIM must have been just such a youth as FERAMORZ; just as worthy to enjoy all the blessings, without any of the pangs, of that illusive passion, which too often, like the sunny apples of Istkahar, is all sweetness on one side, and all bitterness on the other.

As they passed along a sequestered river after sunset, they saw a young Hindoo girl upon the bank, whose employment seemed to them so strange, that they stopped their palankeens to observe her. She had lighted a small lamp, filled with the oil of cocoa, and placing it in an earthen dish, adorned with a wreath of flowers, had committed it with a trembling hand to the stream; and was now anxiously watching its progress down the current, heedless of the gay cavalcade which had drawn up beside her. LALLA ROOKH was all curiosity;—when one of her attendants, who had lived upon the banks of the Ganges (where this ceremony is so frequent, that often, in the dusk of the evening, the river is seen glittering all over with lights, like the Oton-Tala, or Sea of Stars), informed the Princess that it was the usual way in which the friends of those who had gone on dangerous voyages offered up vows for their safe return. If the lamp sank immediately, the omen was disastrous; but if it went shining down the stream, and continued to burn till entirely out of sight, the return of the beloved object was considered as certain.

LALLA ROOKH, as they moved on, more than once looked back, to observe how the young Hindoo's lamp proceeded; and, while she saw with pleasure that it was still unextinguished, she could not help fearing that all the hopes of this life were no better than that feeble light upon the river. The remainder of the journey was passed in silence. She now, for the first time, felt that shade of melancholy, which comes over the youthful maiden's heart, as sweet and transient as her own breath upon a mirror; nor was it till she heard the lute of FERAMORZ, touched lightly at the door of her pavilion, that she waked from the reverie in which she had been wander-

ing. Instantly her eyes were lighted up with pleasure: and, after a few unheard remarks from FADLADEEN upon the indecorum of a poet seating himself in presence of a Princess, everything was arranged as on the preceding evening, and all listened with eagerness, while the story was thus continued:—

WHOSE are the gilded tents that crowd the way,
 Where all was waste and silent yesterday?—
 This City of War which, in a few short hours,
 Hath sprung up here, as if the magic powers
 Of him who, in the twinkling of a star,
 Built the high pillar'd halls of CHILMINAR,¹⁶
 Had conjur'd up, far as the eye can see,
 This world of tents and domes and sun-bright armoury!
 Princely pavilions, screen'd by many a fold
 Of crimson cloth, and topp'd with balls of gold;—
 Steeds, with their housings of rich silver spun,
 Their chains and poytrels glitt'ring in the sun;
 And camels, tufted o'er with Yemen's shells,
 Shaking in every breeze their light-ton'd bells!

But yester-eve, so motionless around,
 So mute was this wide plain, that not a sound
 But the far torrent, or the locust-bird
 Hunting among the thicket, could be heard;—
 Yet hark! what discords now, of every kind,
 Shouts, laughs, and screams, are revelling in the wind;
 The neigh of cavalry, the tinkling throngs
 Of laden camels, and their drivers' songs;—
 Ringing of arms, and flapping in the breeze
 Of streamers from ten thousand canopies;—
 War-music, bursting out from time to time
 With gong and tymbalon's tremendous chime;—
 Or, in the pause, when harsher sounds are mute,
 The mellow breathings of some horn or flute,
 That far off, broken by the eagle note
 Of th' Abyssinian trumpet, swell and float!

Who leads this mighty army?—ask ye “who?”
 And mark ye not those banners of dark hue,
 The Night and Shadow,¹⁷ over yonder tent?—
 It is the CALIPH'S glorious armament.

Rous'd in his Palace by the dread alarms
 That hourly came, of the false Prophet's arms,
 And of his host of infidels, who hurl'd
 Defiance fierce at Islam and the world;—
 Though worn with Grecian warfare, and behind
 The veils of his bright Palace calm reclin'd,
 Yet brook'd he not such blasphemy should stain,
 Thus unreveng'd, the evening of his reign;
 But, having sworn upon the Holy Grave
 To conquer or to perish, once more gave
 His shadowy banners proudly to the breeze,
 And, with an army nurs'd in victories,
 Here stands to crush the rebels that o'er-run
 His blest and beauteous Province of the Sun.

Né'er did the march of MAHADI display
 Such pomp before—not ev'n when on his way
 To Mecca's temple, when both land and sea
 Were spoil'd to feed the pilgrim's luxury:—
 When round him, mid the burning sands, he saw
 Fruits of the north in icy freshness thaw,
 And cool'd his thirsty lip, beneath the glow
 Of MECCA'S sun, with urns of Persian snow:—
 Nor e'er did armament more grand than that
 Pour from the kingdoms of the Caliphat.
 First, in the van, the people of the Rock,
 On their light mountain steeds, of royal stock:
 Then, chieftains of DAMASCUS, proud to see
 The flashing of their swords' rich marquetry;—
 Men, from the regions near the VOLGA'S mouth,
 Mix'd with the rude, black archers of the South.
 And Indian lancers, in white-turban'd ranks,
 From the far SINDE, or ATTOCK'S sacred banks,
 With dusky legions from the Land of Myrrh,
 And many a mace-arm'd Moor and M'd-sea islander.

Nor less in number, though more new and rude
 In warfare's school, was the vast multitude
 That, fir'd by zeal, or by oppression wrong'd,
 Round the white standard of th' Impostor throng'd.
 Beside his thousands of Believers—blind,
 Burning and headlong as the Samiel wind,—

Many who felt, and more who fear'd to feel
 The bloody Islamite's converting steel,
 Flock'd to his banner,—Chiefs of th' UZBEK race,
 Waving their heron crests with martial grace;
 TURKOMANS, countless as their flocks, led forth
 From th' aromatic pastures of the North;
 Wild warriors of the turquoise hills,—and those
 Who dwell beyond the everlasting snows
 Of HINDOO KOSH, in stormy freedom bred,
 Their fort the rock, their camp the torrent's bed.
 But none, of all who own'd the Chief's command,
 Rush'd to that battle-field with bolder hand,
 Or sterner hate, than IRAN'S outlaw'd men,
 Her worshippers of Fire—all panting then
 For vengeance on th' accursed Saracen;—
 Vengeance at last for their dear country spurn'd,
 Her throne usurp'd, and her bright shrines o'erturn'd.
 From YEZD'S eternal Mansion of the Fire,
 Where aged saints in dreams of Heav'n expire;
 From BADKU, and those fountains of blue flame
 That burn into the CASPIAN, fierce they came,
 Careless for what or whom the blow was spec'd,
 So vengeance triumph'd, and their tyrants bled!

Such was the wild and miscellaneous host,
 That high in air their motley banners toss'd
 Around the Prophet-Chief—all eyes still bent
 Upon that glittering Veil, where'er it went,
 That beacon through the battle's stormy flood,
 That rainbow of the field, whose showers were blood!

Twice hath the sun upon their conflict set,
 And risen again, and found them grappling yet;
 While steams of carnage, in his noon-tide blaze,
 Smoke up to Heav'n—hot as that crimson haze,
 By which the prostrate Caravan is aw'd,
 In the red Desert, when the wind's abroad!
 "On, Swords of God!" the panting CALIPH calls,—
 "Thrones for the living—Heaven for him who falls!"—
 "On, brave avengers, on!" MOKANNA cries,
 "And EBLIS blast the recreant slave that flies!"
 Now comes the brunt, the crisis of the day—
 They clash—they strive—the CALIPH'S troops give way!

MOKANNA's self plucks the black banner down,
 And now the Orient World's imperial crown
 Is just within his grasp—when, hark, that shout!
 Some hand hath check'd the flying Moslems' rout;
 And now they turn—they rally—at their head
 A warrior (like those angel youths, who led,
 In glorious panoply of Heav'n's own mail,
 The Champions of the Faith through BEDER'S vale),
 Bold as if gifted with ten thousand lives,
 Turns on the fierce pursuers' blades, and drives
 At once the multitudinous torrent back,
 While hope and courage kindle in his track;
 And, at each step, his bloody falchion makes
 Terrible vistas through which vict'ry breaks!
 In vain MOKANNA, 'midst the general flight,
 Stands, like the red moon, on some stormy night,
 Among the fugitive clouds that, hurrying by,
 Leave only her unshaken in the sky—
 In vain he yells his desperate curses out,
 Deals death promiscuously to all about,
 To foes that charge and coward friends that fly,
 And seems of *all* the Great Arch-enemy.
 The panic spreads—"A miracle!" throughout
 The Moslem ranks, "A miracle!" they shout
 All gazing on that youth, whose coming seems
 A light, a glory, such as breaks in dreams;
 And every sword, true as o'er billows dim
 The needle tracks the load-star, following him!

Right tow'rds MOKANNA now he cleaves his path—
 Impatient cleaves, as though the bolt of wrath
 He bears from heaven withheld its awful burst
 From weaker heads, and souls but half-way curst,
 To break o'er Him, the mightiest and the worst!
 But vain his speed—though, in that hour of blood,
 Had all God's seraphs round MOKANNA stood,
 With swords of fire, ready like fate to fall,
 MOKANNA's soul would have defied them all;
 Yet now, the rush of fugitives, too strong
 For human force, hurries ev'n *him* along;
 In vain he struggles 'mid the wedg'd array
 Of flying thousands—he is borne away;

And the sole joy his baffled spirit knows
 In this forc'd fight is—murd'ring, as he goes!
 As a grim tiger, whom the torrent's might
 Surprises in some parch'd ravine at night,
 Turns, ev'n in drowning, on the wretched flocks
 Swept with him in that snow-flood from the rocks,
 And, to the last, devouring on his way,
 Bloodies the stream he hath not power to stay!

“Alla illa Alla!”—the glad shout renew—
 “Alla Akbar!”—the Caliph's in MEROU.
 Hang out your gilded tapestry in the streets,
 And light your shrines, and chaunt your ziraleets;
 The Swords of God hath triumph'd—on his throne
 Your Caliph sits, and the veil'd Chief hath flown.
 Who does not envy that young warrior now,
 To whom the Lord of Islam bends his brow,
 In all the graceful gratitude of power,
 For his throne's safety in that perilous hour?
 Who doth not wonder, when, amidst th' acclaim
 Of thousands, herallding to heaven his name—
 'Mid all those holier harmonies of fame,
 Which sound along the path of virtuous souls,
 Like music round a planet as it rolls,—
 He turns away—coldly, as if some gloom
 Hung o'er his heart, no triumphs can illumine;
 Some sightless grief, upon whose blasted gaze
 Though glory's light may play, in vain it plays.
 Yes, wretched AZIM! thine is such a grief,
 Beyond all hope, all terror, all relief;
 A dark, cold calm, which nothing now can break,
 Or warm or brighten,—like that Syrian Lake,
 Upon whose surface morn and summer shed
 Their smile in vain, for all beneath is dead!—
 Hearts there have been, o'er which this weight of woe
 Came by long use of suff'ring, tame and slow;
 But thine, lost youth! was sudden—over thee
 It broke at once, when all seem'd ecstasy;
 When Hope look'd up, and saw the gloomy Past
 Melt into splendour, and Bliss dawn at last—
 'Twas then, ev'n then, o'er joys so freshly blown,
 This mortal blight of misery came down;

Ev'n then, the full, warm gushings of thy heart
 Were check'd—like fount-drops, frozen as they start—
 And there, like them, cold, sunless relics hang,
 Each fix'd and chill'd into a lasting pang.

One sole desire, one passion now remains,
 To keep life's fever still within his veins,
 Vengeance!—dire vengeance on the wretch who cast
 O'er him and all he lov'd that ruinous blast.
 For this, when rumours reach'd him in his flight
 Far, far away, after that fatal night,—
 Rumours of armies, thronging to th' attack
 Of the Veil'd Chief,—for this he wing'd him back,
 Fleet as the vulture speeds to flags unfurl'd,
 And, when all hope seem'd desp'rate, wildly hurl'd
 Himself into the scale, and sav'd a world.
 For this he still lives on, careless of all
 The wreaths that Glory on his path lets fall;
 For this alone exists—like lightning-fire,
 To speed one bolt of vengeance, and expire!

But safe as yet that Spirit of Evil lives;
 With a small band of desp'rate fugitives,
 The last sole stubborn fragment, left unriv'n,
 Of the proud host that late stood fronting Heav'n,
 He gain'd MEROU—breath'd a short curse of blood,
 O'er his lost throne—then pass'd the JIHON'S flood,
 And gath'ring all whose madness of belief
 Still saw a Saviour in their down-fall'n Chief,
 Rais'd the white banner within NEKSHEB'S gates,
 And there, untam'd, th' approaching conq'r'or waits.

Of all his Haram, all that busy hive
 With music and with sweets sparkling alive,
 He took but one, the partner of his flight,
 One—not for love—not for her beauty's light—
 No ZELICA stood with'ring 'midst the gay,
 Wan as the blossom that fell yesterday
 From th' Alma tree and dies, while overhead
 To-day's young flow'r is springing in its stead.
 Oh, not for love—the deepest Damn'd must be
 Touch'd with Heaven's glory, ere such fiends as he
 Can feel one glimpse of Love's divinity!

But no, she is his victim;—*there* lie all
 Her charms for him—charms that can never pall,
 As long as hell within his heart can stir,
 Or one faint trace of Heaven is left in her.
 To work an angel's ruin—to behold
 As white a page as Virtue e'er unroll'd
 Blacken, beneath his touch, into a scroll
 Of damning sins, seal'd with a burning soul—
 This is his triumph; this the joy accurst,
 That ranks him among demons all but first!
 This gives the victim, that before him lies
 Blighted and lost, a glory in his eyes,
 A light like that with which hell-fire illumines
 The ghastly, writhing wretch whom it consumes!

But other tasks now wait him—tasks that need
 All the deep daringness of thought and deed
 With which the Dives¹⁸ have gifted him—for mark
 Over yon plains, which night had else made dark,
 Those lanterns, countless as the winged lights
 That spangle INDIA'S fields on show'ry nights—
 Far as their formidable gleams they shed,
 The mighty tents of the beleaguerer spread,
 Glimm'ring along the horizon's dusky line,
 And thence in nearer circles, till they shine
 Among the founts and groves, o'er which the town
 In all its arm'd magnificence looks down.
 Yet, fearless, from his lofty battlements
 MOKANNA views that multitude of tents;
 Nay, smiles to think that, though entoil'd, beset,
 Not less than myriads dare to front him yet;
 That friendless, throneless, he thus stands at bay,
 Ev'n thus a match for myriads such as they.
 "Oh, for a sweep of that dark Angel's wing,
 Who brush'd the thousands of th' Assyrian king
 To darkness in a moment, that I might
 People hell's chambers with yon host to-night!
 But, come what may, let who will grasp the throne,
 Caliph or Prophet, Man alike shall groan;
 Let who will torture him, Priest—Caliph—King—
 Alike this loathsome world of his shall ring
 With victims' shrieks and howlings of the slave,—
 Sounds, that shall glad me ev'n within my grave!"

Thus to himself—but to the scanty train
 Still left around him, a far different strain:—
 “Glorious defenders of the sacred crown
 I bear from heaven, whose light nor blood shall
 Nor shadow of earth eclipse;—before whose gems
 The paly pomp of this world’s diadems,
 The crown of GERASHID, the pillar’d throne
 Of PARVIZ, and the heron crest that shone,
 Magnificent, o’er ALI’S beauteous eyes,
 Fade like the stars when morn is in the skies:
 Warriors, rejoice—the port to which we’ve pass’d
 O’er destiny’s dark wave, beams out at last!
 Vict’ry’s our own—’tis written in that book
 Upon whose leaves none but the angels look,
 That ISLAM’S sceptre shall beneath the power
 Of her great foe fall broken in that hour,
 When the moon’s mighty orb, before all eyes,
 From NEKSHEB’S Holy Well portentously shall rise!
 Now turn and see!”——

They turn’d, and, as he spoke,
 A sudden splendour all around them broke,
 And they beheld an orb, ample and bright,
 Rise from the Holy Well, and cast its light
 Round the rich city and the plain for miles,—
 Flinging such radiance o’er the gilded tiles
 Of many a dome and fair-roof’d imaret,
 As autumn suns shed round them when they set.
 Instant from all who saw th’ illusive sign
 A murmur broke—“Miraculous! divine!”
 The Gheber bow’d, thinking his idol star
 Had wak’d, and burst impatient through the bar
 Of midnight, to inflame him to the war;
 While he of MOUSSA’S creed saw, in that ray,
 The glorious Light which, in his freedom’s day,
 Had rested on the Ark, and now again
 Shone out to bless the breaking of his chain.

“To victory!” is at once the cry of all—
 Nor stands MOKANNA loit’ring at that call,
 But instant the huge gates are flung aside,
 And forth, like a diminutive mountain-tide
 Into the boundless sea, they speed their course
 Right on into the MOSLEM’S mighty force.

The watchmen of the camp,—who, in their rounds,
 Had paus'd, and ev'n forgot the punctual sounds
 Of the small drum with which they count the night,
 To gaze upon that supernatural light,—
 Now sink beneath an unexpected arm,
 And in a death-groan give their last alarm.
 "On for the lamps, that light yon lofty screen,
 Nor blunt your blades with massacre so mean;
There rests the CALIPH—speed—one lucky lance
 May now achieve mankind's deliverance."
 Desp'rate the die—such *as* they only cast,
 Who venture for a world, and stake their last.
 But Fate's no longer with him—blade for blade
 Springs up to meet them through the glimmering shade,
 And, as the clash is heard, new legions soon
 Pour to the spot, like bees of KAUZEROON
 To the shrill timbrel's summons,—till, at length,
 The mighty camp swarms out in all its strength,
 And back to NEKSHEB's gates, covering the plain
 With random slaughter, drives the adventurous train;
 Among the last of whom the Silver Veil
 Is seen glitt'ring at times, like the white sail
 Of some toss'd vessel, on a stormy night,
 Catching the tempest's momentary light!

And hath not *this* brought the proud spirit low?
 Nor dash'd his brow, nor check'd his daring? No
 Though half the wretches, whom at night he led
 To thrones and vict'ry, lie disgrac'd and dead,
 Yet morning hears him with unshrinking crest,
 Still vaunt of thrones and vict'ry to the rest;—
 And they believe him!—oh, the lover may
 Distrust that look which steals his soul away;—
 The babe may cease to think that it can play
 With heaven's rainbow;—alchemists may doubt
 The shining gold their crucible gives out;
 But Faith, fanatic Faith, once wedded fast
 To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.

And well th' Impostor knew all lures and arts,
 That LUCIFER e'er taught to tangle hearts;
 Nor, 'mid these last bold workings of his plot
 Against men's souls, is ZELICA forgot.

Ill-fated ZELICA! had reason been
 Awake, through half the horrors thou hast seen,
 Thou never could'st have borne it—Death had come
 At once, and taken thy wrung spirit home.
 But 'twas not so—a torpor, a suspense
 Of thought, almost of life, came o'er the intense
 And passionate struggles of that fearful night,
 When her last hope of peace and heav'n took flight:
 And though, at times, a gleam of frenzy broke,—
 As through some dull volcano's vale of smoke
 Ominous flashings now and then will start,
 Which show the fire's still busy at its heart;
 Yet was she mostly wrapp'd in solemn gloom,—
 Not such as AZIM'S, brooding o'er its doom,
 And calm without, as is the brow of death,
 While busy worms are gnawing underneath—
 But in a blank and pulseless torpor, free
 From thought or pain, a seal'd-up apathy,
 Which left her oft, with scarce one living thrill,
 The cold, pale victim of her tort'rer's will.

Again, as in MEROU, he had her deck'd
 Gorgeously out, the Priestess of the sect;
 And led her glittering forth before the eyes
 Of his rude train, as to a sacrifice,—
 Pallid as she, the young, devoted Bride
 Of the fierce NILE, when, deck'd in all the pride
 Of nuptial pomp, she sinks into his tide.
 And while the wretched maid hung down her head,
 And stood, as one just risen from the dead,
 Amid that gazing crowd, the fiend would tell
 His credulous slaves it was some charm or spell
 Possess'd her now,—and from that darken'd trance
 Should dawn ere long their Faith's deliverance.
 Or if, at times, goaded by guilty shame,
 Her soul was rous'd, and words of wildness came,
 Instant the bold blasphemer would translate
 Her ravings into oracles of fate,
 Would hail Heav'n's signals in her flashing eyes,
 And call her shrieks the language of the skies!

But vain at length his arts—despair is seen
 Gath'ring around; and famine comes to glean

All that the sword had left unrep'd:—in vain
 At morn and eve across the northern plain
 He looks impatient for the promis'd spears
 Of the wild Hordes and TARTAR mountaineers;
 They come not—while his fierce beleaguers pour
 Engines of havoc in, unknown before,
 And horrible as new; javelins, that fly
 Enwreath'd with smoky flames through the dark sky,
 And red-hot globes, that, opening as they mount,
 Discharge, as from a kindled Naphtha fount,
 Showers of consuming fire o'er all below;
 Looking, as through th' illumin'd night they go,
 Like those wild birds that by the Magians oft,
 At festivals of fire, were sent aloft
 Into the air, with blazing faggots tied
 To their huge wings, scatt'ring combustion wide.
 All night the groans of wretches who expire,
 In agony, beneath these darts of fire,
 Ring through the city—while, descending o'er
 Its shrines and domes and streets of sycamore,—
 Its lone bazars, with their bright cloths of gold,
 Since the last peaceful pageant left unroll'd,—
 Its beauteous marble baths, those idol jets
 Now gush with blood,—and its tall minarets,
 That late have stood up in the ev'ning glare
 Of the red sun, unhallow'd by a prayer;—
 O'er each, in turn the dreadful flame-bolts fall
 And death and conflagration throughout all
 The desolate city hold high festival!

MOKANNA sees the world is his no more;—
 One sting at parting, and his grasp is o'er.
 "What! drooping now?"—thus, with unblushing cheek
 He hails the few, who yet can hear him speak,
 Of all those famish'd slaves around him lying,
 And by the light of blazing temples dying;—
 "What!—drooping now?—now, when at length we press
 Home o'er the very threshold of success;
 When ALLA from our ranks hath thinn'd away
 Those grosser branches, that kept out his ray
 Of favour from us, and we stand at length
 Heirs of his light and children of his strength,

The chosen few, who shall survive the fall
 Of Kings and Thrones, triumphant over all!
 Have you then lost, weak murm'ers as you are,
 All faith in him, who was your Light, your Star?
 Have you forgot the eye of glory, hid
 Beneath this Veil, the flashing of whose lid
 Could, like a sun-stroke of the desert, wither
 Millions of such as yonder Chief brings hither?
 Long have its lightnings slept—too long—but now
 All earth shall feel th' unveiling of this brow!
 To-night—yes, sainted men! this very night,
 I bid you all to a fair festal rite,
 Where—having deep refresh'd each weary limb
 With viands, such as feast Heav'n's cherubim,
 And kindled up your souls, now sunk and dim,
 With that pure wine the Dark-ey'd Maids above
 Keep seal'd with precious musk, for those they love,—
 I will myself uncurtain in your sight
 The wonders of this brow's ineffable light;
 Then lead you forth, and with a wink disperse
 Yon myriads, howling through the universe!"

Eager they listen—while each accent darts
 New life into their chill'd and hope-sick hearts;
 Such treach'rous life as the cool draught supplies
 To him upon the stake, who drinks and dies!
 Wildly they point their lances to the light
 Of the fast sinking sun, and shout "To-night!"—
 "To-night," their Chief re-echoes in a voice
 Of fiend-like mock'ry that bids hell rejoice.
 Deluded victims!—never hath this earth
 Seen mourning half so mournful as their mirth.
Here, to the few, whose iron frames had stood
 This racking waste of famine and of blood,
 Faint, dying wretches clung, from whom the shout
 Of triumph like a maniac's laugh broke out:—
There, others, lighted by the smould'ring fire,
 Danc'd, like wan ghosts about a funeral pyre,
 Among the dead and dying, strew'd around;—
 While some pale wretch look'd on, and from his wound
 Plucking the fiery dart by which he bled,
 In ghastly transport wav'd it o'er his head!

'Twas more than midnight now—a fearful pause
 Had follow'd the long shouts, the wild applause,
 That lately from those Royal Gardens burst,
 Where the Veil'd demon held his feast accurst,
 When ZELICA—alas, poor ruin'd heart,
 In ev'ry horror doom'd to bear its part!—
 Was bidden to the banquet by a slave,
 Who, while his quiv'ring lip the summons gave,
 Grew black, as though the shadows of the grave
 Compass'd him round, and, ere he could repeat
 His message through, fell lifeless at her feet!
 Shudd'ring she went—a soul-felt pang of fear,
 A presage that her own dark doom was near,
 Rous'd ev'ry feeling, and brought Reason back
 Once more, to writhe her last upon the rack.
 All round seem'd tranquil—ev'n the foe had ceas'd,
 As if aware of that demoniac feast,
 His fiery bolts; and though the heav'ns look'd red,
 'Twas but some distant conflagration's spread.
 But hark—she stops—she listens—dreadful tone!
 'Tis her Tormentor's laugh—and now, a groan,
 A long death-groan comes with it:—can this be
 The place of mirth, the bower of revelry?
 She enters—Holy ALLA, what a sight
 Was there before her! By the glimm'ring light
 Of the pale dawn, mix'd with the flare of brands
 That round lay burning, dropp'd from lifeless hands,
 She saw the board, in splendid mockery spread,
 Rich censers breathing—garlands overhead—
 The urns, the cups, from which they late had quaff'd
 All gold and gems, but—what had been the draught?
 Oh! who need ask, that saw those livid guests,
 With their swoll'n heads sunk black'ning on their breasts,
 Or looking pale to Heav'n with glassy glare,
 As if they sought but saw no mercy there;
 As if they felt, though poison rack'd them through,
 Remorse the deadlier torment of the two!
 While some, the bravest, hardest in the train
 Of their false Chief, who on the battle-plain
 Would have met death with transport by his side,
 Here mute and helpless gasp'd;—but, as they died,
 Look'd horrible vengeance with their eyes' last strain,
 And clench'd the slack'ning hand at him in vain.

Dreadful it was to see the ghastly stare,
 The stony look of horror and despair,
 Which some of these expiring victims cast
 Upon their souls' tormentor to the last;—
 Upon that mocking Fiend, whose Veil, now rais'd,
 Show'd them, as in death's agony they gaz'd,
 Not the long promis'd light, the brow whose beaming
 Was to come forth, all conq'ring, all redeeming,
 But features horribler than Hell e'er trac'd
 On its own brood;—no Demon of the Waste,
 No church-yard Ghole, caught ling'ring in the light
 Of the blest sun, e'er blasted human sight
 With lineaments so foul, so fierce as those
 Th' Impostor now, in grinning mockery, shows:—
 "There, ye wise Saints, behold, your Light, your Star—
 Ye *would* be dupes and victims, and ye *are*.
 Is it enough? or must I, while a thrill
 Lives in your sapient bosoms, cheat you still?
 Swear that the burning death ye feel within
 Is but the trance with which Heav'n's joys begin;
 That this foul visage, foul as e'er disgrac'd
 Ev'n monstrous man, is—after God's own taste;
 And that—but see!—ere I have half-way said
 My greetings through, th' uncourteous souls are fled.
 Farewell, sweet spirits! not in vain ye die,
 If EBLIS loves you half so well as I.—
 Ha, my young bride!—'tis well—take thou thy seat;
 Nay, come—no shudd'ring—didst thou never meet
 The Dead before? they grac'd our wedding, sweet:
 And these, my guests to-night, have brimm'd so true
 Their parting cups, that *thou* shalt pledge one too.
 But—how is this?—all empty? all drunk up?
 Hot lips have been before thee in the cup,
 Young bride—yet stay—one precious drop remains,
 Enough to warm a gentle Priestess' veins;—
 Here, drink—and should thy lover's conq'ring arms
 Speed hither, ere thy lip lose all its charms,
 Give him but half this venom in thy kiss,
 And I'll forgive my haughty rival's bliss!

"For *me*—I too must die—but not like these
 Vile, rankling things, to fester in the breeze;

To have this brow in ruffian triumph shown,
 With all death's grimness added to its own,
 And rot to dust beneath the taunting eyes
 Of slaves, exclaiming, 'There his Godship lies!'
 No—cursed race—since first my soul drew breath,
 They've been my dupes, and *shall* be ev'n in death.
 Thou see'st yon cistern in the shade—'tis fill'd
 With burning drugs, for this last hour distill'd:
 There will I plunge me, in that liquid flame—
 Fit bath to lave a dying Prophet's frame!
 There perish, all—ere pulse of thine shall fail—
 Nor leave one limb to tell mankind the tale.
 So shall my votaries, wheresoe'er they rave,
 Proclaim that Heav'n took back the Saint it gave.
 That I've but vanish'd from this earth awhile,
 To come again, with bright, unshrouded smile!
 So shall they build me altars in their zeal,
 Where knaves shall minister, and fools shall kneel;
 Where Faith may mutter o'er her mystic spell,
 Written in blood—and Bigotry may swell
 The sail he spreads for Heav'n with blasts from hell.
 So shall my banner, through long ages, be
 The rallying sign of fraud and anarchy:—
 Kings yet unborn shall rue MOKANNA'S name,
 And, though I die, my spirit, still the same,
 Shall walk abroad in all the stormy strife,
 And guilt, and blood, that were its bliss in life.
 But, hark! their battering engine shakes the wall—
 Why, *let* it shake—thus I can brave them all.
 No trace of me shall greet them, when they come,
 And I can trust thy faith, for—thou'lt be dumb.
 Now mark how readily a wretch like me,
 In one bold plunge commences Deity!"

He sprung and sunk, as the last words were said—
 Quick clos'd the burning waters o'er his head,
 And ZELICA was left—within the ring
 Of those wide walls the only living thing;
 The only wretched one, still curs'd with breath,
 In all that frightful wilderness of death!
 More like some bloodless ghost—such as, they tell,
 In the Lone Cities of the Silent dwell,

And there, unseen of all but ALLA, sit
Each by its own pale carcass, watching it.

But morn is up, and a fresh warfare stirs
Throughout the camp of the beleaguerers.
Their globes of fire (the dread artill'ry lent
By GREECE to conq'ring MAHADI) are spent;
And now the scorpion's shaft, the quarry sent
From high balistas, and the shielded throng
Of soldiers swinging the huge ram along,
All speak th' impatient Islamite's intent
To try, at length, if tower and battlement
And bastion'd wall be not less hard to win,
Less tough to break down than the hearts within.
First in impatience and in toil is he,
The burning AZIM—oh! could he but see
Th' Impostor once alive within his grasp,
Not the gaunt lion's hug, nor boa's clasp,
Could match that gripe of vengeance, or keep pace
With the fell heartiness of Hate's embrace!

Loud rings the pond'rous ram against the walls.
Now shake the ramparts, now a buttress falls,
But still no breach—"Once more, one mighty swing
Of all your beams, together thundering!"
There—the wall shakes—the shouting troops exult,
"Quick, quick discharge your weightiest catapult
Right on that spot, and NEKSHEB is our own!"
'Tis done—the battlements come crashing down,
And the huge wall, by that stroke riv'n in two,
Yawning, like some old crater, rent anew,
Shows the dim, desolate city smoking through.
But strange! no signs of life—nought living seen
Above, below—what can this stillness mean?
A minute's pause suspends all hearts and eyes—
"In through the breach," impetuous AZIM cries;
But the cool CALIPH, fearful of some wile
In this blank stillness, checks the troops awhile,—
Just then, a figure, with slow step, advanc'd
Forth from the ruin'd walls, and, as there glanc'd
A sunbeam over it, all eyes could see
The well-known Silver Veil!—" 'Tis He, 'tis He,

MOKANNA, and alone!" they shout around;
 Young AZIM from his steed springs to the ground—
 "Mine, Holy Caliph! mine," he cries, "the task
 To crush yon daring wretch—'tis all I ask."
 Eager he darts to meet the demon foe,
 Who still across wide heaps of ruin slow
 And falteringly comes, till they are near;
 Then, with a bound, rushes on AZIM'S spear,
 And, casting off the Veil in falling, shows—
 Oh!—'tis his ZELICA'S life-blood that flows!

"I meant not, AZIM," soothingly she said,
 As on his trembling arm she lean'd her head,
 And, looking in his face, saw anguish there
 Beyond all wounds the quiv'ring flesh can bear—
 "I meant not *thou* shouldst have the pain of this:—
 Though death, with thee thus tasted, is a bliss
 Thou wouldst not rob me of, didst thou but know,
 How oft I've pray'd to God I might die so!
 But the Fiend's venom was too scant and slow;—
 To linger on were madd'ning—and I thought
 If once that Veil—nay, look not on it—caught
 The eyes of your fierce soldiery, I should be
 Struck by a thousand death-darts instantly.
 But this is sweeter—oh! believe me, yes—
 I would not change this sad, but dear caress,
 This death within thy arms I would not give
 For the most smiling life the happiest live!
 All, that stood dark and drear before the eye
 Of my stray'd soul, is passing swiftly by;
 A light comes o'er me from those looks of love,
 Like the first dawn of mercy from above;
 And if thy lips but tell me I'm forgiv'n,
 Angels will echo the blest words in Heav'n!
 But live, my AZIM;—oh! to call thee mine
 Thus once again! *my* AZIM—dream divine!
 Live, if thou ever lov'dst me, if to meet
 Thy ZELICA hereafter would be sweet,
 Oh, live to pray for her—to bend the knee
 Morning and night before that Deity,
 To whom pure lips and hearts without a stain,
 As thine are, AZIM, never breath'd in vain,—



And pray that He may pardon her,—may take
Compassion on her soul for thy dear sake,
And, nought rememb'ring but her love to thee,
Make her all thine, all His, eternally!
Go to those happy fields where first we twin'd
Our youthful hearts together—every wind
That meets thee there, fresh from the well-known flow'rs,
Will bring the sweetness of those innocent hours
Back to thy soul, and thou may'st feel again
For thy poor ZELICA as thou didst then.
So shall thy orisons, like dew that flies
To Heav'n upon the morning's sunshine, rise
With all love's earliest ardour to the skies!

And should they—but, alas, my senses fail—
 Oh for one minute!—should thy prayers prevail—
 If pardon'd souls may, from that World of Bliss,
 Reveal their joy to those they love in this—
 I'll come to thee—in some sweet dream—and tell—
 Oh Heav'n—I die—dear love! farewell, farewell."

Time fled—years on years had pass'd away,
 And few of those who, on that mournful day,
 Had stood, with pity in their eyes, to see
 The maiden's death, and the youth's agony,
 Were living still—when, by a rustic grave,
 Beside the swift Amoo's transparent wave,
 An aged man, who had grown aged there
 By that lone grave, morning and night in prayer,
 For the last time knelt down—and, though the shade
 Of death hung dark'ning over him, there play'd
 A gleam of rapture on his eye and cheek,
 That brighten'd even Death—like the last streak
 Of intense glory on th' horizon's brim,
 When night o'er all the rest hangs chill and dim—
 His soul had seen a Vision, while he slept;
 She, for whose spirit he had pray'd and wept
 So many years, had come to him, all drest
 In angel smiles, and told him she was blest!
 For this the old man breath'd his thanks, and died
 And there, upon the banks of that lov'd tide,
 He and his ZELICA sleep side by side.

THE story of the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan being ended, they were now desired to hear FADLADEEN'S criticisms upon it. A series of disappointments and accidents had occurred to this learned Chamberlain during the journey. In the first place, those couriers stationed, as in the reign of Shah Jehan, between Delhi and the Western coast of India, to secure a constant supply of mangoes for the Royal Table, had, by some cruel irregularity, failed in their duty; and to eat any mangoes but those of Mazagong was, of course, impossible.¹⁰ In the next place, the elephant laden with his fine antique porcelain, had, in an unusual fit of liveliness, shattered the whole set to pieces:—an irreparable loss, as many of the vessels were so exquisitely old, as to have been used under the Emperors Yan and Chun, who reigned many ages before the dynasty of Tang. His Koran, too, supposed to be the identical copy between the leaves of which Mahomet's favourite pigeon used to nestle, had been mislaid by his Koran-bearer three whole days; not without much spiritual alarm to FADLADEEN,

who, though professing to hold with other loyal and orthodox Mussunnans, that salvation could only be found in the Koran, was strongly suspected of believing in his heart, that it could only be found in his own particular copy of it. When to all these grievances is added the obstinacy of the cooks, in putting the pepper of Canara into his dishes instead of the cinnamon of Serendib, we may easily suppose that he came to the task of criticism with, at least, a sufficient degree of irritability for the purpose.

"In order," said he, importantly swinging about his chaplet of pearls, "to convey with clearness my opinion of the story this young man has related, it is necessary to take a review of all the stories that have ever ——"—"My good FADLADEEN!" exclaimed the Princess, interrupting him, "we really do not deserve that you should give yourself so much trouble. Your opinion of the poem we have just heard, will, I have no doubt, be abundantly edifying, without any further waste of your valuable erudition."—"If that be all," replied the critic,—evidently mortified at not being allowed to show how much he knew about everything but the subject immediately before him,—“if that be all that is required, the matter is easily despatched.” He then proceeded to analyse the poem, in that strain (so well known to the unfortunate bards of Delhi) whose censures were an infliction from which few recovered, and whose very praises were like the honey extracted from the bitter flowers of the aloe. The chief personages of the story were, if he rightly understood them, an ill-favoured gentleman, with a veil over his face;—a young lady, whose reason went and came, according as it suited the poet's convenience to be sensible or otherwise;—and a youth in one of those hideous Bucharian bonnets, who took the aforesaid gentleman in a veil for a Divinity. "From such materials," said he, "what can be expected?—after rivalling each other in long speeches and absurdities, through some thousands of lines as indigestible as the filberts of Berdaa, our friend in the veil jumps into a tub of aquafortis; the young lady dies in a set speech, whose only recommendation is that it is her last; and the lover lives on to a good old age, for the laudable purpose of seeing her ghost, which he at last happily accomplishes, and expires. This, you will allow, is a fair summary of the story; and if Nasser, the Arabian merchant, told no better, our Holy Prophet (to whom be all honour and glory!) had no need to be jealous of his abilities for story-telling."

With respect to the style, it was worthy of the matter;—it had not even those politic contrivances of structure, which make up for the commonness of the thoughts by the peculiarity of the manner, nor that stately poetic phraseology by which sentiments mean in themselves, like the blacksmith's apron:^o converted into a banner, are so easily gilt and embroidered into consequence. Then, as to the versification, it was, to say no worse of it, execrable: it had neither the copious flow of Ferdosi, the sweetness of Haféz, nor the sententious march of Sadi; but appeared to him, in the uneasy heaviness of its movements, to have been modelled upon the gait of a very tired dromedary. The licences, too, in which it indulged, were unpardonable;—for instance this line, and the poem abounded with such:—

Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream.

"What critic that can count," said FADLADEEN, "and has his full complement of fingers to count withal, would tolerate for an instant such syllabic superfluities?"—

He here looked round, and discovered that most of his audience were asleep; while the glimmering lamps seemed inclined to follow their example. It became necessary, therefore, however painful to himself, to put an end to his valuable animadversions for the present, and he accordingly concluded, with an air of dignified candour, thus:—“Notwithstanding the observations which I have thought it my duty to make, it is by no means my wish to discourage the young man:—so far from it, indeed, that if he will but totally alter his style of writing and thinking, I have very little doubt that I shall be vastly pleased with him.”

SOME days elapsed, after this harangue of the Great Chamberlain, before LALLA ROOKH could venture to ask for another story. The youth was still a welcome guest in the pavilion—to *one* heart, perhaps, too dangerously welcome;—but all mention of poetry was, as if by common consent, avoided. Though none of the party had much respect for FADLADEEN, yet his censures, thus magisterially delivered, evidently made an impression on them all. The Poet himself, to whom criticism was quite a new operation (being wholly unknown in that Paradise of the Indies, Cashmere), felt the shock as it is generally felt at first, till use has made it more tolerable to the patient;—the Ladies began to suspect that they ought not to be pleased, and seemed to conclude that there must have been much good sense in what FADLADEEN said, from its having set them all so soundly to sleep;—while the self-complacent Chamberlain was left to triumph in the idea of having, for the hundred and fiftieth time in his life, extinguished a Poet. LALLA ROOKH alone—and Love knew why—persisted in being delighted with all she had heard, and in resolving to hear more as speedily as possible. Her manner, however, of first returning to the subject was unlucky. It was while they rested during the heat of noon near a fountain, on which some hand had rudely traced those well-known words from the Garden of Sadi,—“Many, like me, have viewed this fountain, but they are gone, and their eyes are closed for ever!”—that she took occasion, from the melancholy beauty of this passage, to dwell upon the charms of poetry in general. “It is true,” she said, “few poets can imitate that sublime bird, which flies always in the air, and never touches the earth:²¹—it is only once in many ages a Genius appears, whose words, like those on the Written Mountain, last for ever:²²—but still there are some, as delightful, perhaps, though not so wonderful, who, if not stars over our head, are at least flowers along our path, and whose sweetness of the moment we ought gratefully to inhale, without calling upon them for brightness and a durability beyond their nature. In short,” continued she, blushing, as if conscious of being caught in an oration, “it is quite cruel that a poet cannot wander through his regions of enchantment, without having a critic for ever, like the old Man of the Sea, upon his back!” FADLADEEN, it was plain, took this last luckless allusion to himself, and would treasure it up in his mind as a whetstone for his next criticism. A sudden silence ensued; and the Princess, glancing a look at FERAMORZ, saw plainly she must wait for a more courageous moment.

But the glories of Nature, and her wild, fragrant airs, playing freshly over the current of youthful spirits, will soon heal even deeper wounds than the dull Fadladeens of this world can inflict. In an evening or two after, they came to the small Valley of Gardens, which had been planted by order of the Emperor, for his favourite sister Rochinara, during their progress to Cashmere, some years before; and never

was there a more sparkling assemblage of sweets, since the Gulzar-e-Irem, or rose bower of Irem. Every precious flower was there to be found, that poetry, or love, or religion, has ever consecrated; from the dark hyacinth, to which Hafez compares his mistress' hair, to the *Camalata*, by whose rosy blossoms the heaven of Indra is scented. As they sat in the cool fragrance of this delicious spot, and LALLA ROOKH remarked that she could fancy it the abode of that Flower-loving Nymph whom they worship in the temples of Kathay, or of one of those Peris, those beautiful creatures of the air, who live upon perfumes, and to whom a place like this might make some amends for the Paradise they have lost,—the young Poet, in whose eyes she appeared, while she spoke, to be one of the bright spiritual creatures she was describing, said hesitatingly that he remembered a Story of a Peri, which, if the Princess had no objection, he would venture to relate. "It is," said he, with an appealing look to FADLADEEN, "in a lighter and humbler strain than the other: then, striking a few careless but melancholy chords on his kitar, he thus began:—

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

ONE morn a Peri at the gate
 Of Eden stood, disconsolate;
 And as she listen'd to the Springs
 Of Life within, like music flowing,
 And caught the light upon her wings
 Through the half-open portal glowing
 She wept to think her recreant race
 Should e'er have lost that glorious place

"How happy," exclaim'd this child of air,
 "Are the holy Spirits who wander there,
 Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall;
 Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
 And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
 One blossom of Heaven outblooms them all!
 Though sunny the Lake of cool CASHMERE,
 With its plane-tree Isle reflected clear,
 And sweetly the founts of that Valley fall;
 Though bright are the waters of SING-SU-HAY,
 And the golden floods that thitherward stray,
 Yet—oh, 'tis only the Blest can say
 How the waters of Heaven outshine them all

"Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
 From world to luminous world, as far

As the universe spreads its flaming wall:
 Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
 And multiply each through endless years,
 One minute of Heaven is worth them all!"

The glorious Angel, who was keeping
 The gates of Light, beheld her weeping;
 And, as he nearer drew and listen'd
 To her sad song, a tear-drop glisten'd
 Within his eyelids, like the spray
 From Eden's fountain, when it lies
 On the blue flow'r, which—Bramins say—
 Blooms nowhere but in Paradise.

"Nymph of a fair but erring line!"
 Gently he said—"One hope is thine.
 'Tis written in the Book of Fate,
The Peri yet may be forgiv'n
Who brings to this Eternal gate
The Gift that is most dear to Heav'n!
 Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin—
 'Tis sweet to let the pardon'd in."

Rapidly as comets run
 To th' embraces of the Sun;—
 Fleeter than the starry brands
 Flung at night from angel hands²⁸
 At those dark and daring sprites
 Who would climb th' empyreal heights,
 Down the blue vault the Peri flies,
 And, lighted earthward by a glance
 That just then broke from morning's eyes,
 Hung hov'ring o'er our world's expanse.

But whither shall the Spirit go
 To find this gift for Heav'n?—"I know
 The wealth," she cries, "of every urn,
 In which unnumber'd rubies burn,
 Beneath the pillars of CHILMINAR;
 I know where the Isles of Perfume are,
 Many a fathom down in the sea,
 To the south of sun-bright ARABY!

I know, too, where the Genii hid
 The jewell'd cup of their King JAMSHID,
 With Life's elixir sparkling high—
 But gifts like these are not for the sky,
 Where was there ever a gem that shone
 Like the steps of ALLA'S wonderful Throne?
 And the Drops of Life—oh! what would they be
 In the boundless Deep of Eternity?"

While thus she mus'd, her pinions fann'd
 The air of that sweet Indian land,
 Whose air is balm; whose ocean spreads
 O'er coral rocks, and amber beds;
 Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam
 Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem;
 Whose rivulets are like rich brides,
 Lovely, with gold beneath their tides;
 Whose sandal groves and bow'rs of spice
 Might be a Peri's Paradise!
 But crimson now her rivers ran
 With human blood—the smell of death
 Came reeking from those spicy bow'rs,
 And man, the sacrifice of man,
 Mingled his taint with ev'ry breath
 Upwafted from the innocent flow'rs.
 Land of the Sun! what foot invades
 Thy Pagods and thy pillar'd shades—
 Thy cavern shrines, and Idol stones,
 Thy Monarchs and their thousand Thrones?
 'Tis He of GAZNA—fierce in wrath
 He comes, and INDIA'S diadems
 Lie scatter'd in his ruinous path.
 His bloodhounds he adorns with gems,
 Torn from the violated necks
 Of many a young and lov'd Sultana;
 Maidens, within their pure Zenana,
 Priests in the very fane he slaughters,
 And chokes up with the glitt'ring wrecks
 Of golden shrines the sacred waters!

Downward the PERI turns her gaze,
 And, through the war-field's bloody haze

LALLA ROOY

Beholds a youthful warrior stand,
Alone beside his native river,—
The red blade broken in his hand,
And the last arrow in his quiver.
“Live,” said the Conq’ror, “live to share
The trophies and the crowns I bear:”
Silent that youthful warrior stood—
Silent he pointed to the flood
All crimson with his country’s blood,
Then sent his last remaining dart,
For answer, to th’ Invader’s heart.

False flew the shaft, though pointed well!
The Tyrant liv’d, the Hero fell!—
Yet mark’d the PERI where he lay,
And, when the rush of war was past,
Swiftly descending on a ray
Of morning light, she caught the last—
Last glorious drop his heart had shed,
Before its free-born spirit fled!

“Be this,” she cried, as she wing’d her flight,
“My welcome gift at the Gates of Light.
Though foul are the drops that oft distil
On the field of warfare, blood like this,
For Liberty shed, so holy is,
It would not stain the purest rill,
That sparkles among the Bowers of Bliss!
Oh, if there be on this earthly sphere
A boon, an offering Heav’n holds dear,
’Tis the last libation Liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause!”

“Sweet,” said the Angel, as she gave
The gift into his radiant hand,
“Sweet is our welcome of the Brave
Who die thus for their native Land.
But see—alas!—the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not—holier far
’Than ev’n this drop the boon must be,
That opes the Gates of Heav’n for thee!”



Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,
Now among AFRIC'S lunar Mountains,
Far to the South, the PERI lighted ;
And sleek'd her plumage at the fountains
Of that Egyptian tide—whose birth
Is hidden from the sons of earth
Deep in those solitary woods,
Where oft the Genii of the Floods
Dance round the cradle of their Nile,
And hail the new-born Giant's smile.²⁴
Thence over EGYPT'S palmy groves,
Her grotts, and sepulchres of Kings,
The exil'd Spirit sighing roves ;

And now hangs list'ning to the doves
 In warm ROSETTA'S vale—now loves
 To watch the moonlight on the wings
 Of the white pelicans that break
 The azure calm of MÆRIS' Lake. •
 'Twas a fair scene—a Land more bright
 Never did mortal eye behold!
 Who could have thought, that saw this night,
 Those valleys and their fruits of gold
 Basking in Heav'n's serenest light;
 Those groups of lovely date-trees bending
 Languidly their leaf-crown'd heads,
 Like youthful maids, when sleep descending
 Warns them to their silken beds;
 Those virgin lilies, all the night
 Bathing their beauties in the lake,
 That they may rise more fresh and bright,
 When their beloved Sun's awake;
 Those ruin'd shrives and tow'rs that seem
 The relics of a splendid dream,
 Amid whose fairy loneliness
 Nought but the lapwing's cry is heard,
 Nought seen but (when the shadows, flitting
 Fast from the moon, unsheath its gleam)
 Some purple wing'd Sultana sitting
 Upon a column, motionless
 And glittering like an Idol bird!—
 Who could have thought that there, ev'n there,
 Amid those scenes so still and fair,
 The Demon of the Plague hath cast
 From his hot wing a deadlier blast,
 More mortal far than ever came
 From the red Desert's sands of flame!
 So quick, that ev'ry living thing
 Of human shape, touch'd by his wing,
 Like plants, where the Simoom hath past,
 At once falls black and withering!
 The sun went down on many a brow,
 Which, full of bloom and freshness then,
 Is rankling in the pest-house now,
 And ne'er will feel that sun again.
 And, oh! to see th' unburied heaps
 On which the lonely moonlight sleeps—

The very vultures turn away,
 And sicken at so foul a prey!
 Only the fierce hyæna stalks
 Throughout the city's desolate walks
 At midnight, and his carnage plies:—
 Woe to the half-dead wretch, who meets
 The glaring of those large blue eyes
 Amid the darkness of the streets!

“Poor race of men!” said the pitying Spirit,
 “Dearly ye pay for your primal Fall—
 Some flow'rets of Eden ye still inherit,
 But the trail of the Serpent is over them all.”
 She wept—the air grew pure and clear
 Around her, as the bright drops ran;
 For there's a magic in each tear,
 Such kindly Spirits weep for man!

Just then beneath some orange trees,
 Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
 Were wantoning together, free,
 Like age at play with infancy—
 Beneath that fresh and springing bower,
 Close by the Lake, she heard the moan
 Of one who, at this silent hour,
 Had thither stol'n to die alone.
 One who in life where'er he mov'd,
 Drew after him the hearts of many;
 Yet now as though he ne'er were lov'd,
 Dies here unseen, unwept by any!
 None to watch near him—none to slake
 The fire that in his bosom lies,
 With ev'n a sprinkle from that lake,
 Which shines so cool before his eyes;
 No voice, well known through many a day,
 To speak the last, the parting word,
 Which, when all other sounds decay,
 Is still like distant music heard;—
 That tender farewell on the shore
 Of this rude world, when all is o'er,
 Which, cheers the spirit, ere its bark
 Puts off into the unknown Dark.

Deserted youth! one thought alone
 Shed joy around his soul in death—
 That she, whom he for years had known,
 And lov'd, and might have call'd his own,
 Was safe from this foul midnight's breath—
 Safe in her father's princely halls,
 Where the cool airs from fountain falls,
 Freshly perfum'd by many a brand
 Of the sweet wood from India's land,
 Were pure as she whose brow they fann'd.

But see—who yonder comes by stealth,
 This melancholy bow'r to seek,
 Like a young envoy, sent by Health,
 With rosy gifts upon her cheek?
 'Tis she—far off, through moonlight dim,
 He knew his own betrothed bride,
 She, who would rather die with him,
 Than live to gain the world beside!
 Her arms are round her lover now,
 His livid cheek to hers she presses,
 And dips, to bind his burning brow,
 In the cool lake her loosen'd tresses.
 Ah! once, how little did he think
 An hour would come, when he should shrink
 With horror from that dear embrace,
 Those gentle arms, that were to him
 Holy as is the cradling place
 Of Eden's infant cherubim!
 And now he yields—now turns away,
 Shudd'ring as if the venom lay
 All in those proffer'd lips alone—
 Those lips that, then so fearless grown,
 Never until that instant came
 Near his unask'd or without shame.
 "Oh! let me only breathe the air,
 The blessed air, that's breath'd by thee,
 And, whether on its wings it bear
 Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me!
 There—drink my tears, while yet they fall—
 Would that my bosom's blood were balm,
 And, well thou know'st, I'd shed it all,
 To give thy brow one minute's calm.

Nay, turn not from me that dear face—
 Am I not thine—thy own lov'd bride—
 The one, the chosen one, whose place
 In life or death is by thy side!
 Think'st thou that she, whose only light,
 In this dim world, from thee hath shone.
 Could bear the long, the cheerless night,
 That must be hers, when thou art gone?
 That I can live, and let thee go,
 Who art my life itself?—No, no—
 When the stem dies, the leaf that grew
 Out of its heart must perish too!
 Then turn to me, my own love, turn,
 Before, like thee, I fade and burn;
 Cling to these yet cool lips, and share
 The last pure life that lingers there!"
 She falls—she sinks—as dies the lamp
 In charnel airs, or cavern-damp,
 So quickly do his baleful sighs
 Quench all the sweet light of her eyes.
 One struggle—and his pain is past—
 Her lover is no longer living!
 One kiss the maiden gives, one last,
 Long kiss, which she expires in giving!

"Sleep," said the PERI, as softly she stole
 The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,
 As true as e'er warm'd a woman's breast—
 "Sleep on, in visions of odour rest,
 In balmier airs than ever yet stirr'd
 Th' enchanted pile of that lonely bird,
 Who sings at the last his own death-lay,
 And in music and perfume dies away!"

Thus saying, from her lips she spread
 Unearthly breathings through the place,
 And shook her sparkling wreath, and shed
 Such lustre o'er each paly face,
 That like two lovely saints they seem'd,
 Upon the eve of doomsday taken
 From their dim graves, in odour sleeping;
 While that benevolent PERI beam'd
 Like their good angel, calmly keeping
 Watch o'er them till their souls would waken.

But morn is blushing in the sky ;
 Again the PERI soars above,
 Bearing to Heav'n that precious sigh
 Of pure, self-sacrificing love.
 High throbb'd her heart with hope elate,
 Th' Elysian palm she soon shall win,
 For the bright Spirit at the gate
 Smil'd as she gave that offering in ;
 And she already hears the trees
 Of Eden, with their crystal bells
 Ringing in that ambrosial breeze
 That from the throne of ALLA swells ;
 And she can see the starry bowls
 That lie around that lucid lake,
 Upon whose banks admitted Souls
 Their first sweet draught of glory take !

But, ah ! even PERIS' hopes are vain—
 Again the Fates forbade, again
 Th' immortal barrier clos'd—"Not yet,"
 The Angel said, as with regret
 He shut from her that glimpse of glory—
 "True was the maiden, and her story,
 Written in light o'er ALLA'S head,
 By seraph eyes shall long be read.
 But, PERI, see—the crystal bar
 Of Eden moves not—holier far
 Than ev'n this sigh the boon must be
 That opes the Gates of Heav'n for thee."

Now, upon SYRIA'S land of roses
 Softly the light of Eve reposes,
 And, like a glory, the broad sun
 Hangs over sainted LEBANON ;
 Whose head in wintry grandeur tow'rs,
 And whitens with eternal sleet,
 While summer, in a vale of flow'rs,
 Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one who look'd from upper air
 O'er all th' enchanted regions there,
 How beauteous must have been the glow,
 The life, the sparkling from below !

Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks
 Of golden melons on their banks,
 More golden where the sun-light falls;
 Gay lizards, glitt'ring on the walls
 Of ruin'd shrines, busy and bright
 As they were all alive with light;
 And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks
 Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,
 With their rich restless wings, that gleam
 Variously in the crimson beam
 Of the warm West,—as if inlaid
 With brilliants from the mine, or made
 Of tearless rainbows, such as span
 Th' unclouded skies of PERISTAN.
 And then the mingling sounds that come,
 Of shepherd's ancient reed, with hum
 Of the wild bees of PALESTINE,
 Banqueting through the flow'ry vales;
 And, JORDAN, those sweet banks of thine,
 And woods so full of nightingales.

But nought can charm the luckless PERRI;
 Her soul is sad—her wings are weary—
 Joyless she sees the Sun look down
 On that great Temple, once his own,
 Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
 Flinging their shadows from on high,
 Like dials, which the wizard, Time,
 Had rais'd to count his ages by!

Yet haply there may lie conceal'd
 Beneath those Chambers of the Sun,
 Some amulet of gems, anneal'd
 In upper fires, some tablet seal'd
 With the great name of SOLOMON,
 Which, spell'd by her illumin'd eyes,
 May teach her where beneath the moon,
 In earth or ocean, lies the boon,
 The charm, that can restore so soon
 An erring Spirit to the skies.

Cheer'd by this hope she bends her thither;
 Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,
 Nor have the golden bowers of Even
 In the rich West begun to wither;
 When, o'er the vale of BALBEC winging
 Slowly, she sees a child at play,
 Among the rosy wild flow'rs singing,
 As rosy and as wild as they;
 Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,
 The beautiful blue damsel-flies,
 That flutter'd round the jasmine stems,
 Like winged flow'rs or flying gems:
 And, near the boy, who tir'd with play
 Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
 She saw a wearied man dismount
 From his hot steed, and on the brink
 Of a small inaret's rustic fount
 Impatient fling him down to drink.
 Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd
 To the fair child, who fearless sat,
 Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd
 Upon a brow more fierce than that,—
 Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
 Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire;
 In which the PERR's eyes could read
 Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;
 The ruin'd maid—the shrine profan'd—
 Oaths broken—and the threshold stain'd
 With blood of guests!—*there* written, all,
 Black as the damning drops that fall
 From the denouncing Angel's pen,
 Ere Mercy weeps them out again.

Yet tranquil now that man of crime
 (As if the balmy evening time
 Soften'd his spirit) look'd and lay,
 Watching the rosy infant's play:—
 Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
 Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance
 Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,
 As torches, that have burnt all night
 Through some impure and godless rite,
 Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But, hark! the vesper call to pray'r,
 As slow the orb of daylight sets,
 Is rising sweetly on the air,
 From SYRIA'S thousand minarets!
 The boy has started from the bed
 Of flow'rs, where he had laid his head,
 And down upon the fragrant sod
 Kneels, with his forehead to the south,
 Lispering th' eternal name of God
 From Purity's own cherub mouth,
 And looking, while his hands and eyes
 Are lifted to the glowing skies,
 Like a stray babe of Paradise,
 Just lighted on that flow'ry plain,
 And seeking for its home again.
 Oh! 'twas a sight—that Heav'n—that child—
 A scene, which might have well beguil'd
 Ev'n haughty EBLIS of a sigh
 For glories lost and peace gone by

And how felt *he*, the wretched Man
 Reclining there—while memory ran
 O'er many a year of guilt and strife;
 Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
 Nor found one sunny resting-place,
 Nor brought him back one branch of grace.
 "There *was* a time," he said, in mild,
 Heart-humbled tones—"thou blessed child!
 When, young and haply pure as thou,
 I look'd and pray'd like thee—but now—"
 He hung his head—each nobler aim,
 And hope, and feeling, which had slept
 From boyhood's hour, that instant came
 Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!
 In whose benign, redeeming flow
 Is felt the first, the only sense
 Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

"There's a drop," said the PERI, "that down from the moon
 Falls through the withering airs of June



Upon EGYPT'S land,²⁵ of so healing a pow'r,
So balmy a virtue, that ev'n in the hour
That drop descends, contagion dies,
And health re-animates earth and skies!—
Oh, is it not thus, thou man of sin,
The precious tears of repentance fall?
Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
One heavenly drop hath dispell'd them all!"

And now—behold him kneeling there
By the child's side in humble pray'r,
While the same sunbeam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through Heav'n
The triumph of a Soul Forgiv'n!

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
 While on their knees they linger'd yet
 There fell a light more lovely far
 Than ever came from sun or star,
 Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
 Dew'd that repentant sinner's cheek.
 To mortal eye this light might seem
 A northern flash or meteor beam—
 But well th' enraptur'd PERI knew
 'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw
 From Heaven's gate, to hail that tear
 Her harbinger of glory near!

"Joy, joy for ever! my task is done—
 The gates are pass'd, and Heav'n is won!
 Oh! am I not happy? I am, I am—
 To thee, sweet Eden! how dark and sad
 Are the diamond turrets of SHADUKIAM,²⁶
 And the fragrant bowers of AMBERABAD!

"Farewell, ye odours of Earth, that die
 Passing away like a lover's sigh;—
 My feast is now of the Tooba Tree,
 Whose scent is the breath of Eternity!

"Farewell, ye vanishing flowers, that shone
 In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief;—
 Oh! what are the brightest that e'er have blown,
 To the lote-tree, springing by ALLA'S throne,
 Whose flow'rs have a soul in every leaf
 Joy, joy for ever!—my task is done—
 The Gates are pass'd, and Heav'n is won!"

"AND this," said the Great Chamberlain, "is poetry! this flimsy manufacture of the brain, which, in comparison with the lofty and durable monuments of genius, is as the gold filigree-work of Zamara beside the eternal architecture of Egypt!" After this gorgeous sentence, which, with a few more of the same kind, FADLADEEN kept by him for rare and important occasions, he proceeded to the anatomy of the short poem just recited. The lax and easy kind of metre in which it was written ought to be denounced, he said, as one of the leading causes of the alarming growth of poetry in our times. If some check were not given to this lawless facility, we soon should be overrun by a race of bards as numerous and as shallow as the hundred

and twenty thousand Streams of Basra. They who succeeded in this style deserved chastisement for their very success;—as warriors have been punished, even after gaining a victory, because they had taken the liberty of gaining it in an irregular or unestablished manner. What, then, was to be said to those who failed? to those who presumed, as in the present lamentable instance, to imitate the licence and ease of the bolder sons of song, without any of that grace or vigour which gave a dignity even to negligence;—who, like them, flung the jereed carelessly, but not, like them, to the mark;—“and who,” said he, raising his voice to excite a proper degree of wakefulness in his hearers, “contrive to appear heavy and constrained in the midst of all the latitude they allow themselves, like one of those young pagans that dance before the Princess, who is ingenious enough to move as if her limbs were fettered, in a pair of the lightest and loosest drawers of Masulipatam!”

It was but little suitable, he continued, to the grave march of criticism to follow this fantastical Peri, of whom they had just heard, through all her flights and adventures between earth and heaven; but he could not help adverting to the puerile conceitedness of the Three Gifts which she is supposed to carry to the skies,—a drop of blood, forsooth, a sigh, and a tear! How the first of these articles was delivered into the Angel's “radiant hand” he professed himself at a loss to discover; and as to the safe carriage of the sigh and the tear, such Peris and such poets were beings by far too incomprehensible for him even to guess how they managed such matters. “But, in short,” said he, “it is a waste of time and patience to dwell longer upon a thing so incurably frivolous,—puny even among its own puny race, and such as only the Banyan Hospital for Sick Insects should undertake.”

In vain did LALLA ROOKH try to soften this inexorable critic; in vain did she resort to her most eloquent common-places,—reminding him that poets were a timid and sensitive race, whose sweetness was not to be drawn forth, like that of the fragrant grass near the Ganges, by crushing and trampling upon them;—that severity often extinguished every chance of the perfection which it demanded; and that, after all, perfection was like the Mountain of the Talisman,—no one had ever yet reached its summit. Neither these gentle axioms, nor the still gentler looks with which they were inculcated, could lower for one instant the elevation of FADLADEEN's eyebrows, or charm him into anything like encouragement, or even toleration, of her poet. Toleration, indeed, was not among the weaknesses of FADLADEEN:—he carried the same spirit into matters of poetry and of religion, and, though little versed in the beauties or sublimities of either, was a perfect master of the art of persecution in both. His zeal was the same, too, in either pursuit; whether the game before him was pagans or poetasters,—worshippers of cows, or writers of epics.

They had now arrived at the splendid city of Lahore, whose mausoleums and shrines, magnificent and numberless, where Death appeared to share equal honour with Heaven, would have powerfully affected the heart and imagination of LALLA ROOKH, if feelings more of this earth had not taken entire possession of her already. She was here met by messengers, despatched from Cashmere, who informed her that the King had arrived in the Valley, and was himself superintending the sumptuous preparations that were then making in the Saloons of the Shalimar for her reception. The chill she felt on receiving this intelligence,—which to a bride whose heart was free and light would have brought only images of affection and pleasure,—convinced

her that her peace was gone for ever, and that she was in love, irretrievably in love, with young FERAMORZ. The veil had fallen off in which this passion at first disguises itself, and to know that she loved was now as painful as to love *without* knowing it had been delicious. FERAMORZ, too—what misery would be his, if the sweet hours of intercourse so imprudently allowed them should have stolen into his heart the same fatal fascination as into hers;—if, notwithstanding her rank, and the modest homage he always paid to it, even *he* should have yielded to the influence of those long and happy interviews where music, poetry, the delightful scenes of nature,—all had tended to bring their hearts close together, and to waken by every means that too ready passion, which often, like the young of the desert bird, is warmed into life by the eyes alone!²⁷ She saw but one way to preserve herself from being culpable as well as unhappy, and this, however painful, she was resolved to adopt. FERAMORZ must no more be admitted to her presence. To have strayed so far into the dangerous labyrinth was wrong, but to linger in it, while the clue was yet in her hand, would be criminal. Though the heart she had to offer to the King of Bucharia might be cold and broken, it should at least be pure; and she must only endeavour to forget the short dream of happiness she had enjoyed,—like that Arabian shepherd, who, in wandering into the wilderness, caught a glimpse of the Gardens of Irim, and then lost them again for ever!

The arrival of the young Bride at Lahore was celebrated in the most enthusiastic manner. The Rajas and Omras in her train, who had kept at a certain distance during the journey, and never encamped nearer to the Princess than was strictly necessary for her safeguard, here rode in splendid cavalcade through the city, and distributed the most costly presents to the crowd. Engines were erected in all the squares, which cast forth showers of confectionary among the people; while the artisans, in chariots adorned with tinsel and flying streamers, exhibited the badges of their respective trades through the streets. Such brilliant displays of life and pageantry among the palaces, and domes, and gilded minarets of Lahore, made the city altogether like a place of enchantment;—particularly on the day when LALLA ROOKH set out again upon her journey, when she was accompanied to the gate by all the fairest and richest of the nobility, and rode along between ranks of beautiful boys and girls, who kept waving over their heads plates of gold and silver flowers,²⁸ and then threw them around to be gathered by the populace.

For many days after their departure from Lahore, a considerable degree of gloom hung over the whole party. LALLA ROOKH, who had intended to make illness her excuse for not admitting the young minstrel, as usual, to the pavilion, soon found that to feign indisposition was unnecessary;—FADLADEEN felt the loss of the good road they had hitherto travelled, and was very near cursing Jehan-Guire (of blessed memory!) for not having continued his delectable alley of trees, at least as far as the mountains of Cashmere;—while the Ladies, who had nothing now to do all day but to be fanned by peacocks' feathers and listen to FADLADEEN, seemed heartily weary of the life they led, and, in spite of all the Great Chamberlain's criticisms, were so tasteless as to wish for the poet again. One evening, as they were proceeding to their place of rest for the night, the Princess, who, for the freer enjoyment of the air, had mounted her favourite Arabian palfrey, in passing by a small grove heard the notes of a lute from within its leaves, and a voice, which she but too well knew, singing the following words:—

TELL me not of joys above,
 If that world can give no bliss,
 Truer, happier than the Love
 Which enslaves our souls in this

'Tell me not of Houris' eyes;—
 Far from me their dangerous glow,
 If those looks that light the skies
 Wound like some that burn below.

Who, that feels what Love is here,
 All its falsehood—all its pain—
 Would, for ev'n Elysium's sphere,
 Risk the fatal dream again?

Who, that midst a desert's heat
 Sees the waters fade away,
 Would not rather die than meet
 Streams again as false as they?

The tone of melancholy defiance in which these words were uttered, went to LALLA ROOKH's heart;—and, as she reluctantly rode on, she could not help feeling it to be a sad but still sweet certainty, that FERAMORZ was to the full as enamoured and miserable as herself.

The place where they encamped that evening was the first delightful spot they had come to since they left Lahore. On one side of them was a grove full of small Hindoo temples, and planted with the most graceful trees of the East; where the tamarind, the cassia, and the silken plantains of Ceylon were mingled in rich contrast with the high fan-like foliage of the Palmyra,—that favourite tree of the luxurious bird that lights up the chambers of its nest with fire-flies. In the middle of the lawn where the pavilion stood there was a tank surrounded by small mangoe-trees, on the clear cold waters of which floated multitudes of the beautiful red lotus; while at a distance stood the ruins of a strange and awful-looking tower, which seemed old enough to have been the temple of some religion no longer known, and which spoke the voice of desolation in the midst of all that bloom and loveliness. This singular ruin excited the wonder and conjectures of all. LALLA ROOKH guessed in vain, and the all-pretending FADLADEEN, who had never till this journey been beyond the precincts of Délhi, was proceeding most learnedly to show that he knew nothing whatever about the matter, when one of the Ladies suggested that perhaps FERAMORZ could satisfy their curiosity. They were now approaching his native mountains, and this tower might perhaps be a relic of some of those dark superstitions, which had prevailed in that country before the light of Islam dawned upon it. The Chamberlain, who usually preferred his own ignorance to the best knowledge that any one else could give him, was by no means pleased with this officious reference; and the Princess, too, was about to interpose a faint word of objection, but, before either of them could speak, a slave was despatched for FERAMORZ, who in a very few minutes made his appearance before them—looking

so pale and unhappy in LALLA ROOKH's eyes, that she repented already of her cruelty in having so long excluded him.

That venerable tower, he told them, was the remains of an ancient Fire-Temple, built by those Ghebers or Persians of the old religion, who, many hundred years since, had fled hither from their Arab conquerors, preferring liberty and their altars in a foreign land to the alternative of apostasy or persecution in their own. It was impossible, he added, not to feel interested in the many glorious but unsuccessful struggles, which had been made by these original natives of Persia to cast off the yoke of their bigoted conquerors. Like their own Fire in the Burning Field at Bakou, when suppressed in one place, they had but broken out with fresh flame in another; and, as a native of Cashmere, of that fair and Holy Valley, which had in the same manner become the prey of strangers, and seen her ancient shrines and native princes swept away before the march of her intolerant invaders, he felt a sympathy, he owned, with the sufferings of the persecuted Ghebers, which every monument like this before them but tended more powerfully to awaken.

It was the first time that FERAMORZ had ever ventured upon so much *prose* before FADLADEEN, and it may easily be conceived what effect such prose as this must have produced upon that most orthodox and most pagan-hating personage. He sat for some minutes aghast, ejaculating only at intervals, "Bigoted conquerors!—sympathy with Fire-worshippers!"—while FERAMORZ, happy to take advantage of this almost speechless horror of the Chamberlain, proceeded to say that he knew a melancholy story, connected with the events of one of those struggles of the brave Fire-worshippers against their Arab masters, which, if the evening was not too far advanced, he should have much pleasure in being allowed to relate to the Princess. It was impossible for LALLA ROOKH to refuse;—he had never before looked half so animated; and when he spoke of the Holy Valley his eyes had sparkled, she thought, like the talismanic characters on the scimitar of Solomon. Her consent was therefore most readily granted; and while FADLADEEN sat in unspeakable dismay, expecting treason and abomination in every line, the poet thus began his story of the Fire-worshippers:—



THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

'Tis moonlight over OMAN'S SEA;
Her banks of pearl and palmy isles
Bask in the night-beam beauteously,
And her blue waters sleep in smiles.
'Tis moonlight in HARMOZIA'S walls,
And through her EMIR'S porphyry halls,
Where, some hours since, was heard the swell
Of trumpet and the clash of zel,²⁹
Bidding the bright-ey'd sun farewell;—
The peaceful sun, whom better suits
The music of the bulbul's nest,
Or the light touch of lovers' lutes,
To sing him to his golden rest.

All hush'd—there's not a breeze in motion
 The shore is silent as the ocean.
 If zephyrs come, so light they come,
 No leaf is stirr'd nor wave is driven;
 The wind-tower on the EMIR'S dome
 Can hardly win a breath from heaven.

Ev'n he, that tyrant Arab, sleeps
 Calm, while a nation round him weeps;
 While curses load the air he breathes,
 And falchions from unnumber'd sheaths
 Are starting to avenge the shame
 His race hath brought on IRAN'S name.
 Hard, heartless Chief, unmov'd alike
 Mid eyes that weep, and swords that strike;—
 One of that saintly, murd'rous brood,
 To carnage and the Koran giv'n,
 Who think through unbelievers' blood
 Lies their directest path to heav'n;—
 One, who will pause and kneel unshod
 In the warm blood his hand hath pour'd,
 To mutter o'er some text of God
 Engraven on his reeking sword;—
 Nay, who can coolly note the line,
 The letter of those words divine,
 To which his blade, with searching art,
 Had sunk into its victim's heart!

Just ALLA! what must be thy look,
 When such a wretch before thee stands
 Unblushing, with thy Sacred Book,—
 Turning the leaves with blood-stain'd hands,
 And wresting from its page sublime
 His creed of lust, and hate, and crime;—
 Ev'n as those bees of TREBIZOND,
 Which, from the sunniest flow'rs that glad
 With their pure smile the gardens round,
 Draw venom forth that drives men mad.

Never did fierce ARABIA send
 A satrap forth more direly great;
 Never was IRAN doom'd to bend
 Beneath a yoke of deadlier weight.

Her throne had fall'n—her pride was crush'd—
 Her sons were willing slaves, nor blush'd,
 In their own land,—no more their own,—
 To crouch beneath a stranger's throne.
 Her tow'rs, where MITHRA once had burn'd,
 To Moslem shrines—oh shame!—were turn'd,
 Where slaves, converted by the sword,
 Their mean, apostate worship pour'd,
 And curs'd the faith their sires ador'd.
 Yet has she hearts, mid all this ill,
 O'er all this wreck high buoyant still
 With hope and vengeance,—hearts that yet—

Like gems, in darkness, issuing rays
 They've treasur'd from the sun that's set—

Beam all the light of long-lost days!
 And swords she hath, nor weak nor slow

To second all such hearts can dare;
 As he shall know, well, dearly know,

Who sleeps in moonlight lux'ry there,
 Tranquil as if his spirit lay
 Becalm'd in Heav'n's approving ray.
 Sleep on—for purer eyes than thine
 Those waves are hush'd, those planets shine;
 Sleep on, and be thy rest unmov'd

By the white moonbeam's dazzling power:
 None but the loving and the lov'd

Should be awake at this sweet hour.

And see—where, high above those rocks
 That o'er the deep their shadows fling,

Yon turret stands—where ebon locks,
 As glossy as a heron's wing

Upon the turban of a king,
 Hang from the lattice, long and wild,—

'Tis she, that EMIR's blooming child,
 All truth and tenderness and grace,
 Though born of such ungentle race;—
 An image of Youth's radiant Fountain
 Springing in a desolate mountain!

Oh what a pure and sacred thing
 Is Beauty, curtain'd from the sight
 Of the gross world, illumining
 One only mansion with her light!

Unseen by man's disturbing eye,—
 The flow'r that blooms beneath the sea,
 Too deep for sunbeams, doth not lie
 Hid in more chaste obscurity.
 So, HINDA, have thy face and mind,
 Like holy myst'ries, lain enshrin'd.
 And oh, what transport for a lover
 To lift the veil that shades them o'er!—
 Like those who, all at once, discover
 In the lone deep some fairy shore,
 Where mortal never trod before,
 And sleep and wake in scented airs
 No lip had ever breath'd but theirs.

Beautiful are the maids that glide,
 On summer-eves, through YEMEN'S dales,
 And bright the glancing looks they hide
 Behind their litters' roseate veils;—
 And brides, as delicate and fair
 As the white jasmine flow'rs they wear,
 Hath YEMEN in her blissful clime,
 Who, lull'd in cool kiosk or bow'r,
 Before their mirrors count the time,
 And grow still lovelier ev'ry hour;
 But never yet hath bride or maid
 In ARABY'S gay Haram smil'd,
 Whose boasted brightness would not fade
 Before AL HASSAN'S blooming child.

Light as the angel shapes that bless
 An infant's dream, yet not the less
 Rich in all woman's loveliness;—
 With eyes so pure, that from their ray
 Dark Vice would turn abash'd away,
 Blinded like serpents, when they gaze
 Upon the emerald's virgin blaze;³⁰—
 Yet fill'd with all youth's sweet desires,
 Mingling the meek and vestal fires
 Of other worlds with all the bliss,
 The fond, weak tenderness of this:
 A soul, too, more than half divine,
 Where, through some shades of earthly feeling,
 Religion's soften'd glories shine,
 Like light through summer foliage stealing,

Shedding a glow of such mild hue,
 So warm, and yet so shadowy too,
 As makes the very darkness there
 More beautiful than light elsewhere.

Such is the maid who, at this hour,
 Hath risen from her restless sleep,
 And sits alone in that high bow'r,
 Watching the still and shining deep.
 Ah! 'twas not thus,—with tearful eyes,
 And beating heart,—she us'd to gaze
 On the magnificent earth and skies,
 In her own land, in happier days.
 Why looks she now so anxious down
 Among those rocks, whose rugged frown
 Blackens the mirror of the deep?
 Whom waits she all this lonely night?
 Too rough the rocks, too bold the steep,
 For man to scale that turret's height!—

So deem'd at least her thoughtful sire,
 When high, to catch the cool night-air,
 After the day-beam's with'ring fire,
 He built her bow'r of freshness there,
 And had it deck'd with costliest skill,
 And fondly thought it safe as fair:—
 Think, reverend dreamer! think so still,
 Nor wake to learn what Love can dare;—
 Love, all-defying Love, who sees
 No charm in trophies won with ease;—
 Whose rarest, dearest fruits of bliss
 Are pluck'd on Danger's precipice!
 Bolder than they, who dare not dive
 For pearls, but when the sea's at rest,
 Love, in the tempest most alive,
 Hath ever held that pearl the best
 He finds beneath the stormiest water.
 Yes—ARABY'S unrivall'd daughter,
 Though high that tower, that rock-way rude,
 There's one who, but to kiss thy cheek,
 Would climb th' untrodden solitude
 Of ARARAT'S tremendous peak,
 And think its steeps, though dark and dread,
 Heav'n's pathways, if to thee they led.

Ev'n now thou see'st the flashing spray,
 That lights his oar's impatient way;
 Ev'n now thou hear'st the sudden shock
 Of his swift bark against the rock,
 And stretchest down thy arms of snow,
 As if to lift him from below!
 Like her to whom, at dead of night,
 The bridegroom, with his locks of light,
 Came, in the flush of love and pride,
 And scal'd the terrace of his bride;—
 When, as she saw him rashly spring,
 And midway up in danger cling,
 She flung him down her long black hair,
 Exclaiming, breathless, "There, love, there!"
 And scarce did manlier nerve uphold
 The hero ZAL in that fond hour,
 Than wings the youth who, fleet and bold,
 Now climbs the rocks to HINDA'S bower.
 See—light as up their granite steeps
 The rock-goats of ARABIA clamber,
 Fearless from crag to crag he leaps,
 And now is in the maiden's chamber.

She loves—but knows not whom she loves,
 Nor what his race, nor whence he came;—
 Like one who meets, in Indian groves,
 Some beauteous bird without a name,
 Brought by the last ambrosial breeze,
 From isles in th' undiscover'd seas,
 To show his plumage for a day
 To wond'ring eyes, and wing away!
 Will *he* thus fly—her nameless lover?
 ALLA forbid! 'twas by a moon
 As fair as this, while singing over
 Some ditty to her soft Kanoon,
 Alone, at this same witching hour,
 She first beheld his radiant eyes
 Gleam through the lattice of the bow'r,
 Where nightly now they mix their sighs;
 And thought some spirit of the air
 (For what could waft a mortal there?)
 Was pausing on his moonlight way
 To listen to her lonely lay!

This fancy ne'er hath left her mind:

And though, when terror's swoon had past,
She saw a youth, of mortal kind,

Before her in obeisance cast,—

Yet often since, when he hath spoken
Strange, awful words, and gleams have broken
From his dark eyes, too bright to bear,

Oh! she hath fear'd her soul was giv'n
To some unhallow'd child of air,

Some erring Spirit cast from heav'n,
Like those angelic youths of old,
Who burn'd for maids of mortal mould,
Bewilder'd left the glorious skies,
And lost their heav'n for woman's eyes.

Fond girl! nor fiend nor angel he
Who woos thy young simplicity;
But one of earth's impassion'd sons,

As warm in love, as fierce in ire,
As the best heart whose current runs
Full of the Day-God's living fire.

But quench'd to-night that ardour seems,

And pale his cheek, and sunk his brow;—
Never before, but in her dreams,

Had she beheld him pale as now:
And those were dreams of troubled sleep
From which 'twas joy to wake and weep;
Visions, that will not be forgot,

But sadden every waking scene,
Like warning ghosts, that leave the spot
All wither'd where they once have been.

“How sweetly,” said the trembling maid,
Of her own gentle voice afraid,
So long had they in silence stood,
Looking upon that tranquil flood—
“How sweetly does the moonbeam smile
To-night 'upon yon leafy isle!
Oft, in my fancy's wanderings,
I've wish'd that little isle had wings.

And we, within its fairy bow'rs,
 Were wafted off to seas unknown,
 - Where not a pulse should beat but ours,
 And we might live, love, die alone!
 Far from the cruel and the cold,—
 Where the bright eyes of angels only
 Should come around us, to behold
 A paradise so pure and lonely.
 Would this be world enough for thee?"—
 Playful she turn'd, that he might see
 The passing smile her cheek put on;
 But when she mark'd how mournfully
 His eyes met hers, that smile was gone;
 And, bursting into heart-felt tears,
 "Yes, yes," she cried, "my hourly fears,
 My dreams have boded all too right—
 We part—for ever part—to-night!
 I knew, I knew it *could* not last—
 'Twas bright, 'twas heav'nly, but 'tis past!
 Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
 I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
 I never lov'd a tree or flow'r,
 But 'twas the first to fade away.
 I never nurs'd a dear gazelle,
 To glad me with its soft black eye,
 But when it came to know me well,
 And love me, it was sure to die!
 Now too—the joy most likè divine
 Of all I ever dreamt or knew,
 To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine—
 Oh misery! must I lose *that* too?
 Yet go—on peril's brink we meet;—
 Those frightful rocks—that treach'rous sea—
 No, never come again—though sweet,
 Though heav'n, it may be death to thee.
 Farewell—and blessings on thy way,
 Where'er thou goest, beloved stranger!
 Better to sit and watch that ray,
 And think thee safe, though far away,
 Than have thee near me, and in danger!"

"Danger!—oh, tempt me not to boast—"
 The youth exclaim'd—"thou little know'st

What he can brave, who, born and nurst
 In Danger's paths, has dar'd her worst;
 Upon whose ear the signal-word
 Of strife and death is hourly breaking;
 Who sleeps with head upon the sword
 His fever'd hand must grasp in waking
 Danger!—"

"Say on—thou fear'st not then,
 And we may meet—oft meet again?"

"Oh! look not so—beneath the skies
 I now fear nothing but those eyes.
 If aught on earth could charm or force
 My spirit from its destin'd course,—
 If aught could make this soul forget
 The bond to which its seal is set,
 'Twould be those eyes;—they, only they,
 Could melt that sacred seal away!
 But no—'tis fix'd—*my* awful doom
 Is fix'd—on this side of the tomb
 We meet no more;—why, why did Heav'n
 Mingle two souls that earth has riv'n,
 Has rent asunder wide as ours?
 Oh, Arab maid, as soon the Powers
 Of Light and Darkness may combine,
 As I be link'd with thee or thine!
 Thy Father——"

"Holy ALLA save

His grey head from that lightning glance!
 Thou know'st him not—he loves the brave;
 Nor lives there under heaven's expanse
 One who would prize, would worship thee
 And thy bold spirit, more than he.
 Oft when, in childhood, I have play'd
 With the bright falchion by his side,
 I've heard him swear his lipping maid
 In time should be a warrior's bride.
 And still, whene'er at Haram hours
 I take him cool sherbets and flow'rs,

He tells me, when in playful mood,
 A hero shall my bridegroom be,
 Since maids are best in battle woo'd,
 And won with shouts of victory!
 Nay, turn not from me—thou alone
 Art form'd to make both hearts thy own.
 Go—join his sacred ranks—thou know'st
 Th' unholy strife these Persians wage:—
 Good Heav'n, that frown!—even now thou glow'st
 With more than mortal warrior's rage.
 Haste to the camp by morning's light,
 And, when that sword is rais'd in fight,
 Oh still remember, Love and I
 Beneath its shadow trembling lie!
 One vict'ry o'er those Slaves of Fire,
 Those impious Ghebers, whom my sire
 Abhors——”

“Hold, hold—thy words are death——”

The stranger cried, as wild he flung
 His mantle back, and show'd beneath
 The Gheber belt that round him clung.
 “Here, maiden, look—weep—blush to see
 All that thy sire abhors in me!
 Yes—I am of that impious race,
 Those Slaves of Fire who, morn and even,
 Hail their Creator's dwelling-place
 Among the living lights of heaven:
 Yes—I am of that outcast few,
 To IRAN and to vengeance true,
 Who curse the hour your Arabs came
 To desolate our shrines of flame,
 And swear, before God's burning eye,
 To break our country's chains, or die!
 Thy bigot sire,—nay, tremble not,—
 He, who gave birth to those dear eyes,
 With me is sacred as the spot
 From which our fires of worship rise!
 But know—'twas he I sought that night,
 When, from my watch-boat on the sea,
 I caught this turret's glimm'ring light,
 And up the rude rocks desp'rately

Rush'd to my prey—thou know'st the rest—
 I climb'd the gory vulture's nest,
 And found a trembling dove within;—
 Thine, thine the victory—thine the sin—
 If Love hath made one thought his own,
 That Vengeance claims first—last—alone!
 Oh! had we never, never met,
 Or could this heart ev'n now forget
 How link'd, how bless'd we might have been,
 Had fate not frown'd so dark between!
 Hadst thou been born a Persian maid,
 In neighbouring valleys had we dwelt,
 Through the same fields in childhood play'd.
 At the same kindling altar knelt,—
 Then, then, while all those nameless ties,
 In which the charm of Country lies,
 Had round our hearts been hourly spun,
 Till IRAN'S cause and thine were one;
 While in thy lute's awak'ning sigh
 I heard the voice of days gone by,
 And saw, in every smile of thine,
 Returning hours of glory shine;—
 While the wrong'd Spirit of our Land
 Liv'd, look'd, and spoke her wrongs through thee,—
 God! who could then this sword withstand?
 Its very flash were victory!
 But now—estrang'd, divorc'd for ever,
 Far as the grasp of Fate can sever;
 Our only ties what love has wove,—
 In faith, friends, country, sunder'd wide;
 And then, then only, true to love,
 When false to all that's dear beside!
 Thy father IRAN'S deadliest foe—
 Thyself perhaps, ev'n now—but no—
 Hate never look'd so lovely yet!
 No—sacred to thy soul will be
 The land of him who could forget
 All but that bleeding land for thee.
 When other eyes shall see, unmov'd,
 Her widows mourn, her warriors fall,
 Thou'lt think how well one Gheber lov'd,
 And for *his* sake thou'lt weep for all!
 But look——”

With sudden start he turn'd
 And pointed to the distant wave,
 Where lights, like charnel meteors, burn'd
 Bluey, as o'er some seaman's grave;
 And fiery darts, at intervals,
 Flew up all sparkling from the main,
 As if each star that nightly falls,
 Were shooting back to heav'n again.

"My signal lights!—I must away—
 Both, both are ruin'd, if I stay.
 Farewell—sweet life! thou cling'st in vain—
 Now, Vengeance, I am thine again!"
 Fiercely he broke away, nor stopp'd,
 Nor look'd—but from the lattice dropp'd
 Down 'mid the pointed crags beneath,
 As if he fled from love to death.
 While pale and mute young HINDA stood,
 Nor mov'd, till in the silent flood
 A momentary plunge below,
 Startled her from her trance of woe;—
 Shrieking she to the lattice flew,
 "I come—I come—if in that tide
 Thou sleep'st to-night, I'll sleep there too,
 In death's cold wedlock, by thy side.
 Oh! I would ask no happier bed
 Than the chill wave my love lies under:—
 Sweeter to rest together dead,
 Far sweeter, than to live asunder!"
 But no—their hour is not yet come—
 Again she sees his pinnace fly,
 Wafting him fleetly to his home,
 Where'er that ill-starr'd home may lie;
 And calm and smooth it seem'd to win
 Its moonlight way before the wind,
 As if it bore all peace within,
 Nor left one breaking heart behind!

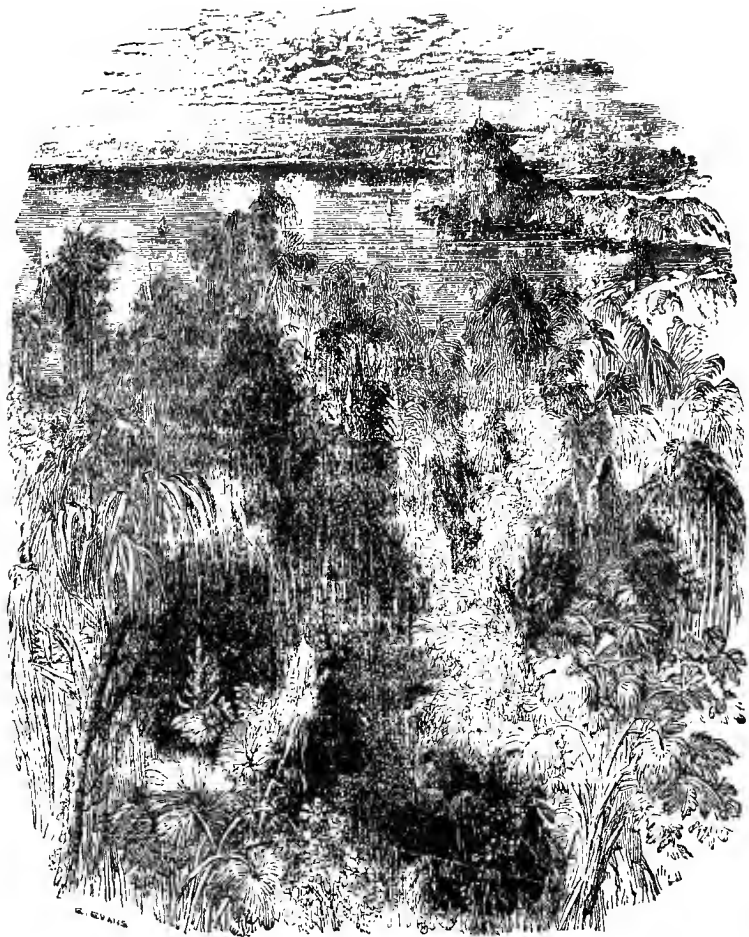
THE Princess, whose heart was sad enough already, could have wished that FERAMORZ had chosen a less melancholy story; as it is only to the happy that tears are a luxury. Her Ladies, however, were by no means sorry that love was once more the Poet's theme; for, whenever he spoke of love, they said, his voice was a

sweet as if he had shewed the leaves of that enchanted tree, which grows over the tomb of the musician, Tan-Sein.³¹

Their road all the morning had lain through a very dreary country;—through valleys, covered with a low bushy jungle, where, in more than one place, the awful signal of the bamboo staff, with the white flag at its top, reminded the traveller that, in that very spot, the tiger had made some human creature his victim. It was, therefore, with much pleasure that they arrived at sunset in a safe and lovely glen, and encamped under one of those holy trees, whose smooth columns and spreading roofs seem to destine them for natural temples of religion. Beneath this spacious shade, some pious hands had erected a row of pillars ornamented with the most beautiful porcelain, which now supplied the use of mirrors to the young maidens, as they adjusted their hair in descending from the palankeens. Here while, as usual, the Princess sat listening anxiously, with FADLADEEN in one of his loftiest moods of criticism by her side, the young Poet, leaning against a branch of the tree, thus continued his story:—

THE morn hath risen clear and calm,
 And o'er the Green Sea palely shines,
 Revealing BAHREIN'S groves of palm,
 And lighting KISHMA'S amber vines.
 Fresh smell 'the shores of ARABY,
 While breezes from the Indian Sea
 Blow round SELAMA'S sainted cape,
 And curl the shining flood beneath,—
 Whose waves are rich with many a grape
 And cocoa-nut and flow'ry wreath,
 Which pious seamen, as they pass'd,
 Had tow'rd that holy headland cast—
 Oblations to the Genii there
 For gentle skies and breezes fair!
 The nightingale now bends her flight
 From the high trees, where all the night
 She sung so sweet, with none to listen;
 And hides her from the morning star
 Where thickets of pomegranate glisten
 In the clear dawn,—bespangled o'er
 With dew, whose night-drops would not stain
 The best and brightest scimitar
 That every youthful Sultan wore
 On the first morning of his reign.

And see—the Sun himself!—on wings
 Of glory, up the East he springs.



Angel of Light! who from the time
Those heavens began their march sublime,
Hath first of all the starry choir
Tro'd in his Maker's steps of fire!

Where are the days, thou wondrous sphere,
When IRAN, like a sun-flow'r, turn'd
To meet that eye where'er it burn'd?—

When, from the banks of BENDEMEER
To the nut-groves of SAMARCAND,
Thy temples flam'd o'er all the land?

Where are they? ask the shades of them
 Who on CADESSIA'S bloody plains,
 Saw fierce invaders pluck the gem
 From IRAN'S broken diadem,
 And bind her ancient faith in chains:--
 Ask the poor exile, cast alone
 On foreign shores, unlov'd, unknown,
 Beyond the Caspian's Iron Gates,
 Or on the snowy Mossian mountains,
 Far from his beauteous land of dates,
 Her jasmine bow'rs and sunny fountains:
 Yet happier so than if he trod
 His own belov'd, but blighted, sod,
 Beneath a despot stranger's nod!—
 Oh, he would rather houseless roam
 Where Freedom and his God may lead,
 Than be the sleekest slave at home
 That crouches to the conqueror's creed!

Is IRAN'S pride then gone for ever,
 Quench'd with the flame in MITHRA'S caves?—
 No—she has sons, that never—never—
 Will stoop to be the Moslem's slaves,
 While heav'n has light or earth has graves;--
 Spirits of fire, that brood not long,
 But flash resentment back for wrong;
 And hearts where, slow but deep, the seeds
 Of vengeance ripen into deeds,
 Till, in some treach'rous hour of calm,
 They burst, like ZEILAN'S giant palm,
 Whose buds fly open with a sound
 That shakes the pigmy forests round!

Yes, EMIR! he, who scal'd that tow'r,
 And, had he reach'd thy slumb'ring breast,
 Had taught thee, in a Gheber's pow'r
 How safe ev'n tyrant heads may rest—
 Is one of many, brave as he,
 Who loathe thy haughty race and thee;
 Who, though they know the strife is vain,
 Who, though they know the riven chain

Snaps but to enter in the heart
 Of him who rends its links apart,
 Yet dare the issue,—blest to be
 Ev'n for one bleeding moment free,
 And die in pangs of liberty!
 Thou know'st them well—'tis some moons since
 Thy turban'd troops and blood-red flags,
 Thou satrap of a bigot Prince,
 Have swarm'd among these Green Sea crags;
 Yet here, even here, a sacred band,
 Ay, in the portal of that land
 Thou, Arab, dar'st to call thy own,
 Their spears across thy path have thrown;
 Here—ere the winds half wing'd thee o'er—
 Rebellion brav'd thee from the shore.

Rebellion! foul, dishonouring word,
 Whose wrongful blight so oft has stain'd
 The holiest cause that tongue or sword
 Of mortal ever lost or gain'd.
 How many a spirit, born to bless,
 Hath sunk beneath that with'ring name,
 Whom but a day's, an hour's success
 Had wafted to eternal fame!
 As exhalations, when they burst
 From the warm earth, if chill'd at first,
 If check'd in soaring from the plain,
 Darken to fogs and sink again;—
 But, if they once triumphant spread
 Their wings above the mountain-head,
 Become enthron'd in upper air,
 And turn to sun-bright glories there!

And who is he, that wields the might
 Of Freedom on the Green Sea brink,
 Before whose sabre's dazzling light
 The eyes of YEMEN'S warriors wink?
 Who comes, embower'd in the spears
 Of KERMAN'S hardy mountaineers?
 Those mountaineers that truest, last,
 Cling to their country's ancient rites,
 As if that God, whose eyelids cast
 Their closing gleam on IRAN'S heights,

Among her snowy mountains threw
 The last light of his worship too!
 'Tis HAFED—name of fear, whose sound
 Chills like the mutt'ring of a charm!—
 Shout but that awful name around,
 And palsy shakes the manliest arm.
 'Tis HAFED, most accurs'd and dire
 (So rank'd by Moslem hate and ire)
 Of all the rebel Sons of Fire;
 Of whose malign, tremendous power
 The Arabs, at their mid-watch hour,
 Such tales of fearful wonder tell,
 That each affrighted sentinel
 Pulls down his cowl upon his eyes,
 Lest HAFED in the midst should rise!
 A man, they say, of monstrous birth,
 A mingled race of flame and earth,
 Sprung from those old, enchanted kings,³²
 Who in their fairy helms, of yore,
 A feather from the mystic wings
 Of the Simoorgh resistless wore;
 And gifted by the Fiends of Fire,
 Who groan'd to see their shrines expire,
 With charms that, all in vain withstood,
 Would drown the Koran's light in blood!

Such were the tales, that won belief,
 And such the colouring Fancy gave
 To a young, warm, and dauntless Chief,—
 One who, no more than mortal brave,
 Fought for the land his soul ador'd,
 For happy homes and altars free,
 His only talisman, the sword,
 His only spell-word, Liberty!
 One of that ancient hero line,
 Along whose glorious current shine
 Names, that have sanctified their blood:
 As LEBANON'S small mountain-flood
 Is render'd holy by the ranks
 Of sainted cedars on its banks.
 'Twas not for him to crouch the knee
 Tamely to Moslem tyranny;

'Twas not for him, whose soul was cast
 In the bright mould of ages past,
 Whose melancholy spirit, fed
 With all the glories of the dead,
 Though fram'd for IRAN'S happiest years,
 Was born among her chains and tears!—
 'Twas not for him to swell the crowd
 Of slavish heads, that shrinking bow'd
 Before the Moslem, as he pass'd,
 Like shrubs beneath the poison-blast—
 No—far he fled—indignant fled
 The pageant of his country's shame ;
 While every tear her children shed
 Fell on his soul like drops of flame ;
 And, as a lover hails the dawn
 Of a first smile, so welcom'd he
 The sparkle of the first sword drawn
 For vengeance and for liberty !

But vain was valour—vain the flow'r
 Of KERMAN, in that deathful hour,
 Against AL HASSAN'S whelming pow'r,—
 In vain they met him, helm to helm,
 Upon the threshold of that realm
 He came in bigot pomp to sway,
 And with their corpses block'd his way—
 In vain—for every lance they rais'd,
 Thousands around the conqueror blaz'd ;
 For every arm that lin'd their shore,
 Myriads of slaves were wafted o'er,—
 A bloody, bold, and countless crowd,
 Before whose swarm as fast they bow'd
 As dates beneath the locust cloud.

There stood—but one short league away
 From old HARMOZIA'S sultry bay—
 A rocky mountain, o'er the Sea
 Of OMAN beetling awfully ;
 A last and solitary link
 Of those stupendous chains that reach
 From the broad Caspian's reedy brink
 Down winding to the Green Sea beach.
 Around its base the bare rocks stood,
 Like naked giants, in the flood,

As if to guard the Gulf across;
 While, on its peak that brav'd the skiff,
 A ruin'd Temple tower'd, so high
 That on the sleeping albatross
 Struck the wild ruins with her wing,
 And from her cloud-rock'd slumbering
 Started—to find man's dwelling there
 In her own silent fields of air!
 Beneath, terrific caverns gave
 Dark welcome to each stormy wave
 That dash'd, like midnight revellers, in—
 And such the strange, mysterious din
 At times throughout those caverns roll'd,—
 And such the fearful wonders told
 Of restless sprites imprison'd there,
 That bold were Moslem, who would dare
 At twilight hour to steer his skiff
 Beneath the Gheber's lonely cliff

On the land side, those towers sublime,
 That seem'd above the grasp of Time,
 Were sever'd from the haunts of men
 By a wide, deep, and wizard glen,
 So fathomless, so full of gloom,
 No eye could pierce the void between:
 It seem'd a place where Gholes might come
 With their foul banquets from the tomb,
 And in its caverns feed unseen.
 Like distant thunder, from below,
 The sound of many torrents came,
 Too deep for ear or eye to know
 If 'twere the sea's imprison'd flow,
 Or floods of ever-restless flame.
 For, each ravine, each rocky spire
 Of that vast mountain stood on fire;
 And, though for ever past the days
 When God was worshipp'd in the blaze
 That from its lofty altar shone,—
 Though fled the priests, the vot'ries gone,—
 Still did the mighty flame burn on,³³
 Through chance and change, through good and ill,
 Like its own God's eternal will,
 Deep, constant, bright, unquenchable!

Thither the vanquish'd HAFED led
 His little army's last remains.
 "Welcome, terrific glen!" he said;
 "Thy gloom, that Eblis' self might dread,
 Is Heav'n to him who flies from chains!"
 O'er a dark, narrow bridge-way, known
 To him and to his Chiefs alone,
 They cross'd the chasm and gain'd the tow'rs,—
 "This home," he cried, "at least is ours;
 Here we may bleed, unmock'd by hymns
 Of Moslem triumph o'er our head;
 Here we may fall, nor leave our limbs
 To quiver to the Moslem's tread.
 Stretch'd on this rock, while vultures' beaks
 Are whetted on our yet warm cheeks,
 Here—happy that no tyrant's eye
 Gloats on our torments—we may die!"

'Twas night when to those towers they came,
 And gloomily the fitful flame,
 That from the ruin'd altar broke,
 Glared on his features as he spoke:—
 "'Tis o'er—what men could do, we've done—
 If IRAN *will* look tamely on,
 And see her priests, her warriors driv'n
 Before a sensual bigot's nod,
 A wretch who shrines his lust in heav'n,
 And makes a pander of his God;
 If her proud sons, her high-born souls,
 Men, in whose veins—oh last disgrace!
 The blood of ZAL and RUSTAM rolls,—
 If they *will* court this upstart race
 And turn from MITHRA'S ancient ray,
 To kneel at shrines of yesterday;
 If they *will* crouch to IRAN'S foes,
 Why, let them—till the land's despair
 Cries out to Heav'n, and bondage grows
 Too vile for ev'n the vile to bear!
 Till shame at last, long hidden, burns
 Their inmost core, and conscience turns
 Each coward tear the slave lets fall
 Back on his heart in drops of gall.



But *here*, at least, are arms unchain'd,
And souls that thralldom never stain'd ;

This spot, at least, no foot of slave
Or satrap ever yet profaned ;

And though but few—though fast the wave
Of life is ebbing from our veins,
Enough for vengeance still remains.

As panthers, after set of sun,
Rush from the roots of LEBANON
Across the dark-sea robber's way,
We'll bound upon our startled prey ;
And when some hearts that proudest swell
Have felt our falchions' last farewell ;

When Hope's expiring throb is o'er,
 And ev'n Despair can prompt no more,
 This spot shall be the sacred grave
 Of the last few who, vainly brave,
 Die for the land they cannot save!"

His Chiefs stood round—each shining blade
 Upon the broken altar laid—
 And though so wild and desolate
 Those courts, where once the Mighty sate;
 Nor longer on those mould'ring tow'rs
 Was seen the feast of fruits and flow'rs,
 With which of old the Magi fed
 The wand'ring Spirits of their dead;³⁴
 Though neither priests nor rites were there,
 Nor charmed leaf of pure pomegranate;
 Nor hymn, nor censer's fragrant air,
 Nor symbol of their worshipp'd planet!
 Yet the same God that heard their sires
 Heard *them*, while on that altar's fires
 They swore the latest, holiest deed
 Of the few hearts, still left to bleed,
 Should be, in IRAN'S injur'd name,
 To die upon the Mount of Flame—
 The last of all her patriot line,
 Before her last untrampled Shrine!

Brave, suffering souls! they little knew
 How many a tear their injuries drew
 From one meek maid, one gentle foe,
 Whom love first touch'd with others' woe—
 Whose life, as free from thought as sin,
 Slept like a lake, till Love threw in
 His talisman, and woke the tide,
 And spread its trembling circles wide.
 Once, EMIR! thy unheeding child,
 Mid all this havoc, bloom'd and smil'd,—
 Tranquil as on some battle plain
 The Persian lily shines and tow'rs,
 Before the combat's redd'ning stain
 Hath fall'n upon her golden flow'rs.
 Light-hearted maid, unaw'd, unmov'd,
 While Heav'n but spared the sire she lov'd

Once at thy evening tales of blood
 Unlist'ning and aloof she stood--
 And oft, when thou hast pac'd along
 Thy Haram halls with furious heat,
 Hast thou not curs'd her cheerful song,
 That came across thee, calm and sweet,
 Like lutes of angels, touch'd so near
 Hell's confines, that the damn'd can hear!

Far other feelings Love hath brought—
 Her soul all flame, her brow all sadness,
 She now has but the one dear thought,
 And thinks that o'er, almost to madness!
 Oft doth her sinking heart recall
 His words—"For *my* sake weep for all!"
 And bitterly, as day on day
 Of rebel carnage fast succeeds,
 She weeps a lover snatch'd away
 In every Gheber wretch that bleeds.
 There's not a sabre meets her eye,
 But with his life-blood seems to swim;
 There's not an arrow wings the sky,
 But fancy turns its point to him.
 No more she brings with footstep light
 AL HASSAN'S falchion for the fight;
 And—had he look'd with clearer sight,
 Had not the mists, that ever rise
 From a foul spirit, dimm'd his eyes—
 He would have mark'd her shudd'ring frame,
 When from the field of blood he came,
 The falt'ring speech—the look estrang'd—
 Voice, step, and life, and beauty chang'd—
 He would have mark'd all this, and known
 Such change is wrought by Love alone!

Ah! not the Love that should have bless'd
 So young, so innocent a breast;
 Not the pure, open, prosp'rous Love,
 That, pledg'd on earth and seal'd above,
 Grows in the world's approving eyes,
 In friendship's smile and hope's caress,
 Collecting all the heart's sweet ties
 Into one knot of happiness!

No, HINDA, no,—thy fatal flame
 Is nurs'd in silence, sorrow, shame;
 A passion, without hope or pleasure,
 In thy soul's darkness buried deep,
 It lies like some ill-gotten treasure,—
 Some idol, without shrine or name,
 O'er which its pale-ey'd vot'ries keep
 Unholy watch, while others sleep.

Seven nights have darken'd OMAN'S sea,
 Since last, beneath the moonlight ray,
 She saw his light oar rapidly
 Hurry her Gheber's bark away,—
 And still she goes, at midnight hour,
 To weep alone in that high bow'r,
 And watch, and look along the deep
 For him whose smiles first made her weep;—
 But watching, weeping, all was vain,
 She never saw his bark again.
 The owl's solitary cry,
 The night-hawk, fitting darkly by,
 And oft the hateful carrion bird,
 Heavily flapping his clogg'd wing,
 Which reek'd with that day's banqueting
 Was all she saw, was all she heard.

'Tis the eighth morn—AL HASSAN'S brow
 Is brighten'd with unusual joy—
 What mighty mischief glads him now,
 Who never smiles but to destroy?
 The sparkle upon HERKEND'S Sea,
 When toss'd at midnight furiously,
 Tells not of wreck and ruin nigh,
 More surely than that smiling eye!
 "Up, daughter, up—the KERNA'S breath³⁵
 Has blown a blast would waken death,
 And yet thou sleep'st—up, child, and see
 This blessed day for Heaven and me,
 A day more rich in Pagan blood
 Than ever flash'd o'er OMAN'S flood.
 Before another dawn shall shine,
 His head—heart—limbs—will all be mine;



This very night his blood shall steep
These hands all over ere I sleep!"
"His blood!" she faintly scream'd—her mind
Still singling *one* from all mankind—
"Yes—spite of his ravines and tow'rs,
HAFED, my child, this night is ours.
Thanks to all-conq'ring treachery,

Without whose aid the links accurst,
That bind these impious slaves, would be
Too strong for ALLA'S self to burst!
That rebel fiend, whose blade has spread
My path with piles of Moslem dead,
Whose baffling spells had almost driv'n
Back from their course the Swords of Heav'n,
This night, with all his band, shall know
How deep an Arab's steel can go,
When God and Vengeance speed the blow.

And—Prophet! by that holy wreath
 Thou wor'st on OHOD'S field of death,
 I swear, for ev'ry sob that parts
 In anguish from these heathen hearts,
 A gem from PERSIA'S plunder'd mines
 Shall glitter on thy Shrine of Shrines.
 But, ha!—she sinks—that look so wild—
 Those livid lips—my child, my child,
 This life of blood befits not thee,
 And thou must back to ARABY.

Ne'er had I risk'd thy timid sex
 In scenes that man himself might dread,
 Had I not hop'd our ev'ry tread

Would be on prostrate Persian necks—
 Curst race, they offer swords instead!
 But cheer thee, maid,—the wind that now
 Is blowing o'er thy feverish brow,
 To-day shall waft thee from the shore;
 And, ere a drop of this night's gore
 Have time to chill in yonder tow'rs,
 Thou'lt see thy own sweet Arab bow'rs!"

His bloody boast was all too true;
 There lurk'd one wretch among the few
 Whom HAFED'S eagle eye could count
 Around him on that Fiery Mount,—
 One miscreant, who for gold betray'd
 The pathway through the valley's shade
 To those high tow'rs, where Freedom stood
 In her last hold of flame and blood.
 Left on the field that dreadful night,
 When, sallying from their sacred height,
 The Ghebers fought hope's farewell fight,
 He lay—but died not with the brave;
 That sun which should have gilt his grave,
 Saw him a traitor and a slave;—
 And, while the few, who thence return'd
 To their high rocky fortress, mourn'd
 For him among the matchless dead
 They left behind on glory's bed,
 He liv'd, and in the face of morn,
 Laugh'd them and Faith and Heav'n to scorn

Oh for a tongue to curse the slave,
 Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
 Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
 And blasts them in their hour of might!
 May Life's unblessed cup for him
 Be drugg'd with treach'ries to the brim,—
 With hopes, that but allure to fly,
 With joys, that vanish while he sips,
 Like Dead Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,
 But turn to ashes on the lips!
 His country's curse, his children's shame,
 Outcast of virtue, peace, and fame,
 May he, at last, with lips of flame,
 On the parch'd desert thirsting die,—
 While lakes, that shone in mockery nigh,
 Are fading off, untouch'd, untasted,
 Like the once glorious hopes he blasted!
 And, when from earth his spirit flies,
 Just Prophet, let the damn'd one dwell
 Full in the sight of Paradise,
 Beholding heav'n, and feeling hell!

LALLA ROOKH had, the night before, been visited by a dream which, in spite of the impending fate of poor HAFED, made her heart more than usually cheerful during the morning, and gave her cheeks all the freshened animation of a flower that the Bid-musk has just passed over.⁵⁶ She fancied that she was sailing on that Eastern Ocean, where the sea-gipsies, who live for ever on the water, enjoy a perpetual summer in wandering from isle to isle, when she saw a small gilded bark approaching her. It was like one of those boats which the Maldivian islanders send adrift, at the mercy of winds and waves, loaded with perfumes, flowers, and odoriferous wood, as an offering to the Spirit whom they call King of the Sea. At first, this little bark appeared to be empty, but, on coming nearer—

She had proceeded thus far in relating the dream to her Ladies, when FERAMORZ appeared at the door of the pavilion. In his presence, of course, everything else was forgotten, and the continuance of the story was instantly requested by all. Fresh wood of aloes was set to burn in the cassolets;—the violet sherbets were hastily handed round, and after a short prelude on his lute, in the pathetic measure of Nava,⁵⁷ which is always used to express the lamentations of absent lovers, the Poet thus continued:—

THE day is low'ring—stilly black
 Sleeps the grim wave, while heaven's rac'
 Dispers'd and wild, 'twixt earth and sky
 Hangs like a shatter'd canopy.

There's not a cloud in that blue plain
 But tells of storm to come or past;—
 Here, flying loosely as the mane
 Of a young war-horse in the blast;
 There, roll'd in masses dark and swelling,
 As proud to be the thunder's dwelling!
 While some, already burst and riv'n,
 Seem melting down the verge of heav'n;
 As though the infant storm had rent
 The mighty womb that gave him birth,
 And, having swept the firmament,
 Was now in fierce career for earth.
 On earth 'twas yet all calm around,
 A pulseless silence, dread, profound,
 More awful than the tempest's sound.
 The diver steer'd for ORMUS' bowers,
 And moor'd his skiff till calmer hours;
 The sea-birds, with portentous screech,
 Flew fast to land;—upon the beach
 The pilot oft had paus'd, with glance
 Turn'd upward to that wild expanse;
 And all was boding, drear, and dark
 As her own soul, when HINDA'S bark
 Went slowly from the Persian shore.
 No music tim'd her parting oar,
 Nor friends upon the less'ning strand
 Linger'd, to wave the unseen hand,
 Or speak the farewell, heard no more;—
 But lone, unheeded, from the bay
 The vessel takes its mournful way,
 Like some ill-destin'd bark that steers
 In silence through the Gate of Tears.²⁸

And where was stern AL HASSAN then?
 Could not that saintly scourge of men
 From bloodshed and devotion spare
 One minute for a farewell there?
 No—close within, in changeful fits
 Of cursing and of pray'r, he sits
 In savage loneliness to brood
 Upon the coming night of blood,—
 With that keen, second-scent of death
 By which the vulture snuffs his food
 In the still warm and living breath!

While o'er the wave his weeping daughter
 Is wafted from these scenes of slaughter,—
 As a young bird of BABYLON,
 Let loose to tell of vict'ry won,
 Flies home, with wing, ah! not unstain'd
 By the red hands that held her chain'd.

And does the long-left home she seeks
 Light up no gladness on her cheeks?
 The flowers she nurs'd—the well-known groves,
 Where oft in dreams her spirit roves—
 Once more to see her dear gazelles
 Come bounding with their silver bells;
 Her birds' new plumage to behold,
 And the gay, gleaming fishes count,
 She left, all filleted with gold,
 Shooting around their jasper fount;
 Her little garden mosque to see,
 And once again, at evening hour,
 To tell her ruby rosary
 In her own sweet acacia bow'r:
 Can these delights, that wait her now,
 Call up no sunshine on her brow?
 No,—silent, from her train apart,
 As if even now she felt at heart
 The chill of her approaching doom,—
 She sits, all lovely in her gloom
 As a pale Angel of the Grave;
 And o'er the wide tempestuous wave,
 Looks, with a shudder, to those tow'rs,
 Where, in a few short awful hours,
 Blood, blood, in streaming tides shall run,
 Foul incense for to-morrow's sun!
 "Where art thou, glorious stranger! thou,
 So lov'd, so lost, where art thou now?
 Foe—Gheber—inidel—whate'er
 Th' unhallow'd lame thou'rt doom'd to bear,
 Still glorious—still to this fond heart
 Dear as its blood, whate'er thou art!
 Yes—ALLA, dreadful ALLA! yes—
 If there be wrong, be crime in this,
 Let the black waves that round us roll,
 Whelm me this instant, ere my soul,

Forgetting faith—home—father—all—
 Before its earthly idol fall,
 Nor worship ev'n Thyself above him—
 For, oh, so wildly do I love him,
 Thy Paradise itself were dim
 And joyless, if not shar'd with him!"

Her hands were clasp'd—her eyes upturn'd,
 Dropping their tears like moonlight rain;
 And, though her lip, fond raver! burn'd
 With words of passion, bold, profane,
 Yet was there light around her brow,
 A holiness in those dark eyes,
 Which show'd,—though wandering earthward now,—
 Her spirit's home was in the skies.
 Yes—for a spirit pure as hers
 Is always pure, ev'n while it errs;
 As sunshine, broken in the rill,
 Though turn'd astray, is sunshine still!

So wholly had her mind forgot
 All thoughts but one, she heeded not
 The rising storm—the wave that cast
 A moment's midnight, as it pass'd—
 Nor heard the frequent shout, the tread
 Of gath'ring tumult o'er her head—
 Clash'd swords, and tongues that seem'd to vie
 With the rude riot of the sky.
 But, hark!—that war-whoop on the deck—
 That crash, as if each engine there,
 Mast, sails, and all, were gone to wreck,
 Mid yells and stampings of despair!
 Merciful Heaven! what *can* it be?
 'Tis not the storm, though fearfully
 The ship has shudder'd as she rode
 O'er mountain-waves—"Forgive me, God!
 Forgive me"—shriek'd the maid, and knelt,
 Trembling all over—for she felt
 As if her judgment-hour was near;
 While crouching round, half dead with fear,
 Her handmaids clung, nor breath'd, nor stirr'd—
 When, hark!—a second crash—a third—

And now, as if a bolt of thunder
 Had riv'n the labouring planks asunder,
 The deck falls in—what horrors then!
 Blood, waves, and tackle, swords and men,
 Come mix'd together through the chasm—
 Some wretches in their dying spasm
 Still fighting on—and some that call
 “For GOD and IRAN!” as they fall!

Whose was the hand that turn'd away
 The perils of th' infuriate fray,
 And snatch'd her breathless from beneath
 This wilderment of wreck and death?
 She knew not—for a faintness came
 Chill o'er her, and her sinking frame
 Amid the ruins of that hour
 Lay, like a pale and scorched flower,
 Beneath the red volcano's shower.
 But, oh, the sights and sounds of dread
 That shock'd her ere her senses fled!
 The yawning deck—the crowd that strov
 Upon the tott'ring planks above—
 The sail, whose fragments, shiv'ring o'er
 The strugglers' heads, all dash'd with gore,
 Flutter'd like bloody flags—the clash
 Of sabres, and the lightning's flash
 Upon their blades, high toss'd about
 Like meteor brands—as if throughout
 The elements one fury ran,
 One gen'ral rage, that left a doubt
 Which was the fiercer, Heav'n or Man!

Once too—but no—it could not be—
 'Twas fancy all—yet once she thought,
 While yet her fading eyes could see,
 High on the ruin'd deck she caught
 A glimpse of that unearthly form,
 That glory of her soul—even then,
 Amid the whirl of wreck and storm,
 Shining above his fellow-men,
 As, on some black and troublous night,
 The Star of EGYPT, whose proud light
 Never hath beam'd on those who rest
 In the White Islands of the West,

Burns through the storm with looks of flame
 That pur: Heav'n's cloudier eyes to shame.
 But no—'twas but the minute's dream—
 A fantasy—and ere the scream
 Had half-way pass'd her pallid lips,
 A death-like swoon, a chill eclipse
 Of soul and sense its darkness spread
 Around her, and she sunk as dead.

How calm, how beautiful comes on
 The stilly hour, when storms are gone!
 When warring winds have died away,
 And clouds beneath the glancing ray,
 Melt off, and leave the land and sea
 Sleeping in bright tranquillity—
 Fresh as if Day again were born,
 Again upon the lap of Morn;—
 When the light blossoms, rudely torn
 And scatter'd at the whirlwind's will,
 Hang floating in the pure air still,
 Filling it all with precious balm,
 In gratitude for this sweet calm;—
 And every drop the thunder-show'rs
 Have left upon the grass and flow'rs
 Sparkles, as 'twere that lightning-gem
 Whose liquid flame is born of them;—
 When 'stead of one unchanging breeze,
 There blow a thousand gentle airs,
 And each a diff'rent perfume bears,—
 As if the loveliest plants and trees
 Had vassal breezes of their own
 To watch and wait on them alone,
 And waft no other breath than theirs;—
 When the blue waters rise and fall,
 In sleepy sunshine mantling all;
 And ev'n that swell the tempest leaves
 Is like the full and silent heaves
 Of lovers' hearts, when newly blest,
 Too newly to be quite at rest.

Such was the golden hour that broke
 Upon the world, when HINDA woke
 From her long trance, and heard around
 No motion but the water's sound



Rippling against the vessel's side,
As slow it mounted o'er the tide.
But where is she?—her eyes are dark,
Are wilder'd still—is this the bark,
The same, that from HARMOZIA'S bay
Bore her at morn—whose bloody way
The sea-dog track'd?—no—strange and new
Is all that meets her wond'ring view
Upon a galliot's deck she lies,
 Beneath no rich pavilion's shade,—
No plumes to fan her sleeping eyes,
 Nor jasmine on her pillow laid.
But the rude litter, roughly spread
With war-cloaks, is her homely bed,
And shawl and sash, on javelins hung,
For awning o'er her head are flung.

Shudd'ring she look'd around—there lay
 A group of warriors in the sun,
 Resting their limbs, as for that day
 Their ministry of death were done.
 Some gazing on the drowsy sea,
 Lost in unconscious reverie;
 And some, who seem'd but ill to brook
 That sluggish calm, with many a look
 To the slack sail impatient cast,
 As loose it flagg'd around the mast.

Blest ALLA! who shall save her now?
 There's not in all that warrior band
 One Arab sword, one turban'd brow
 From her own faithful Moslem land.
 Their garb—the leathern belt that wraps
 Each yellow vest—that rebel hue—
 The Tartar fleece upon their caps—
 Yes—yes—her fears are all too true,
 And Heav'n hath, in this dreadful hour,
 Abandon'd her to HAFED's power;
 HAFED, the Gheber!—at the thought
 Her very heart's blood chills within;
 He, whom her soul was hourly taught
 To loathe, as some foul fiend of sin,
 Some minister, whom Hell had sent
 To spread its blast where'er he went,
 And fling, as o'er our earth he trod,
 His shadow betwixt man and God!
 And she is now his captive,—thrown
 In his fierce hands, alive, alone;
 His th' infuriate band she sees,
 All infidels—all enemies!
 What was the daring hope that then
 Cross'd her like light'ning, as again,
 With boldness that despair had lent,
 She darted through that armed crowd
 A look so searching, so intent,
 That even the sternest warrior bow'd
 Abash'd, when he her glances caught,
 As if he guess'd whose form they sought.
 But no—she sees him not—'tis gone,
 The vision that before her shone

Through all the maze of blood and storm,
 Is fled—'twas but a phantom form—
 One of those passing, rainbow dreams,
 Half light, half shade, which Fancy's beams
 Paint on the fleeting mists that roll
 In trance or slumber round the soul.

But now the bark, with livelier bound,
 Scales the blue wave—the crew's in motion,
 The oars are out, and with light sound
 Break the bright mirror of the ocean,
 Scatt'ring its brilliant fragments round.
 And now she sees—with horror sees,
 Their course is tow'rd that mountain-hold—
 Those tow'rs that make her life-blood freeze,
 Where MECCA'S godless enemies
 Lie, like beleaguer'd scorpions roll'd
 In their last deadly, venomous fold!
 Amid th' illumin'd land and flood
 Sunless that mighty mountain stood;
 Save where, above its awful head,
 There shone a flaming cloud, blood-red,
 As 'twere the flag of destiny
 Hung out to mark where death would be!

Had her bewilder'd mind the pow'r
 Of thought in this terrific hour,
 She well might marvel where or how
 Man's foot could scale that mountain's brow,
 Since ne'er had Arab heard or known
 Of path but through the glen alone.
 But every thought was lost in fear,
 When, as their bounding bark drew near
 The craggy base, she felt the waves
 Hurry them tow'rd those dismal caves,
 That from the Deep in windings pass
 Beneath that Mount's volcanic mass;—
 And loud a voice on deck commands
 To low'r the mast and light the brands!
 Instantly o'er the dashing tide
 Within a cavern's mouth they glide,

Gloomy as that eternal Porch
 Through which departed spirits go:—
 Not ev'n the flare of brand and torch
 Its flick'ring light could further throw
 Than the thick flood that boil'd below.
 Silent they floated—as if each
 Sat breathless, and too aw'd for speech
 In that dark chasm, where even sound
 Seem'd dark,—so sullenly around
 The goblin echoes of the cave
 Mutter'd it o'er the long black wave,
 As 'twere some secret of the grave!

But soft—they pause—the current turns
 Beneath them from its onward track;
 Some mighty, unseen barrier spurns
 The vexed tide, all foaming, back,
 And scarce the oars' redoubled force
 Can stem the eddy's whirling course;
 When, hark! some desp'rate foot has sprung
 Among the rocks—the chain is flung—
 The oars are up—the grapple clings,
 And the toss'd bark in moorings swings.
 Just then, a day-beam through the shade
 Broke tremulous—but, ere the maid
 Can see from whence the brightness steals,
 Upon her brow she shudd'ring feels
 A viewless hand, that promptly ties
 A bandage round her burning eyes;
 While the rude litter where she lies,
 Uplifted by the warrior throng,
 O'er the steep rocks is borne along.

Blest power of sunshine!—genial Day,
 What balm, what life, is in thy ray!
 To feel thee is such real bliss,
 That had the world no joy but this,
 To sit in sunshine calm and sweet,—
 It were a world too exquisite
 For man to leave it for the gloom,
 The deep, cold shadow of the tomb.

Ev'n HINDA, though she saw not where
 Or whither wound the perilous road,
 Yet knew by that awak'ning air,
 Which suddenly around her glow'd,
 That they had ris'n from darkness then,
 And breath'd the sunny world again!

But soon this balmy freshness fled—
 For now the steepy labyrinth led
 Through damp and gloom—'mid crash of boughs,
 And fall of loosen'd crags that rouse
 The leopard from his hungry sleep,
 Who, starting, thinks each crag a prey,
 And long is heard, from steep to steep,
 Chasing them down their thund'ring way!
 The jackal's cry—the distant moan
 Of the hyæna, fierce and lone—
 And that eternal sadd'ning sound
 Of torrents in the glen beneath,
 As 'twere the ever-dark Profound
 That rolls beneath the Bridge of Death!
 All, all is fearful—ev'n to see,
 To gaze on those terrific things
 She now but blindly hears, would be
 Relief to her imaginings;
 Since never yet was shape so dread,
 But Fancy, thus in darkness thrown,
 And by such sounds of horror fed,
 Could frame more dreadful of her own.

But does she dream? has Fear again
 Perplex'd the workings of her brain,
 Or did a voice, all music, then
 Come from the gloom, low whisp'ring near—
 "Tremble not, love, thy Gheber's here?"
 She *does* not dream,—all sense, all ear,
 She drinks the words, "Thy Gheber's here."
 'Twas his own voice—she could not err—
 Throughout the breathing world's extent
 There was but *one* such voice for her,
 So kind, so soft, so eloquent!

Oh, sooner shall the rose of May
 Mistake her own sweet nightingale,
 And to some meaner minstrel's lay
 Open her bosom's glowing veil,
 Than Love shall ever doubt a tone,
 A breath of the beloved one!

Though blest, 'mid all her ills, to think
 She has that one beloved near,
 Whose smile, though met on ruin's brink,
 Hath power to make even ruin dear,—
 Yet soon this gleam of rapture, crost
 By fears for him, is chill'd and lost.
 How shall the ruthless HAFED brook
 That one of Gheber blood should look,
 With aught but curses in his eye,
 On her, a maid of ARABY—
 A Moslem maid—the child of him
 Whose bloody banner's dire success
 Hath left their altars cold and dim,
 And their fair land a wilderness!
 And, worse than all, that night of blood
 Which comes so fast—Oh! who shall stay
 The sword, that once hath tasted food
 Of Persian hearts, or turn its way?
 What arm shall then the victim cover,
 Or from her father shield her lover?
 "Save him, my God!" she inly cries—
 "Save him this night—and if thine eyes
 Have ever welcom'd with delight
 The sinner's tears, the sacrifice
 Of sinners' hearts—guard him this night,
 And here, before thy throne, I swear
 From my heart's inmost core to tear
 Love, hope, remembrance, though they be
 Link'd with each quiv'ring life-string there,
 And give it bleeding all to Thee!
 Let him but live,—the burning tear,
 The sighs, so sinful, yet so dear,
 Which have been all too much his own,
 Shall from this hour be Heaven's alone.
 Youth pass'd in penitence, and age
 In long and painful pilgrimage,

Shall leave no traces of the flame
 That wastes me now—nor shall his name
 E'er bless my lips, but when I pray
 For his dear spirit, that away
 Casting from its angelic ray
 Th' eclipse of earth, he, too, may shine
 Redeem'd, all glorious and all Thine!
 Think—think what victory to win
 One radiant soul like his from sin,—
 One wand'ring star of virtue back
 To its own native, heaven-ward track!
 Let him but live, and both are Thine,
 Together thine—for, blest or crost,
 Living or dead, his doom is mine,
 And, if *he* perish, both are lost!"

THE next evening LALLA ROOKH was entreated by her Ladies to continue the relation of her wonderful dream; but the fearful interest that hung round the fate of HINDA and her lover had completely removed every trace of it from her mind;—much to the disappointment of a fair seer or two in her train, who prided themselves on their skill in interpreting visions, and who had already remarked, as an unlucky omen, that the Princess, on the very morning after the dream, had worn a silk dyed with the blossoms of the sorrowful tree, Nilica.

FADLADEEN, whose indignation had more than once broken out during the recital of some parts of this heterodox poem, seemed at length to have made up his mind to the infliction; and took his seat this evening with all the patience of a martyr; while the Poet resumed his profane and seditious story as follows:—

To tearless eyes and hearts at ease
 The leafy shores and sun-bright seas,
 That lay beneath that mountain's height,
 Had been a fair, enchanting sight.
 'Twas one of those ambrosial eves
 A day of storm so often leaves
 At its calm setting—when the West
 Opens her golden bowers of rest,
 And a moist radiance from the skies
 Shoots trembling down, as from the eyes
 Of some meek penitent, whose last,
 Bright hours atone for dark ones past,
 And whose sweet tears, o'er wrong forgiv'n,
 Shine, as they fall, with light from heav'n!

'Twas stillness all—the winds that late
 Had rush'd through KERMAN'S almond groves,
 And shaken from her bow'rs of date
 That cooling feast the traveller loves,
 Now, lull'd to languor, scarcely curl
 The Green Sea wave, whose waters gleam
 Limpid, as if her mines of pearl
 Were melted all to form the stream:
 And her fair islets, small and bright,
 With their green shores reflected there,
 Look like those PERI isles of light,
 That hang by spell-work in the air.

But vainly did those glories burst
 On HINDA'S dazzled eyes, when first
 The bandage from her brow was taken,
 And, pale and aw'd as those who waken
 In their dark tombs—when, scowling near,
 The Searchers of the Grave³⁹ appear,—
 She shudd'ring turn'd to read her fate
 In the fierce eyes that flashed around;
 And saw those towers all desolate,
 That o'er her head terrific frown'd,
 As if defying ev'n the smile
 Of that soft heav'n to gild their pile.
 In vain, with mingled hope and fear,
 She looks for him whose voice so dear
 Had come, like music, to her ear—
 Strange, mocking dream! again 'tis fled.
 And oh, the shoots, the pangs of dread
 That through her inmost bosom run,
 When voices from without proclaim
 "HAFED, the Chief"—and, one by one,
 The warriors shout that fearful name!
 He comes—the rock resounds his tread—
 How shall she dare to lift her head,
 Or meet those eyes whose scorching glare
 Not YEMEN'S boldest sons can bear?
 In whose red beam, the Moslem tells,
 Such rank and deadly lustre dwells,
 As in those hellish fires that light
 The mandrake's charnel leaves at night.⁴⁰

How shall she bear that voice's tone,
 At whose loud battle-cry alone
 Whole squadrons oft in panic ran,
 Scatter'd like some vast caravan,
 When, stretch'd at evening round the well,
 They hear the thirsting tiger's yell.

Breathless she stands, with eyes cast down,
 Sinking beneath the fiery frown,
 Which, fancy tells her, from that brow
 Is flashing o'er her fiercely now:
 And shudd'ring as she hears the tread
 Of his retiring warrior band.
 Never was pause so full of dread;
 Till HAFED with a trembling hand
 Took hers, and, leaning o'er her, said,
 "HINDA;"—that word was all he spoke,
 And 'twas enough—the shriek that broke
 From her full bosom told the rest.
 Panting with terror, joy, surprise,
 The maid but lifts her wond'ring eyes,
 To hide them on her Gheber's breast!
 'Tis he, 'tis he—the man of blood,
 The fellest of the Fire-fiend's brood,
 HAFED, the demon of the fight,
 Whose voice unnerves, whose glances blight,—
 Is her own loved Gheber, mild
 And glorious as when first he smil'd
 In her lone tow'r, and left such beams
 Of his pure eye to light her dreams,
 That she believ'd her bower had giv'n
 Rest to some wanderer from heav'n!

Moments there are, and this was one
 Snatch'd like a minute's gleam of sun
 Amid the black Simoom's eclipse—
 Or, like those verdant spots that bloom
 Around the crater's burning lips,
 Sweet'ning the very edge of doom!
 The past—the future—all that Fate
 Can bring of dark or desperate



Around such hours, but makes them cast
Intenser radiance while they last!

Ev'n he, this youth—though dimm'd and gone
Each star of Hope that cheer'd him on—
His glories lost—his cause betray'd—
IRAN, his dear-lov'd country, made
A land of carcasses and slaves,
One dreary waste of chains and graves!—
Himself but ling'ring, dead at heart,
To see the last, long struggling breath
Of Liberty's great soul depart,
Then lay him down and share her death—
Ev'n he, so sunk in wretchedness,
With doom still darker gath'ring o'er him,
Yet, in this moment's pure caress,
In the mild eyes that shone before him,

Beaming that blest assurance, worth
 All other transports known on earth,
 That he was lov'd—well, warmly lov'd—
 Oh! in this precious hour he prov'd
 How deep, how thorough-felt the glow
 Of rapture, kindling out of woe;—
 How exquisite one single drop
 Of bliss, thus sparkling to the top
 Of mis'ry's cup—how keenly quaff'd,
 Though death must follow on the draught!

She, too, while gazing on those eyes
 That sink into her soul so deep,
 Forgets all fears, all miseries,
 Or feels them like the wretch in sleep,
 Whom fancy cheats into a smile,
 Who dreams of joy, and sobs the while!
 The mighty Ruins where they stood,
 Upon the mount's high, rocky verge,
 Lay open tow'rds the ocean flood,
 Where lightly o'er the illumin'd surge
 Many a fair bark that, all the day,
 Had lurk'd in shelt'ring creek or bay,
 Now bounded on, and gave their sails,
 Yet dripping, to the ev'ning gales;
 Like eagles, when the storm is done,
 Spreading their wet wings in the sun.
 The beauteous clouds, though daylight's Star
 Had sunk behind the hills of LAR,
 Were still with ling'ring glories bright,—
 As if, to grace the gorgeous West,
 The Spirit of departing Light
 That eve had left his sunny vest
 Behind him, ere he wing'd his flight.
 Never was scene so form'd for love!
 Beneath them waves of crystal move
 In silent swell—Heav'n glows above,
 And their pure hearts, to transport giv'n,
 Swell like the wave, and glow like Heav'n.
 But ah! too soon that dream is past—
 Again, again her fear returns;—
 Night, dreadful night, is gath'ring fast,
 More faintly the horizon burns.

And every rosy tint that lay
 On the smooth sea hath died away.
 Hastily to the dark'ning skies
 A glance she casts—then wildly cries,
 “*At night*, he said—and, look, 'tis near—
 Fly, fly—if yet thou lov'st me, fly—
 Soon will his murd'rous band be here,
 And I shall see thee bleed and die.—
 Hush! heard'st thou not the tramp of men
 Sounding from yonder fearful glen?—
 Perhaps ev'n now they climb the wood—
 Fly, fly—though still the West is bright,
 He'll come—oh! yes—he wants thy blood—
 I know him—he'll not wait for night!”

In terrors ev'n to agony
 She clings around the wond'ring Chief;—
 “Alas, poor wilder'd maid! to me
 Thou ow'st this raving trance of grief.
 Lost as I am, nought ever grew
 Beneath my shade but perish'd too—
 My doom is like the Dead Sea air,
 And nothing lives that enters there!
 Why were our barks together driv'n
 Beneath this morning's furious heav'n?
 Why, when I saw the prize that chance
 Had thrown into my desp'rate arms,—
 When, casting but a single glance
 Upon thy pale and prostrate charms,
 I vow'd (though watching viewless o'er
 Thy safety through that hour's alarms)
 To meet the unmanning sight no more—
 Why have I broke that heart-wrung vow?
 Why weakly, madly met thee now?—
 Start not—that noise is but the shock
 Of torrents through yon valley hui'd—
 Dread nothing here—upon this rock
 We stand above the jarring world,
 Alike beyond its hope—its dread—
 In gloomy safety, like the Dead!
 Or, could ev'n earth and hell unite
 In league to storm this Sacred Height,
 Fear nothing thou—myself, to-night,

And each o'erlooking star that dwells
Near God will be thy sentinels;—
And, ere to-morrow's dawn shall glow,
Back to thy sire——”

“To-morrow!—no—
The maiden scream'd—“thou'lt never see
To-morrow's sun—death, death will be
The night-cry through each reeking tower,
Unless we fly, ay, fly this hour!
Thou art betray'd—some wretch who knew
That dreadful glen's mysterious clew—
Nay, doubt not—by yon stars, 'tis true—
Hath sold thee to my vengeful sire;
This morning, with that smile so dire
He wears in joy, he told me all,
And stamp'd in triumph through our hall,
As though thy heart already beat
Its last life-throb beneath his feet!
Good Heav'n, how little dream'd I then

His victim was my own lov'd youth!—
Fly—send—let some one watch the glen—
By all my hopes of heav'n 'tis truth!”

Oh! colder than the wind that freezes
Founts, that but now in sunshine play'd,
Is that congealing pang which seizes
The trusting bosom, when betray'd.
He felt it—deeply felt—and stood,
As if the tale had froz'n his blood,
So maz'd and motionless was he;—
Like one whom sudden spells enchant,
Or some mute, marble habitant

Of the still Halls of ISHMONIE!

But soon the painful chill was o'er,
And his great soul, herself once more,
Look'd from his brow in all the rays
Of her best, happiest, grandest days.
Never, in moment most elate,

Did that high spirit loftier rise!—
While bright, serene, determinate,

His looks are lifted to the skies,
As if the signal lights of Fate
Were shining in those awful eyes!

'Tis come—his hour of martyrdom
 In IRAN'S sacred cause is come;
 And, though his life hath pass'd away
 Like lightning on a stormy day,
 Yet shall his death-hour leave a track
 Of glory, permanent and bright,
 To which the brave of after-times,
 The suff'ring brave, shall long look back
 With proud regret,—and by its light
 Watch through the hours of slavery's night
 For vengeance on the oppressor's crimes.
 This rock, his monument aloft,
 Shall speak the tale to many an age;
 And hither bards and heroes oft
 Shall come in secret pilgrimage,
 And bring their warrior sons, and tell
 The wond'ring boys where HAFED fell;
 And swear them on those lone remains
 Of their lost country's ancient fanes,
 Never—while breath of life shall live
 Within them—never to forgive
 Th' accursed race, whose ruthless chain
 Hath left on IRAN'S neck a stain
 Blood, blood alone can cleanse again!

Such are the swelling thoughts that now
 Enthroned themselves on HAFED'S brow;
 And ne'er did Saint of ISSA gaze
 On the red wreath, for martyrs twin'd,
 More proudly than the youth surveys
 That pile, which through the gloom behind,
 Half lighted by the altar's fire,
 Glimmers—his destin'd funeral pyre!
 Heap'd by his own, his comrades' hands,
 Of ev'ry wood of odorous breath,
 There, by the Fire-God's shrine it stands,
 Ready to fold in radiant death
 The few still left of those who swore
 To perish there, when hope was o'er—
 The few, to whom that couch of flame,
 Which rescues them from bonds and shame,
 Is sweet and welcome as the bed
 For their own infant Prophet spread,

When pitying Heav'n to roses turn'd
The death-flames that beneath him burn'd!

With watchfulness the maid attends
His rapid glance, where'er it bends—
Why shoot his eyes such awful beams?
What plans he now? what thinks or dreams?
Alas! why stands he musing here,
When ev'ry moment teems with fear?
“HAFED, my own beloved Lord,”
She kneeling cries—“first, last ador'd!
If in that soul thou'st ever felt
Half what thy lips impassion'd swore,
Here, on my knees, that never knelt
To any but their 'God before,
I pray thee, as thou lov'st me, fly—
Now, now—ere yet their blades are nigh.
Oh haste—the bark that bore me hither
Can waft us o'er yon dark'ning sea,
East—west—alas, I care not whither,
So thou art safe, and I with thee!
Go where we will, this hand in thine,
Those eyes before me smiling thus,
Through good and ill, through storm and shine,
The world's a world of love for us!
On some calm, blessed shore we'll dwell,
Where 'tis no crime to love too well;—
Where thus to worship tenderly
An erring child of light like thee
Will not be sin—or, if it be,
Where we may weep our faults away,
Together kneeling, night and day,
Thou, for *my* sake, at ALLA'S shrine,
And I—at *any* God's, for thine!”

Wildly these passionate words she spoke—
Then hung her head, and wept for shame;
Sobbing, as if a heart-string broke,
With every deep-heav'd sob that came.
While, he, young, warm—oh! wonder not
If, for a moment, pride and fame,
His oath—his cause—that shrine of flame,
And IRAN'S self are all forgot

For her whom at his feet he sees
 Kneeling in speechless agonies.
 No, blame him not, if Hope awhile
 Dawn'd in his soul, and threw her smile
 O'er hours to come—o'er days and nights,
 Wing'd with those precious, pure delights
 Which she, who bends all beauteous there,
 Was born to kindle and to share.
 A tear or two, which, as he bow'd
 To raise the suppliant, trembling stole,
 First warn'd him of this dang'rous cloud
 Of softness passing o'er his soul.
 Starting, he brush'd the drops away,
 Unworthy o'er that cheek to stray;—
 Like one who, on the morn of fight,
 Shakes from his sword the dews of night,
 That had but dimm'd, not stain'd its light.

Yet, though subdued th' unnerving thrill,
 Its warmth, its weakness, linger'd still,
 So touching in its look and tone,
 That the fond, fearing, hoping maid
 Half counted on the flight she pray'd,
 Half thought the hero's soul was grown
 As soft, as yielding as her own,
 And smil'd and bless'd him, while he said,—
 "Yes—if there be some happier sphere,
 Where fadeless truth like ours is dear,—
 If there be any land of rest
 For those who love and ne'er forget,
 Oh! comfort thee—for safe and blest
 We'll meet in that calm region yet!"

Scarce had she time to ask her heart
 If good or ill these words impart,
 When the rous'd youth impatient flew
 To the tow'r-wall, where high in view
 A pond'rous sea-horn hung, and blew
 A signal, deep and dread 'as those
 The storm-fiend at his rising blows.
 Full well his Chieftains, sworn and true
 Through life and death, that signal knew;

For 'twas th' appointed warning blast,
 Th' alarm, to tell when hope was past,
 And the tremendous death-die cast!
 And there, upon the mould'ring tow'r,
 Hath hung this sea-horn many an hour,
 Ready to sound o'er land and sea
 That dirge-note of the brave and free.

They came—his Chieftains at the call
 Came slowly round, and with them all—
 Alas, how few!—the worn remains
 Of those who late o'er KERMAN'S plains
 Went gaily prancing to the clash
 Of Moorish zel and tymbalon,
 Catching new hope from every flash
 Of their long lances in the sun,
 And, as their coursers charg'd the wind,
 And the white ox-tails stream'd behind,
 Looking, as if the steeds they rode
 Were wing'd, and every Chief a God!
 How fall'n, how alter'd now! how wan
 Each scarr'd and faded visage shone,
 As round the burning shrine they came;—
 How deadly was the glare it cast,
 As mute they paus'd before the flame
 To light their torches as they pass'd!
 'Twas silence all—the youth hath plann'd
 The duties of his soldier band;
 And each determin'd brow declares
 His faithful Chieftains well know theirs.

But minutes speed—night gems the skies—
 And oh, how soon, ye blessed eyes,
 That look from heaven, ye may behold
 Sights that will turn your star-fires cold!
 Breathless with awe, impatience, hope,
 The maiden sees the veteran group
 Her litter silently prepare,
 And lay it at her trembling feet;
 And now the youth with gentle care,
 Hath plac'd her in the shelter'd seat,

And press'd her hand—that ling'ring press
 Of hands, that for the last time sever;
 Of hearts, whose pulse of happiness,
 When that hold breaks, is dead for ever.
 And yet to *her* this sad caress
 Gives hope—so fondly hope can err!
 'Twas joy, she thought, joy's mute excess—
 Their happy flight's dear harbinger;
 'Twas warmth—assurance—tenderness—
 'Twas anything but leaving her.

"Haste, haste!" she cried, "the clouds grow dark,
 But still, ere night, we'll reach the bark;
 And by to-morrow's dawn—oh bliss!
 With thee upon the sun-bright deep,
 Far off, I'll but remember this,
 As some dark vanish'd dream of sleep;
 And thou——" but ah!—he answers not—
 Good Heav'n!—and does she go alone?
 She now has reach'd that dismal spot,
 Where, some hours since, his voice's tone
 Had come to soothe her fears and ills,
 Sweet as the angel ISRAFIL'S,
 When every leaf on Eden's tree
 Is trembling to his minstrelsy—
 Yet now—oh, now, he is not nigh.
 "HAFED! my HAFED!—if it be
 Thy will, thy doom this night to die,
 Let me but stay to die with thee,
 And I will bless thy loved name,
 Till the last life-breath leave this frame.
 Oh! let our lips, our cheeks be laid
 But near each other while they fade;
 Let us but mix our parting breaths,
 And . can die ten thousand deaths!
 You too, whurr me away
 So cruelly, one moment stay—
 Oh! stay—one moment is not much—
 He yet may come—for *him* I pray—
 HAFED! dear HAFED!"—all the way
 In wild lamentings, that would touch
 A heart of stone, she shriek'd his name
 To the dark woods—no HAFED came:—

No—hapless pair—you've look'd your last:
 Your hearts should both have broken then.
 The dream is o'er—your doom is cast—
 You'll never meet on earth again!

Alas for him, who hears her cries!
 Still half-way down the steep he stands,
 Watching with fix'd and feverish eyes
 The glimmer of those burning brands,
 That down the rocks, with mournful ray,
 Light all he loves on earth away!
 Hopeless as they who, far at sea,
 By the cold moon have just consign'd
 The corse of one, lov'd tenderly,
 To the bleak flood they leave behind;
 And on the deck still lingering stay,
 And long look back, with sad delay,
 To watch the moonlight on the wave,
 That ripples o'er that cheerless grave.

But see—he starts—what heard he then?
 That dreadful shout!—across the glen
 From the land-side it comes, and loud
 Rings through the chasm; as if the crowd
 Of fearful things, that haunt that dell,
 Its Gholes and Dives and shapes of hell,
 Had all in one dread howl broke out,
 So loud, so terrible that shout!
 “They come—the Moslems come!”—he cries,
 His proud soul mounting to his eyes,—
 “Now, Spirits of the Brave, who roam
 Enfranchis'd through yon starry dome,
 Rejoice—for souls of kindred fire
 Are on the wing to join your choir!”
 He said—and, light as bridegrooms bound
 To their young loves, recomb'd the steep
 And gain'd the Shrine—his Chiefs stood round
 Their swords, as with instinctive leap,
 Together, at that cry accurst,
 Had from their sheaths, like sunbeams, burst.
 And hark!—again—again it rings;
 Near and more near its echoings

Peal through the chasm—oh! who that then
 Had seen those list'ning warrior-men,
 With their swords grasp'd, their eyes of flame
 Turn'd on their Chief—could doubt the shame,
 Th' indignant shame with which they thrill
 To hear those shouts, and yet stand still?

He read their thoughts—they were his own—
 “What! while our arms can wield these blades,
 Shall we die tamely? die alone?

Without one victim to our shades,
 One Moslem heart, where, buried deep,
 The sabre from its toil may sleep?
 No—God of IRAN'S burning skies!
 Thou scorn'st th' inglorious sacrifice.
 No—though of all earth's hope bereft,
 Life, swords, and vengeance still are left.
 We'll make yon valley's reeking caves

Live in the awe-struck minds of men,
 Till tyrants shudder, when their slaves
 Tell of the Gheber's bloody glen.
 Follow, brave hearts!—this pile remains
 Our refuge still from life and chains;
 But his the best, the holiest bed,
 Who sinks entomb'd in Moslem dead!”

Down the precipitous rocks they sprung,
 While vigour, more than human, strung
 Each arm and heart.—The exulting foe
 Still through the dark defiles below,
 Track'd by his torches' lurid fire,

Wound slow, as through GOLCONDA'S vale
 The mighty serpent, in his ire,

Glides on with glitt'ring, deadly trail.
 No torch the Ghebers need—so well
 They know each myst'ry of the dell,
 So oft have, in their wanderings,
 Cross'd the wild race that round them dwell,

The very tigers from their delves
 Look out, and let them pass, as things
 Untam'd and fearless like themselves!

There was a deep ravine, that lay
 Yet darkling in the Moslem's way;
 Fit spot to make invaders rue
 The many fall'n before the few.
 The torrents from that morning's sky
 Had fill'd the narrow chasm breast-high,
 And, on each side, aloft and wild,
 Huge cliffs and toppling crags were pil'd,—
 The guards with which young Freedom lines
 The pathways to her mountain-shrines.
 Here, at this pass, the scanty band
 Of IRAN'S last avengers stand;
 Here wait, in silence like the dead,
 And listen for the Moslem's tread
 So anxiously, the carrion bird
 Above them flaps his wing unheard!

They come—that plunge into the water
 Gives signal for the work of slaughter.
 Now, Ghebers, now—if e'er your blades
 Had point or prowess, prove them now—
 Woe to the file that foremost wades!
 They come—a falchion greets each brow,
 And, as they tumble, trunk on trunk,
 Beneath the gory waters sunk,
 Still o'er their drowning bodies press
 New victims quick and numberless;
 Till scarce an arm in HAFED'S band,
 So fierce their toil, hath power to stir,
 But listless from each crimson hand
 The sword hangs, clogg'd with massacre.
 Never was horde of tyrants met
 With bloodier welcome—never yet
 To patriot vengeance hath the sword
 More terrible libations pour'd!
 All up the dreary, long ravine,
 By the red, murky glimmer seen
 Of half-quench'd brands, that o'er the flood
 Lie scatter'd round and burn in blood,
 What ruin glares! what carnage swims!
 Heads, blazing turbans, quiv'ring limbs,
 Lost swords that, dropp'd from many a hand,
 In that thick pool of slaughter stand;—

Wretches who wading, half on fire
 From the toss'd brands that round them fly,
 'Twixt flood and flame in shrieks expire;—
 And some who, grasp'd by those that die,
 Sink woundless with them, smother'd o'er
 In their dead brethren's gushing gore!

But vainly hundreds, thousands bleed,
 Still hundreds, thousands more succeed;
 Countless as tow'rds some flame at night
 The North's dark insects wing their flight,
 And quench or perish in its light;
 To this terrific spot they pour—
 Till, bridg'd with Moslem bodies o'er,
 It bears aloft their slipp'ry tread,
 And o'er the dying and the dead,
 Tremendous causeway! on they pass.
 Then, hapless Ghebers, then, alas,
 What hope was left for you? for you,
 Whose yet warm pile of sacrifice
 Is smoking in their vengeful eyes;—
 Whose swords how keen, how fierce they knew,
 And burn with shame to find how few?
 Crush'd down by that vast multitude,
 Some found their graves where first they stood;
 While some with hardier struggle died,
 And still fought on by HAFED'S side,
 Who, fronting to the foe, trod back
 Tow'rds the high towers his gory track;
 And, as a lion swept away
 By sudden swell of JORDAN'S pride
 From the wild covert where he lay,
 Long battles with th' o'erwhelming tide,
 So fought he back with fierce delay,
 And kept both foes and fate at bay.

But whither now? their track is lost,
 Their prey escap'd—guide, torches gone—
 By torrent-beds and labyrinths crost,
 The scatter'd crowd rush blindly on—
 "Curse on those tardy lights that wind,"
 They panting cry, "so far behind;

Oh for a bloodhound's precious scent,
 To track the way the Gheber went!"
 Vain wish—confusedly along
 They rush, more desp'rate as more wrong:
 Till, wilder'd by the far-off lights,
 Yet glitt'ring up those gloomy heights,
 Their footing, maz'd and lost, they miss,
 And down the darkling precipice
 Are dash'd into the deep abyss;
 Or midway hang, impal'd on rocks,
 A banquet, yet alive, for flocks
 Of rav'ning vultures,—while the dell
 Re-echoes with each horrible yell.

Those sounds—the last, to vengeance dear,
 That e'er shall ring in HAFED'S ear,—
 Now reach'd him, as aloft, alone,
 Upon the steep way breathless thrown,
 He lay beside his reeking blade,

Resign'd, as if life's task were o'er,
 Its last blood-offering amply paid,

And IRAN'S self could claim no more.
 One only thought, one ling'ring beam
 Now broke across his dizzy dream
 Of pain and weariness—'twas she,

His heart's pure planet, shining yet
 Above the waste of memory,

When all life's other lights were set.

And never to his mind before

Her image such enchantment wore.

It seem'd as if each thought that stain'd,

Each fear that chill'd their loves was past.

And not one cloud of earth remain'd

Between him and her radiance cast;—

As if to charms, before so bright,

New grace from other worlds was giv'n,

And his soul saw her by the light

Now breaking o'er itself from heav'n!

A voice spoke near him—'twas the tone
 Of a lov'd friend, the only one
 Of all his warriors, left with life
 From that short night's tremendous strife.

“And must we then, my Chief, die here?
Foes round us, and the Shrine so near!”

These words have rous'd the last remains

Of life within him—“What! not yet
Beyond the reach of Moslem chains!”

The thought could make ev'n Death forget
His icy bondage—with a bound

He springs, all bleeding, from the ground,
And grasps his comrade's arm, now grown

Ev'n feebler, heavier than his own,

And up the painful pathway leads,

Death gaining on each step he treads.

Speed them, thou God, who heard'st their vow!

They mount—they bleed—oh save them now—

The crags are red they've clamber'd o'er,

The rock-weed's dripping with their gore;—

Thy blade too, HAFED, false at length,

Now breaks beneath thy tott'ring strength!

Haste, haste—the voices of the Foe

Come near and nearer from below—

One effort more—thank Heav'n! 'tis past,

They've gain'd the topmost steep at last.

And now they touch the temple's walls,

Now HAFED sees the Fire divine—

When, lo!—his weak, worn comrade falls

Dead on the threshold of the Shrine.

“Alas, brave soul, too quickly fled!

And must I leave thee with'ring here,

The sport of every ruffian's tread,

The mark for every coward's spear?

No, by yon altar's sacred beams!”

He cries, and, with a strength that seems

Not of this world, uplifts the frame

Of the fall'n Chief, and tow'rds the flame

Bears him along;—with death-damp hand

The corpse upon the pyre he lays,

Then lights the consecrated brand,

And fires the pile, whose sudden blaze

Like lightning bursts o'er OMAN'S Sea.—

“Now, Freedom's God! I come to Thee.”

The youth exclaims, and with a smile

Of triumph vaulting on the pile,

In that last effort, ere the fires

Have harm'd one glorious limb, expires!

What shriek was that on OMAN'S tide?
 It came from yonder drifting bark,
 That just hath caught upon her side
 The death-light—and again is dark.
 It is the boat—ah, why delay'd?
 That bears the wretched Moslem maid,
 Confided to the watchful care
 Of a small veteran band, with whom
 Their gen'rous Chieftain would not share
 The secret of his final doom,
 But hop'd when HINDA, safe and free,
 Was render'd to her father's eyes,
 Their pardon, full and prompt, would be
 The ransom of so dear a prize.
 Unconscious, thus, of HAFED'S fate,
 And proud to guard their beauteous freight,
 Scarce had they clear'd the surfy waves
 That foam around those frightful caves,
 When the curst war-whoops, known so well,
 Came echoing from the distant dell—
 Sudden each oar, upheld and still,
 Hung dripping o'er the vessel's side,
 And, driving at the current's will,
 They rock'd along the whisp'ring tide;
 While every eye, in mute dismay,
 Was tow'rd that fatal mountain turn'd,
 Where the dim altar's quiv'ring ray
 As yet all lone and tranquil burn'd.

Oh! 'tis not, HINDA, in the pow'r
 Of Fancy's most terrific touch
 To paint thy pangs in that dread hour—
 Thy silent agony—'twas such
 As those who feel could paint too well,
 But none e'er felt and liv'd to tell!
 'Twas not alone the dreary state
 Of a lorn spirit, crush'd by fate,
 When, though no more remains to dread,
 The panic chill will not depart;
 When, though the inmate Hope be dead,
 Her ghost still haunts the mould'ring heart,
 No—pleasures, hopes, affections gone,
 The wretch may bear, and yet live on,

Like things, within the cold rock found
 Alive, when all's congeal'd around.
 But there's a blank repose in this,
 A calm stagnation, that were bliss
 To the keen, burning, harrowing pain,
 Now felt through all thy breast and brain;—
 That spasm of terror, mute, intense,
 That breathless, agoniz'd suspense,
 From whose hot throb, whose deadly aching,
 The heart hath no relief but breaking!

Calm is the wave—heav'n's brilliant lights
 Reflected dance beneath the prow;—
 Time was when, on such lovely nights,
 She who is there, so desolate now,
 Could sit all cheerful, though alone,
 And ask no happier joy than seeing
 That star-light o'er the waters thrown—
 No joy but that, to make her blest,
 And the fresh, buoyant sense of Being,
 Which bounds in youth's yet careless breast,—
 Itself a star, not borrowing light,
 But in its own glad essence bright.
 How different now!—but, hark, again
 The yell of havoc rings—brave men!
 In vain, with beating hearts, ye stand
 On the bark's edge—in vain each hand
 Half draws the falchion from its sheath;
 All's o'er—in rust your blades may lie:—
 He, at whose word they've scatter'd death,
 Ev'n now, this night, himself must die!
 Well may ye look to yon dim tower,
 And ask, and wond'ring guess what means
 The battle-cry at this dead hour—
 Ah! she could tell you—she who leans
 Unheeded there, pale, sunk, aghast,
 With brow against the dew-cold mast;—
 Too well she knows—her more than life,
 Her soul's first idol and its last,
 Lies bleeding in that murd'rous strife.

But see—what moves upon the height?
 Some signal!—'tis a torch's light.

What bodes its solitary glare?
 In gasping silence tow'rd the Shrine
 All eyes are turn'd—thine, HINDA, thine
 Fix their last fading life-beams there.
 'Twas but a moment—fierce and high
 The death-pale blaz'd into the sky,
 And far away, o'er rock and flood
 Its melancholy radiance sent;
 While HAFED, like a vision stood
 Reveal'd before the burning pyre,
 Tall, shadowy, like a Spirit of Fire
 Shrin'd in its own grand element!
 "Tis he!"—the shudd'ring maid exclaims,—
 But, while she speaks, he's seen no more;
 High burst in air the funeral flames,
 And IRAN'S hopes and hers are o'er.

One wild, heart-broken shriek she gave;
 Then sprung, as if to reach that blaze,
 Where still she fix'd her dying gaze,
 And, gazing, sunk into the wave,—
 Deep, deep,—where never care or pain
 Shall reach her innocent heart again!

Farewell—farewell to thee, ARABY'S daughter!
 (Thus warbled a PERI beneath the dark sea,)
 No pearl ever lay, under OMAN'S green water,
 More pure in its shell than thy Spirit in thee.

Oh! fair as the sea-flower close to thee growing,
 How light was thy heart till Love's witchery came,
 Like the wind of the south⁴² o'er a summer lute blowing,
 And hush'd all its music, and wither'd its frame!

But long, upon ARABY'S green sunny highlands,
 Shall maids and their lovers remember the doom
 Of her, who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islands.
 With nought but the sea star to light up her tomb.

And still, when the merry date-season is burning
 And calls to the palm-groves the young and the old,
 The happiest there, from their pastime returning
 At sunset, will weep when thy story is told.

The young village-maid, when with flowers she dresses
 Her dark flowing hair for some festival day,
 Will think of thy fate till, neglecting her tresses,
 She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

Nor shall IRAN, belov'd of her Hero! forget thee—
 Though tyrants watch over her tears as they start,
 Close, close by the side of that Hero she'll set thee,
 Embalm'd in the innermost shrine of her heart.

Farewell—be it ours to embellish thy pillow
 With ev'rything beauteous that grows in the deep;
 Each flow'r of the rock and each gem of the billow
 Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber
 That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept;
 With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreath'd chamber,
 We, Peris of Ocean, by moonlight have slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling,
 And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head;
 We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian are sparkling,
 And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

Farewell—farewell—until Pity's sweet fountain
 Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,
 They'll weep for the Chieftain who died on that mountain,
 They'll weep for the Maiden who sleeps in this wave.

THE singular placidity with which FADLADEEN had listened, during the latter part of this obnoxious story, surprised the Princess and FERAMORZ exceedingly; and even inclined towards him the hearts of these unsuspecting young persons, who little knew the source of a complacency so marvellous. The truth was, he had been organizing, for the last few days, a most notable plan of persecution against the poet, in

consequence of some passages that had fallen from him on the second evening of recital,—which appeared to this worthy Chamberlain to contain language and principles, for which nothing short of the summary criticism of the Chabuk would be advisable. It was his intention, therefore, immediately on their arrival at Cashmere, to give information to the king of Bucharia of the very dangerous sentiments of his minstrel; and if, unfortunately, that monarch did not act with suitable vigour on the occasion (that is, if he did not give the Chabuk to FERAMORZ, and a place to FADLADEEN), there would be an end, he feared, of all legitimate government in Bucharia. He could not help, however, auguring better both for himself and the cause of potentates in general; and it was the pleasure arising from these mingled anticipations that diffused such unusual satisfaction through his features, and made his eyes shine out like poppies of the desert, over the wide and lifeless wilderness of that countenance.

Having decided upon the Poet's chastisement in this manner, he thought it but humanity to spare him the minor tortures of criticism. Accordingly, when they assembled the following evening in the pavilion, and LALLA ROOKH was expecting to see all the beauties of her bard melt away, one by one, in the acidity of criticism, like pearls in the cup of the Egyptian queen,—he agreeably disappointed her, by merely saying, with an ironical smile, that the merits of such a poem deserved to be tried at a much higher tribunal; and then suddenly passed off into a panegyric, upon all Musulman sovereigns, more particularly his august and Imperial master, Aurungzebe,—the wisest and best of the descendants of Timur—who, among other great things he had done for mankind, had given to him, FADLADEEN, the very profitable posts of Betel-carrier, and Taster of Sherbets to the Emperor, Chief Holder of the Girdle of Beautiful Forms,⁴⁸ and Grand Nazir, or Chamberlain of the Haram.

They were now not far from that Forbidden River, beyond which no pure Hindoo can pass; and were reposing for a time in the rich valley of Hussun Abdaul, which had always been a favourite resting-place of the Emperors in their annual migrations to Cashmere. Here often had the Light of the Faith, Jehan-Guire, been known to wander with his beloved and beautiful Nourmahal; and here would LALLA ROOKH have been happy to remain for ever, giving up the throne of Bucharia and the world, for FERAMORZ and love in this sweet lonely valley. But the time was now fast approaching when she must see him no longer.—or, what was still worse, behold him with eyes whose every look belonged to another; and there was a melancholy preciousness in these last moments, which made her heart cling to them as it would to life. During the latter part of the journey, indeed, she had sunk into a deep sadness, from which nothing but the presence of the young minstrel could awake her. Like those lamps in tombs, which only light up when the air is admitted, it was only at his approach that her eyes became smiling and animated. But here, in this dear valley, every moment appeared an age of pleasure; she saw him all day, and was, therefore, all day happy,—resembling, she often thought, that people of Zinge, who attribute the unfading cheerfulness they enjoy to one genial star that rises nightly over their heads.

The whole party, indeed, seemed in their liveliest mood during the few days they passed in this delightful solitude. The young attendants of the Princess, who were here allowed a much freer range than they could safely be indulged with in a less sequestered place, ran wild among the gardens and bounded through the meadows

lightly as young roes over the aromatic plains of Tibet; while FADLADEEN, in addition to the spiritual comfort derived by him from a pilgrimage to the tomb of the saint from whom the valley is named, had also opportunities of indulging, in a small way, his taste for victims, by putting to death some hundreds of those unfortunate little lizards, which all pious Mussulmans make it a point to kill—taking for granted, that the manner in which the creature hangs its head is meant as a mimicry of the attitude in which the Faithful say their prayers.

About two miles from Hussun Abdaul were those Royal Gardens, which had grown beautiful under the care of so many lovely eyes, and were beautiful still, though those eyes could see them no longer. This place, with its flowers and its holy silence, interrupted only by the dipping of the wings of birds in its marble basins filled with the pure water of those hills, was to LALLA ROOKH all that her heart could fancy of fragrance, coolness, and almost heavenly tranquillity. As the Prophet said of Damascus, "it was too delicious;"—and here, in listening to the sweet voice of FERAMORZ, or reading in his eyes what yet he never dared to tell her, the most exquisite moments of her whole life were passed. One evening, when they had been talking of the Sultana Nourmahal, the Light of the Haram, who had so often wandered among those flowers, and fed with her own hands, in those marble basins, the small shining fishes of which she was so fond, the youth, in order to delay the moment of separation, proposed to recite a short story, or rather rhapsody, of which this adored Sultana was the heroine. It related, he said, to the reconciliation of a sort of lovers' quarrel which took place between her and the Emperor during a Feast of Roses at Cashmere; and would remind the Princess of that difference between Haroun al-Raschid and his fair mistress Marida, which was so happily made up by the soft strains of the musician, Moussali. As the story was chiefly to be told in song, and FERAMORZ had unluckily forgotten his own lute in the valley, he borrowed the vina of LALLA ROOKH's little Persian slave and thus began:



THE LIGHT OF THE HARAM.

WHO has not heard of the Vale of CASHMERE,
With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,
Its temples, and grottos, and fountains as clear
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave?
Oh! to see it at sunset,—when warm o'er the Lake
Its splendour at parting a summer eve throws,
Like a bride, full of blushes, when ling'ring to take
A last look of her mirror at night ere she goes!
When the shrines through the foliage are gleaming half shown
And each hallows the hour by some rites of its own.
Here the music of pray'r from a minaret swells,
Here the Magian his urn, full of perfume, is swinging,
And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet bells
Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is ringing.

Or to see it by moonlight,—when mellowly shines
 The light o'er its palaces, gardens, and shrines;
 When the water-falls gleam, like a quick fall of stars,
 And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle of Chenars
 Is broken by laughs and light echoes of feet
 From the cool, shining walks where the young people meet.
 Or at morn, when the magic of daylight awakes
 A new wonder each minute, as slowly it breaks,
 Hills, cupolas, fountains, call'd forth every one
 Out of darkness, as if but just born of the Sun.
 When the Spirit of Fragrance is up with the day,
 From his Haram of night-flowers stealing away;
 And the wind, full of wantonness, woos like a lover
 The young aspen-trees, till they tremble all over.
 When the East is as warm as the light of first hopes
 And Day, with his banner of radiance unfurl'd,
 Shines in through the mountainous portal that opes,
 Sublime, from that Valley of bliss to the world!

But never yet, by night or day,
 In dew of spring or summer's ray,
 Did the sweet Valley shine so gay
 As now it shines—all love and light,
 Visions by day and feasts by night!
 A happier smile illumines each brow,
 With quicker spread each heart uncloses,
 And all is ecstasy,—for now
 The Valley holds its Feast of Roses;
 The joyous Time, when pleasures pour
 Profusely round, and, in their shower,
 Hearts open, like the Season's Rose,
 The Flow'ret of a hundred leaves,
 Expanding while the dew-fall flows,
 And every leaf its balm receives.

'Twas when the hour of evening came
 Upon the Lake, serene and cool,
 When Day had hid his sultry flame
 Behind the palms of BARAMOULE,
 When maids began to lift their heads,
 Refresh'd from their embroider'd beds,
 Where they had slept the sun away,
 And wak'd to moonlight and to play.

All were abroad—the busiest hive
 On BELA'S hills is less alive,
 When saffron-beds are full in flow'r,
 Than look'd the Valley in that hour.
 A thousand restless torches play'd
 Through every grove and island shade;
 A thousand sparkling lamps were set
 On every dome and minaret;
 And fields and pathways, far and near,
 Were lighted by a blaze so clear
 That you could see, in wand'ring round,
 The smallest rose-leaf on the ground.
 Yet did the maids and matrons leave
 Their veils at home, that brilliant eve;
 And there were glancing eyes about,
 And cheeks, that would not dare shine out
 In open day, but thought they might
 Look lovely then, because 'twas night.
 And all were free, and wandering,

And all exclaim'd to all they met,
 That never did the summer bring
 So gay a Feast of Roses yet;—
 The moon had never shed a light
 So clear as that which bless'd them there;
 The roses ne'er shone half so bright,
 Nor they themselves look'd half so fair.

And what a wilderness of flow'rs!
 It seem'd as though from all the bow'rs
 And fairest fields of all the year,
 The mingled spoil were scatter'd here.
 The Lake, too, like a garden breathes,

With the rich buds that o'er it lie,—
 As if a shower of fairy wreaths

Had fall'n upon it from the sky!
 And then the sounds of joy,—the beat
 Of tabors and of dancing feet;—
 The minaret-crier's chaunt of glee
 Sung from his lighted gallery,⁴⁴
 And answer'd by a ziraleet
 From neighbouring Haram, wild and sweet;—
 The merry laughter, echoing
 From gardens, where the silken swing



Wafts some delighted girl above
The top leaves of the orange-grove ;
Or, from those infant groups at play
Among the tents that line the way,
Flinging, unaw'd by slave or mother,
Handfuls of roses at each other.

Then, the sounds from the Lake,—the low whisp'ring in boats,
As they shoot through the moonlight;—the dipping of oars,
And the wild, airy warbling that ev'rywhere floats,
Through the groves, round the islands, as if all the shores,
Like those of KATHAY, utter'd music, and gave
An answer in song to the kiss of each wave.
But the gentlest of all are those sounds, full of feeling,
That soft from the lute of some lover are stealing,—
Some lover, who knows all the heart-touching power
Of a lute and a sigh in this magical hour.

Oh! best of delights as it ev'rywhere is
 To be near the lov'd *One*,—what a rapture is his
 Who in moonlight and music thus sweetly may glide
 O'er the Lake of CASHMERE, with that *One* by his side!
 If woman can make the worst wilderness dear,
 Think, think what a Heav'n she must make of CASHMERE!

So felt the magnificent Son of ACBAR,
 When from power and pomp and the trophies of war
 He flew to that Valley, forgetting them all
 With the Light of the HARAM, his young NOURMAHAL.
 When free and uncrown'd as the Conqueror rov'd
 By the banks of that lake, with his only belov'd;
 He saw, in the wreaths she would playfully snatch
 From the hedges, a glory his crown could not match,
 And prefer'd in his heart the last ringlet that curl'd
 Down her exquisite neck to the throne of the world.

There's a beauty, for ever unchangingly bright,
 Like the long, sunny lapse of a summer-day's light,
 Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,
 Till Love falls asleep in its sameness of splendour.
 This *was* not the beauty—oh, nothing like this,
 That to young NOURMAHAL gave such magic of bliss!
 But that loveliness, ever in motion, which plays
 Like the light upon autumn's soft shadowy days,
 Now here and now there, giving warmth as it flies
 From the lip to the cheek, from the cheek to the eyes;
 Now melting in mist and now breaking in gleams,
 Like the glimpses a saint hath of Heav'n in his dreams.
 When pensive, it seem'd as if that very grace,
 That charm of all others, was born with her face!
 And when angry,—for ev'n in the tranquildest climes
 Light breezes will ruffle the blossoms sometimes—
 The short, passing anger but seem'd to awaken
 New beauty, like flow'rs that are sweetest when shaken.
 If tenderness touch'd her, the dark of her eye
 At once took a darker, a heav'nlier dye,
 From the depth of whose shadow, like holy revealings
 From innermost shrines, came the light of her feelings.
 Then her mirth—oh! 'twas sportive as ever took wing
 From the heart with a burst, like the wild-bird in spring;

Illum'd by a wit that would fascinate sages,
 Yet playful as Peris just loos'd from their cages.⁴⁵
 While her laugh, full of life, without any control
 But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from her soul;
 And where it most sparkled no glance could discover,
 In lip, cheek, or eyes, for she brighten'd all over,—
 Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,
 When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun.
 Such, such were the peerless enchantments, that gave
 NOURMAHAL the proud Lord of the East for her slave:
 And though bright was his Haram,—a living parterre
 Of the flow'rs of this planet—though treasures were there,
 For which SOLIMAN'S self might have giv'n all the store
 That the navy from OPHIR e'er wing'd to his shore,
 Yet dim before *her* were the smiles of them all,
 And the Light of his Haram was young NOURMAHAL!

But where is she now, this night of joy,
 When bliss is every heart's employ?—
 When all around her is so bright,
 So like the visions of a trance,
 That one might think, who came by chance
 Into the vale this happy night,
 He saw that City of Delight
 In Fairy-land, whose streets and tow'rs
 Are made of gems and light and flow'rs!
 Where is the lov'd Sultana? where,
 When mirth brings out the young and fair,
 Does she, the fairest, hide her brow,
 In melancholy stillness now?

Alas!—how light a cause may move
 Dissension between hearts that love!
 Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
 And sorrow but more closely tied;
 That stood the storm, when waves were rough,
 Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
 Like ships that have gone down at sea,
 When heaven was all tranquillity!
 A something, light as air—a look,
 A word unkind or wrongly taken—
 Oh! love, that tempests never shook,
 A breath, a touch like this hath shaken.

And ruder words will soon rush in
 To spread the breach that words begin;
 And eyes forget the gentle ray
 They wore in courtship's smiling day;
 And voices lose the tone that shed
 A tenderness round all they said;
 Till fast declining, one by one,
 The sweetnesses of love are gone,
 And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
 Like broken clouds,—or like the stream,
 That smiling left the mountain's brow
 As though its waters ne'er could sever,
 Yet, ere it reach the plain below,
 Breaks into floods, that part for ever.

Oh, you, that have the charge of Love,
 Keep him in rosy bondage bound,
 As in the Fields of Bliss above
 He sits, with flow'ret's fetter'd round;—
 Loose not a tie that round him clings,
 Nor ever let him use his wings;
 For ev'n an hour, a minute's flight
 Will rob the plumes of half their light:
 Like that celestial bird,—whose nest
 Is found beneath far Eastern skies,—
 Whose wings, though radiant when at rest,
 Lose all their glory when he flies!

Some diff'rence, of this dang'rous kind,—
 By which, though light, the links that bind
 The fondest hearts may soon be riv'n;
 Some shadow in Love's summer heav'n,
 Which, though a fleecy speck at first,
 May yet in awful thunder burst;—
 Such cloud it is, that now hangs over
 The heart of the Imperial Lover,
 And far hath banish'd from his sight
 His NOURMAHAL, his Haram's Light!
 Hence is it, on this happy night,
 When Pleasure through the fields and groves
 Has let loose all her world of loves,
 And every heart has found its own,
 He wanders, joyless and alone,

And weary as that bird of Thrace,
 Whose pinion knows no resting-place.
 In vain the loveliest cheeks and eyes
 This Eden of the Earth supplies
 Come crowding round—the cheeks are pale.
 The eyes are dim :—though rich the spot
 With every flow'r this earth has got,
 What is it to the nightingale,
 If there his darling rose is not?
 In vain the Valley's smiling throng
 Worship him, as he moves along ;
 He heeds them not—one smile of hers
 Is worth a world of worshippers.
 They but the Star's adorers are,
 She is the Heav'n that lights the Star !

Hence is it, too, that NOURMAHAL,
 Amid the luxuries of this hour
 Far from the joyous festival,
 Sits in her own sequester'd bow'r,
 With no one near, to soothe or aid,
 But that inspir'd and wondrous maid,
 NAMOUNA, the Enchantress ;—one,
 O'er whom his race the golden sun
 For unremember'd years has run,
 Yet never saw her blooming brow
 Younger or fairer than 'tis now.
 Nay, rather,—as the west wind's sigh
 Freshens the flow'r it passes by,—
 Time's wing but seem'd, in stealing o'er,
 To leave her lovelier than before.
 Yet on her smiles a sadness hung,
 And when, as oft, she spoke or sung
 Of other worlds, there came a light
 From her dark eyes so strangely bright,
 That all believ'd nor man nor earth
 Were conscious of NAMOUNA's birth !

All spells and talismans she knew,
 From the great Mantra,⁴⁶ which around
 The Air's sublimer Spirits drew,
 To the gold gems of AFRIC, bound



Upon the wand'ring Arab's arm,
To keep him from the Siltim's⁴⁷ harm.
And she had pledg'd her pow'rful art,—
Pledg'd it with all the zeal and heart
Of one who knew, though high her sphere,
What 'twas to lose a love so dear,—
To find some spell that should recall
Her Selim's smile to NOURMAHAL!

'Twas midnight—through the lattice, wreath'd
With woodbine, many a perfume breath'd
From plants that wake when others sleep,
From timid jasmine buds, that keep

Their odour to themselves all day,
 But, when the sun-light dies away,
 Let the delicious secret out
 To every breeze that roams about;—
 When thus NAMOUNA:—"Tis the hour
 That scatters spells on herb and flow'r,
 And garlands might be gather'd now,
 That, twin'd around the sleeper's brow,
 Would make him dream of such delights,
 Such miracles and dazzling sights,
 As Genii of the Sun behold,
 At evening, from their tents of gold
 Upon th' horizon—where they play
 Till twilight comes, and, ray by ray,
 Their sunny mansions melt away.
 Now, too, a chaplet might be wreath'd
 Of buds o'er which the moon has breath'd,
 Which, worn by her whose love has stray'd,
 Might bring some Peri from the skies,
 Some sprite, whose very soul is made
 Of flow'rets' breaths and lovers' sighs,
 And who might tell——

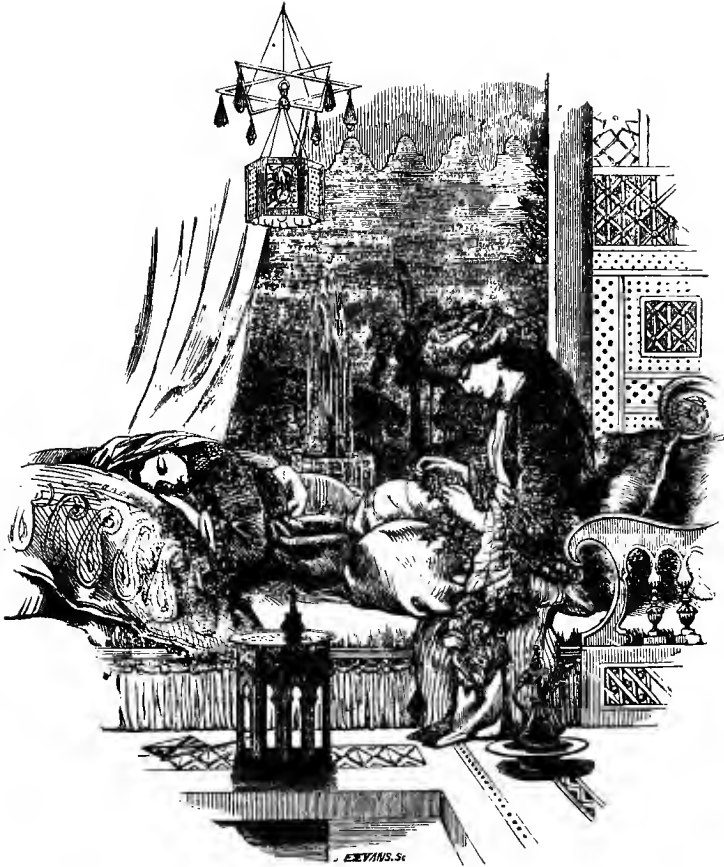
"For me, for me,"

Cried NOURMAHAL impatiently,—
 "Oh! twine that wreath for me to-night."
 Then, rapidly, with foot as light
 As the young musk-roe's, out she flew,
 To cull each shining leaf that grew
 Beneath the moonlight's hallowing beams,
 For this enchanted Wreath of Dreams.
 Anemones and Seas of Gold,
 And new-blown lilies of the river,
 And those sweet flow'rets, that unfold
 Their buds on CAMADEVA'S quiver;⁴⁸
 The tube-rose, with her silv'ry light,
 That in the Gardens of Malay
 Is call'd the Mistress of the Night,
 So like a bride, scented and bright,
 She comes out when the sun's away;—
 Amaranths, such as crown the maids
 That wander through ZAMARA'S shades;—
 And the white moon-flow'r, as it shows,
 On SERENDIB'S high crags, to those

Who near the isle at evening sail,
 Scenting her clove-trees in the gale;
 In short, all flow'rets and all plants,
 From the divine Amrita tree,
 That blesses heaven's inhabitants
 With fruits of immortality,
 Down to the basil tuft, that waves
 Its fragrant blossom over graves,
 And to the humble rosemary,
 Whose sweets so thanklessly are shed
 To scent the desert and the dead:—
 All in that garden bloom, and all
 Are gather'd by young NOURMAHAL,
 Who heaps her baskets with the flow'rs
 And leaves, till they can hold no more;
 Then to NAMOUNA flies, and show'rs
 Upon her lap the shining store.

With what delight th' Enchantress views
 So many buds, bath'd with the dews
 And beams of that bless'd hour! her glance
 Spoke something, past all mortal pleasures,
 As, in a kind of holy trance,
 She hung above those fragrant treasures,
 Bending to drink their balmy airs,
 As if she mix'd her soul with theirs.
 And 'twas, indeed, the perfume shed
 From flow'rs and scented flame, that fed
 Her charmed life—for none had e'er
 Beheld her taste of mortal fare,
 Nor ever in aught earthly dip,
 But the morn's dew, her roseate lip.
 Fill'd with the cool, inspiring smell,
 Th' Enchantress now begins her spell,
 Thus singing as she winds and weaves
 In mystic form the glittering leaves:—

I know where the winged visions dwell
 That around the night-bed play,
 I know each herb and flow'ret's bell,
 Where they hide their wings by day.
 Then hasten we, maid,
 To twine our braid,
 To-morrow the dreams and flow'rs will fade.



The image of love, that nightly flies
To visit the bashful maid,
Steals from the jasmine flower, that sighs
Its soul, like her, in the shade.
The dream of a future, happier hour,
That alights on misery's brow,
Springs out of the silv'ry almond flow'r,
That blooms on a leafless bough.
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flow'rs will fade.

The visions, that oft to worldly eyes
The glitter of mines unfold,
Inhabit the mountain-herb, that dyes
The tooth of the fawn like gold.

The phantom shapes—oh touch not them—
 That appal the murd'rer's sight,
 Lurk in the fleshly mandrake's stem,
 That shrieks, when pluck'd at night!
 Then hasten we, maid,
 To twine our braid,
 To-morrow the dreams and flow'rs will fade.

The dream of the injur'd, patient mind,
 That smiles at the wrongs of men,
 Is found in the bruis'd and wounded rind
 Of the cinnamon, sweetest then.
 Then hasten we, maid,
 To twine our braid,
 To-morrow the dreams and flow'rs will fade.

No sooner was the flow'ry crown
 Plac'd on her head, than sleep came down,
 Gently as nights of summer fall,
 Upon the lids of NOURMAHAL;—
 And, suddenly, a tuneful breeze,
 As full of small, rich harmonies
 As ever wind, that o'er the tents
 Of AZAB blew, was full of scents,
 Steals on her ear, and floats and swells,
 Like the first air of morning creeping
 Into those wreathy, Red Sea shells,
 Where Love himself, of old, lay sleeping;
 And now a Spirit form'd, 'twould seem,
 Of music and of light,—so fair,
 So brilliantly his features beam,
 And such a sound is in the air
 Of sweetness when he waves his wings,—
 Hovers around her, and thus sings:—

From CHINDARA'S warbling fount I come,
 Call'd by that moonlight garland's spell;
 From CHINDARA'S fount, my fairy home,
 Where in music, morn and night, I dwell:

Where lutes in the air are heard about,
 And voices are singing the whole day long.
 And every sigh the heart breathes out
 Is turn'd, as it leaves the lips, to song!
 Hither I come
 From my fairy home,
 And if there's a magic in Music's strain,
 I swear by the breath
 Of that moonlight wreath,
 Thy Lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

For mine is the lay that lightly floats,
 And mine are the murm'ring, dying notes,
 That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
 And melt in the heart as instantly:—
 And the passionate strain that, deeply going,
 Refines the bosom it trembles through,
 As the musk-wind, over the water blowing,
 Ruffles the wave, but sweetens it too.

Mine is the charm, whose mystic sway
 The Spirits of past Delight obey;—
 Let but the tuneful talisman sound,
 And they come, like Genii, hovering round.
 And mine is the gentle song that bears,
 From soul to soul, the wishes of love,
 As a bird that wafts through genial airs
 The cinnamon-seed from grove to grove.
 'Tis I that mingle in one sweet measure
 The past, the present, and future of pleasure;
 When Memory links the tone that is gone
 With the blissful tone that is still in the ear;
 And Hope from a heavenly note flies on
 To a note more heavenly still that is near.

The warrior's heart, when touch'd by me,
 Can as downy soft and as yielding be
 As his own white plume, that high amid death
 Through the field has shone—yet moves with a breath!

And, oh, how the eyes of Beauty glisten,
 When Music has reach'd her inward soul,
 Like the silent stars that wink and listen
 While Heaven's eternal melodies roll.
 So, hither I come
 From my fairy home,
 And if there's a magic in Music's strain
 I swear by the breath
 Of that moonlight wreath,
 Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

'Tis dawn—at least that earlier dawn,
 Whose glimpses are again withdrawn,
 As if the morn had wak'd, and then
 Shut close her lids of light again.
 And NOURMAHAL is up, and trying
 The wonders of her lute, whose strings—
 Oh, bliss!—now murmur like the sighing
 From that ambrosial Spirit's wings.
 And then, her voice—'tis more than human—
 Never, till now, had it been given
 To lips of any mortal woman
 To utter notes so fresh from heaven;
 Sweet as the breath of angel sighs,
 When angel sighs are most divine.
 "Oh! let it last till night," she cries,
 "And he is more than ever mine!"
 And hourly she renews the lay,
 So fearful lest its heav'nly sweetness
 Should, ere the evening, fade away,—
 For things so heav'nly have such fleetness!
 But, far from fading, it but grows
 Richer, diviner as it flows;
 Till rapt she dwells on every string,
 And pours again each sound along,
 Like echo, lost and languishing,
 In love with her own wondrous song.

That evening (trusting that his soul
 Might be from haunting love releas'd
 By mirth, by music, and the bowl),
 Th' Imperial SELIM held a feast



In his magnificent Shalimar:—
In whose Saloons, when the first star
Of evening o'er the waters trembled,
The Valley's loveliest all assembled;
All the bright creatures that, like dreams
Glide through its foliage, and drink beams
Of beauty from its founts and streams;
And all those wand'ring minstrel-maids,
Who leave—how *can* they leave?—the shades
Of that dear Valley, and are found
Singing in gardens of the South
Those songs, that ne'er so sweetly sound
As from a young Cashmerian's mouth.

There, too, the Haram's inmates smile;—
 Maids from the West, with sun-bright hair,
 And from the Garden of the NILE,
 Delicate as the roses there;—
 Daughters of Love from CYPRUS' rocks,
 With Paphian diamonds in their locks;—
 Light PERI forms, such as there are
 On the gold meads of CANDAHAR;
 And they, before whose sleepy eyes,
 In their own bright Kathaian bow'rs,
 Sparkle such rainbow butterflies,
 That 'they might fancy the rich flow'rs,
 That round them in the sun lay sighing,
 Had been by magic all set flying.

Everything young, everything fair
 From East and West is blushing there,
 Except—except—oh, NOURMAHAL!
 Thou loveliest, dearest of them all,
 The one whose smile shone out alone,
 Amidst a world the only one;
 Whose light, among so many lights,
 Was like that star on starry nights,
 The seaman singles from the sky,
 To steer his bark for ever by!
 Thou wert not there—so SELIM thought,
 And everything seem'd drear without thee;
 But, ah!—thou wert, thou wert,—and brought
 Thy charm of song all fresh about thee.
 Mingling unnotic'd with a band
 Of lutanists from many a land,
 And veil'd by such a mask as shades
 The features of young Arab maids,—
 A mask that leaves but one eye free,
 To do its best in witchery,—
 She rov'd, with beating heart, around,
 And waited, trembling, for the minute,
 When she might try if still the sound
 Of her lov'd lute had magic in it.

The board was spread with fruits and wine;
 With grapes of gold, like those that shine

On CASBIN'S hills ;—pomegranates full
 Of melting sweetness, and the pears
 And sunniest apples that CAUBUL
 In all its thousand gardens bears ;—
 Plantains, the golden and the green,
 MALAYA'S nectar'd mangusteen ;⁴⁹
 Prunes of BOKHARA, and sweet nuts
 From the far groves of SAMARCAND,
 And BASRA dates, and apricots,
 Seed of the sun, from IRAN'S land ;—
 With rich conserve of Visna cherries,
 Of orange flowers, and of those berries
 That, wild and fresh, the young gazelles
 Feed on in ERAC'S rocky dells.
 All these in richest vases smile,
 In baskets of pure santal-wood,
 And urns of porcelain from that isle
 Sunk underneath the Indian flood,
 Whence oft the lucky diver brings
 Vases to grace the halls of kings.
 Wines, too, of every clime and hue,
 Around their liquid lustre threw ;
 Amber Rosolli,—the bright dew
 From vineyards of the Green-Sea gushing ;
 And SHIRAZ wine, that richly ran
 As if that jewel, large and rare,
 The ruby for which KUBLAI-KHAN
 Offer'd a city's wealth, was blushing,
 Melted within the goblets there !

And amply SELIM quaffs of each,
 And seems resolv'd the flood shall reach
 His inward heart,—shedding around
 A genial deluge, as they run,
 That soon shall leave no spot undrown'd,
 For Love to rest his wings upon.
 He little knew how well the boy
 Can float upon a goblet's streams,
 Lighting them with his smile of joy ;—
 As bards have seen him in their dreams,
 Down the blue GANGES laughing glide
 Upon a rosy lotus wreath,
 Catching new lustre from the tide
 That with his image shone beneath.



But what are cups, without the aid
Of song to speed them as they flow?
And see—a lovely Georgian maid,
With all the bloom, the freshen'd glow
Of her own country maidens' looks,
When warm they rise from TEFLIS' brooks;
And with an eye, whose restless ray,
Full, floating, dark—oh, he, who knows
His heart is weak, of Heav'n should pray
To guard him from such eyes as those!—
With a voluptuous wildness flings
Her snowy hands across the strings
Of a syrinda,⁵⁰ and thus sings:—

Come hither, come hither—by night and by day,
We linger in pleasures that never are gone;
Like the waves of the summer, as one dies away,
Another as sweet and as shining comes on.

And the love that is o'er, in expiring, gives birth
 To a new one as warm, as unequall'd in bliss;
 And, oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
 It is this, it is this.

Here maidens are sighing, and fragrant their sigh
 As the flow'r of the Amra just op'd by a bee;
 And precious their tears as that rain from the sky,
 Which turns into pearls as it falls in the sea.
 Oh! think what the kiss and the smile must be worth
 When the sigh and the tear are so perfect in bliss,
 And own if there be an Elysium on earth,
 It is this, it is this.

Here sparkles the nectar, that, hallow'd by love,
 Could draw down those angels of old from their sphere,
 Who for wine of this earth left the fountains above,
 And forgot heav'n's stars for the eyes we have here.
 And, bless'd with the odour our goblet gives forth,
 What Spirit the sweets of his Eden would miss?
 For, oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
 It is this, it is this.

The Georgian's song was scarcely mute,
 When the same measure, sound for sound,
 Was caught up by another lute,
 And so divinely breath'd around,
 That all stood hush'd and wondering,
 And turn'd and look'd into the air,
 As if they thought to see the wing
 Of ISRAFIL, the Angel, there;—
 So pow'rfully on ev'ry soul
 That new, enchanted measure stole.
 While now a voice, sweet as the note
 Of the charm'd lute, was heard to float
 Along its chords, and so entwine
 Its sounds with theirs, that none knew whether
 The voice or lute was most divine,
 So wondrously they went together:—

There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
 When two, that are link'd in one heav'nly tie,
 With heart never changing, and brow never cold,
 Love on through all ills, and love on till they die!

One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
 Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss ;
 And, oh ! if there *be* an Elysium on earth,
 It is this, it is this.

'Twas not the air, 'twas not the words,
 But that deep magic in the chords
 And in the lips, that gave such pow'r
 As Music knew not till that hour.
 At once a hundred voices said,
 "It is the mask'd Arabian maid!"
 While SELIM, who had felt the strain
 Deepest of any, and had lain
 Some minutes rapt, as in a trance,
 After the fairy sounds were o'er,
 Too inly touch'd for utterance,
 Now motion'd with his hand for more :—

Fly to the desert, fly with me,
 Our Arab tents are rude for thee ;
 But, oh ! the choice what heart can doubt,
 Of tents with love, or thrones without ?

Our rocks are rough, but smiling there
 Th' acacia waves her yellow hair,
 Lonely and sweet, nor lov'd the less
 For flow'ring in a wilderness.

Our sands are bare, but down their slope
 The silv'ry-footed antelope
 As gracefully and gaily springs
 As o'er the marble courts of kings.

Then come—thy Arab maid will be
 The lov'd and lone acacia-tree,
 The antelope, whose feet shall bless
 With their light sound thy loneliness.

Oh ! there are looks and tones that dart
 An instant sunshine through the heart,—
 As if the soul that minute caught
 Some treasure it through life had sought ;

As if the very lips and eyes,
 Predestin'd to have all our sighs,
 And never be forgot again,
 Sparkled and spoke before us then!

So came thy ev'ry glance and tone
 When first on me they breath'd and shone
 New, as if brought from other spheres,
 Yet welcome as if lov'd for years.

Then fly with me,—if thou hast known
 No other flame, nor falsely thrown
 A gem away, that thou hadst sworn
 Should ever in thy heart be worn.

Come, if the love thou hast for me,
 Is pure and fresh as mine for thee,—
 Fresh as the fountain under ground,
 When first 'tis by the lapwing found.⁶⁷

But if for me thou dost forsake
 Some other maid, and rudely break
 Her worshipp'd image from its base,
 To give to me the ruin'd place;—

Then, fare thee well—I'd rather make
 My bower upon some icy lake
 When thawing suns begin to shine,
 Than trust to love so false as thine!

There was a pathos in this lay,
 That, ev'n without enchantment's art
 Would instantly have found its way
 Deep into SELIM'S burning heart;
 But, breathing, as it did, a tone
 To earthly lutes and lips unknown;
 With every chord fresh from the touch
 Of Music's Spirit,—'twas too much!

Starting, he dash'd away the cup,—
 Which, all the time of this sweet air,
 His hand had held, untasted, up,
 As if 'twere fix'd by magic there,—
 And naming her, so long unnam'd,
 So long unseen, wildly exclaim'd,
 "Oh NOURMAHAL! oh NOURMAHAL!
 Had'st thou but sung this witching strain,
 I could forget—forgive thee all,
 And never leave those eyes again."

The mask is off—the charm is wrought—
 And SELIM to his heart has caught,
 In blushes, more than ever bright,
 His NOURMAHAL, his Haram's Light!
 And well do vanish'd frowns enhance
 The charm of every brighten'd glance;
 And dearer seems each dawning smile
 For having lost its light awhile:
 And, happier now for all her sighs,
 As on his arm her head reposes,
 She whispers him, with laughing eyes,
 "Remember, love, the Feast of Roses!"

FADLADEEN, at the conclusion of this light rhapsody, took occasion to sum up his opinion of the young Cashmerian's poetry,—of which, he trusted, they had that evening heard the last. Having recapitulated the epithets, "frivolous"—"inharmonious"—"nonsensical," he proceeded to say that, viewing it in the most favourable light, it resembled one of those Maldivian boats, to which the Princess had alluded in the relation of her dream,—a slight, gilded thing, sent adrift without rudder or ballast, and with nothing but vapid sweets and faded flowers on board. The profusion, indeed, of flowers and birds, which this poet had ready on all occasions—not to mention dews, gems, &c.—was a most oppressive kind of opulence to his hearers; and had the unlucky effect of giving to his style all the glitter of the flower-garden without its method, and all the flutter of the aviary without its song. In addition to this, he chose his subjects badly, and was always most inspired by the worst parts of them. The charms of paganism, the merits of rebellion,—these were the themes honoured with his particular enthusiasm; and, in the poem just recited, one of his most palatable passages was in praise of that beverage of the Unfaithful, wine;—"being, perhaps," said he, relaxing into a smile, as conscious of his own character in the Haram on this point, "one of those bards, whose fancy owes all its illumination to the grape, like that painted porcelain, so curious and so rare, whose images are

only visible when liquor is poured into it." Upon the whole, it was his opinion, from the specimens which they had heard, and which, he begged to say, were the most tiresome part of the journey, that—whatever other merits this well-dressed young gentleman might possess—poetry was by no means his proper avocation: "and indeed," concluded the critic, "from his fondness for flowers and for birds, I would venture to suggest that a florist or a bird-catcher is a much more suitable calling for him than a poet."

They had now begun to ascend those barren mountains, which separate Cashmere from the rest of India; and, as the heats were intolerable, and the time of their encampments limited to the few hours necessary for refreshment and repose, there was an end to all their delightful evenings, and LALLA ROOKH saw no more of FERAMORZ. She now felt that her short dream of happiness was over, and that she had nothing but the recollection of its few blissful hours, like the one draught of sweet water that serves the camel across the wilderness, to be her heart's refreshment during the dreary waste of life that was before her. The blight that had fallen upon her spirits soon found its way to her cheek, and her Ladies saw with regret—though not without some suspicion of the cause—that the beauty of their mistress, of which they were almost as proud as of their own, was fast vanishing away at the very moment of all when she had most need of it. What must the King of Bucharia feel, when, instead of the lively and beautiful LALLA ROOKH, whom the poets of Delhi had described as more perfect than the divinest images in the house of Azor, he should receive a pale and inanimate victim, upon whose cheek neither health nor pleasure bloomed, and from whose eyes Love had fled—to hide himself in her heart?

If anything could have charmed away the melancholy of her spirits, it would have been the fresh airs and enchanting scenery of that Valley, which the Persians so justly called the Unequaled. But neither the coolness of its atmosphere, so luxurious after toiling up those bare and burning mountains,—neither the splendour of the minarets and pagodas, that shone out from the depth of its woods, nor the grottos, hermitages, and miraculous fountains, which make every spot of that region holy ground,—neither the countless waterfalls, that rush into the Valley from all those high and romantic mountains that encircle it, nor the fair city on the Lake, whose houses, roofed with flowers, appeared at a distance like one vast and variegated parterre;—not all these wonders and glories of the most lovely country under the sun could steal her heart for a minute from those sad thoughts, which but darkened, and grew bitterer every step she advanced.

The gay pomps and processions that met her upon her entrance into the Valley, and the magnificence with which the roads all along were decorated, did honour to the taste and gallantry of the young King. It was night when they approached the city, and, for the last two miles, they had passed under arches, thrown from hedge to hedge, festooned with only those rarest roses from which the Attar Gul, more precious than gold, is distilled, and illuminated in rich and fanciful forms with lanterns of the triple-coloured tortoise-shell of Pegu. Sometimes from a dark wood by the side of the road, a display of fire-works would break out, so sudden and so brilliant, that a Brahmin might fancy he beheld that grove, in whose purple shade the God of Battles was born, bursting into a flame at the moment of his birth;—while, at other times, a quick and playful irradiation continued to brighten all the fields and gardens by which they

passed, forming a line of dancing lights along the horizon; like the meteors of the north as they are seen by those hunters, who pursue the white and blue foxes on the confines of the Icy Sea.

These arches and fire-works delighted the Ladies of the Princess exceedingly; and with their usual good logic, they deduced from his taste for illuminations, that the King of Bucharia would make the most exemplary husband imaginable. Nor, indeed, could LALLA ROOKH herself help feeling the kindness and splendour with which the young bridegroom welcomed her;—but, she also felt how painful is the gratitude, which kindness from those we cannot love excites; and that their best blandishments come over the heart with all that chilling and deadly sweetness, which we can fancy in the cold, odoriferous wind that is to blow over this earth in the last days.

The marriage was fixed for the morning after her arrival, when she was, for the first time, to be presented to the monarch in that Imperial Palace beyond the Lake called the Shalimar. Though never before had a night of more wakeful and anxious thought been passed on the Happy Valley, yet, when she rose in the morning, and her Ladies came around her, to assist in the adjustment of the bridal ornaments, they thought they had never seen her look half so beautiful. What she had lost of the bloom and radiancy of her charms was more than made up by that intellectual expression, that soul beaming forth from the eyes, which is worth all the rest of loveliness. When they had tinged her fingers with the Henna leaf, and placed upon her brow a small coronet of jewels, of the shape worn by the ancient Queens of Bucharia, slowly flung over her head the rose-coloured bridal veil, and she proceeded to the barge that was to convey her across the lake;—first kissing, with a mournful look, the little amulet of cornelian, which her father at parting had hung about her neck.

The morning was as fresh and fair as the maid on whose nuptials it rose; and the shining lake all covered with boats, the minstrels playing upon the shores of the islands, and the crowded summer-houses on the green hills around, with shawls and banners waving from their roofs, presented such a picture of animated rejoicing, as only she who was the object of it all did not feel with transport. To LALLA ROOKH alone it was a melancholy pageant; nor could she have even borne to look upon the scene, were it not for a hope that, among the crowds around, she might once more perhaps catch a glimpse of FERAMORZ. So much was her imagination haunted by this thought, that there was scarcely an islet or boat she passed on the way at which her heart did not flutter with the momentary fancy that he was there. Happy, in her eyes, the humblest slave upon whom the light of his dear looks fell!—In the barge immediately after the Princess sat FADLADEEN, with his silken curtains thrown wide apart, that all might have the benefit of his august presence, and with his head full of the speech he was to deliver to the King, “concerning FERAMORZ, and literature, and the Chabuk, as connected therewith.”

They now had entered the canal which leads from the Lake to the splendid domes and saloons of the Shalimar, and went gliding on through the gardens that ascended from each bank, full of flowering shrubs that made the air all perfume; while from the middle of the canal rose jets of water, smooth and unbroken, to such a dazzling height, that they stood like tall pillars of diamond in the sunshine. After sailing under the arches of various saloons, they at length arrived at the last and most magnificent, where the monarch awaited the coming of his bride; and such was the agitation of her

heart and frame, that it was with difficulty she could walk up the marble steps which were covered with cloth of gold for her ascent from the barge. At the end of the hall stood two thrones, as precious as the Cerulean Throne of Coolburga, on one of which sat ALIRIS, the youthful King of Bucharia, and on the other was, in a few minutes, to be placed the most beautiful Princess in the world. Immediately upon the entrance of LALLA ROOKH in the saloon, the monarch descended from his throne to meet her; but scarcely had he time to take her hand in his, when she screamed with surpris, and fainted at his feet. It was FERAMORZ himself that stood before her!—FERAMORZ was, himself, the Sovereign of Bucharia, who in this disguise had accompanied his young bride from Delhi, and, having won her love as an humble minstrel, now amply deserved to enjoy it as a King.

The consternation of FADLADEEN at this discovery was, for the moment, almost pitiable. But change of opinion is a resource too convenient in courts for this experienced courtier not to have learned to avail himself of it. His criticisms were all, of course, recanted instantly; he was seized with an admiration of the King's verses, as unbounded as, he begged him to believe, it was disinterested; and the following week saw him in possession of an additional place, swearing by all the Saints of Islam that never had there existed so great a poet as the Monarch ALIRIS, and, moreover, ready to prescribe his favourite regimen of the Chabuk for every man, woman, and child that dared to think otherwise.

Of the happiness of the King and Queen of Bucharia, after such a beginning, there can be but little doubt; and, among the lesser symptoms, it is recorded of LALLA ROOKH, that to the day of her death, in memory of their delightful journey, she never called the King by any other name than FERAMORZ.



BALLADS, SONGS, ETC.



I SAW THE MOON RISE CLEAR.

A FINLAND LOVE SONG.

I SAW the moon rise clear
O'er hills and vales of snow,
Nor told my fleet rein-deer
The track I wish'd to go.
Yet quick he bounded forth;
For well my rein-deer knew
I have but one path on earth—
The path which leads to you.

The gloom that winter cast
 How soon the heart forgets,
 When summer brings, at last,
 Her sun that never sets!
 So dawn'd my love for you;
 So, fix'd through joy and pain,
 Than summer sun more true,
 'Twill never set again.



THE WATCHMAN.

A TRIO.

WATCHMAN.

PAST twelve o'clock—past twelve.

Good night, good night, my dearest—
 How fast the moments fly!
 'Tis time to part, thou hearest
 That hateful watchman's cry.

WATCHMAN.

Past one o'clock—past one.

Yet stay a moment longer—
 Alas! why is it so,
 The wish to stay grows stronger,
 The more 'tis time to go?

WATCHMAN.

Past two o'clock—past two.

Now wrap thy cloak about thee—
 The hours must sure go wrong,
 For when they're pass'd without thee,
 They're, oh, ten times as long.

WATCHMAN.

Past three o'clock—past three.

Again that dreadful warning!
 Had ever time such flight?
 And see the sky, 'tis morning—
 So now, *indeed*, good night.

WATCHMAN.

Past three o'clock—past three.

Good night, good night.



SONG.

WHERE is the heart that would not give
 Years of drowsy days and nights,
 One little hour, like this, to live—
 Full, to the brim, of life's delights?
 Look, look around
 This fairy ground,
 With love-lights glittering o'er;
 While cups that shine
 With freight divine
 Go coasting round its shore.

Hope is the dupe of future hours,
 Memory lives in those gone by;
 Neither can see the moment's flowers
 Springing up fresh beneath the eye.
 Wouldst thou, or thou,
 Forego what's *now*,
 For all that Hope may say?
 No—Joy's reply,
 From every eye,
 Is, "Live we while we may."

THE EXILE.

NIGHT waneth fast, the morning star
 Saddens with light the glimm'ring sea,
 Whose waves shall soon to realms afar
 Waft me from hope, from love, and thee.
 Coldly the beam from yonder sky
 Looks o'er the waves that onward stray;
 But colder still the stranger's eye
 To him whose home is far away.

Oh, not at hour so chill and bleak,
 Let thoughts of me come o'er thy breast;
 But of the lost one think and speak,
 When summer suns sink calm to rest.
 So, as I wander, Fancy's dream
 Shall bring me o'er the sunset seas,
 Thy look, in ev'ry melting beam,
 Thy whisper, in each dying breeze.



HIP, HIP, HURRA!

COME, fill round a bumper, fill up to the brim,
 He who shrinks from a bumper I pledge not to him;
 "Here's the girl that each loves, be her eye of what hue,
 Or lustre, it may, so her heart is but true."

Charge! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra!

Come, charge high again, boys, nor let the full wine
 Leave a space in the brimmer, where daylight may shine;
 "Here's the friends of our youth—though of some we're bereft,
 May the links that are lost but endear what are left!"

Charge! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra!

Once more fill a bumper—ne'er talk of the hour,
 On hearts thus united old Time has no pow'r.
 "May our lives, tho', alas! like the wine of to-night,
 They must soon have an end, to the last flow as bright."
 Charge! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra!

Quick, quick, now, I'll give you, since Time's glass will run
 Ev'n faster than ours doth, three bumpers in one;
 "Here's the poet who sings—here's the warrior who fights—
 Here's the statesman who speaks, in the cause of men's rights"
 Charge! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra!

Come, once more, a bumper!—then drink as you please,
 Tho', *who* could fill half-way to toasts such as these?
 "Here's our next joyous meeting—and oh when we meet,
 May our wine be as bright and our union as sweet!"
 Charge! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra!



WHAT SHALL I SING THEE?

TO —.

WHAT shall I sing thee? Shall I tell
 Of that bright hour, remember'd well
 As though it shone but yesterday,
 When, loitering idly in the ray
 Of a spring-sun, I heard, o'erhead,
 My name as by some spirit said,
 And, looking up, saw two bright eyes
 Above me from a casement shine,
 Dazzling my mind with such surprise
 As they, who sail beyond the Line,
 Feel when new stars above shierem;—
 And 'twas thine, the voice that spoke,
 Like Ariel's, in the mid-air then;
 And thine the eye, whose lustre broke—
 Never to be forgot again!

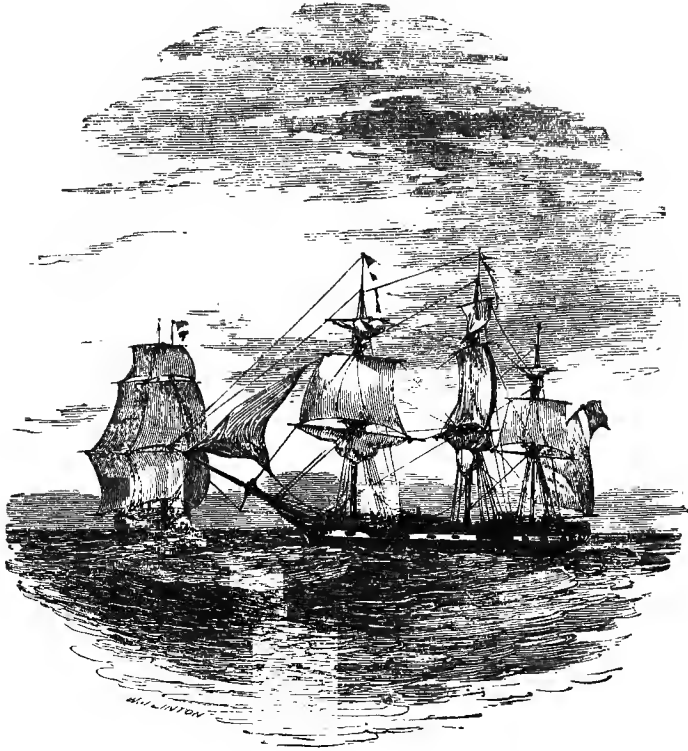
What shall I sing thee? Shall I weave
 A song of that sweet summer-eve
 (Summer, of which the sunniest part
 Was that we, each, had in the heart),
 When thou and I, and one like thee,
 In life and beauty, to the sound
 Of our own breathless minstrelsy,
 Danc'd till the sunlight faded round,
 Ourselves the whole ideal Ball,
 Lights, music, company, and all!
 Oh, 'tis not in the languid strain
 Of lute like mine, whose day is past,
 To call up even a dream again
 Of the fresh light those moments cast.



WITH MOONLIGHT BEAMING.

WITH moonlight beaming
 Thus o'er the deep,
 Who'd linger dreaming
 In idle sleep?
 Leave joyless souls to live by day,
 Our life begins with yonder ray;
 And while thus brightly
 The moments flee,
 Our barks skim lightly
 The shining sea.

To halls of splendour
 Let great ones hie;
 Through light more tender
 Our pathways lie.
 While round, from banks of brook or lake,
 Our company blithe echoes make;
 And, as we lend 'em
 Sweet word or strain,
 Still back they send 'em
 More sweet, again.



THE MEETING OF THE SHIPS.

WHEN o'er the silent seas alone,
For days and nights we've cheerless gone,
Oh they who've felt it know how sweet,
Some sunny morn a sail to meet.

Sparkling at once is ev'ry eye,
"Ship ahoy! ship ahoy!" our joyful cry;
While answering back the sounds we hear,
"Ship ahoy! ship ahoy! what cheer? what cheer?"

Then sails are back'd, we nearer come,
Kind words are said of friends and home;
And soon, too soon, we part with pain,
To sail o'er silent seas again.

THE DREAM OF HOME.

Who has not felt how sadly sweet
 The dream of home, the dream of home,
 Steals o'er the heart, too soon to fleet,
 When far o'er sea or land we roam?
 Sunlight more soft may o'er us fall,
 To greener shores our bark may come;
 But far more bright, more dear than all,
 That dream of home, that dream of home.

Ask of the sailor youth when far
 His light bark bounds o'er ocean's foam,
 What charms him most, when ev'ning's star
 Smiles o'er the wave? to dream of home.
 Fond thoughts of absent friends and loves
 At that sweet hour around him come;
 His heart's best joy where'er he roves,
 That dream of home, that dream of home.



SAY, WHAT SHALL WE DANCE?

SAY, what shall we dance?
 Shall we bound along the moonlight plain,
 To music of Italy, Greece, or Spain?
 Say, what shall we dance?
 Shall we, like those who rove
 Through bright Grenada's grove,
 To the light Bolero's measures move?
 Or choose the Guaracia's languishing lay,
 And thus to its sound die away?
 Strike the gay chords,
 Let us hear each strain from ev'ry shore
 That music haunts, or young feet wander o'er,
 Hark! 'tis the light march, to whose measured time

The Polish lady, by her lover led,
 Delights through gay saloons with step untired to tread,
 Or sweeter still, through moonlight walks,
 Whose shadows serve to hide
 The blush that's rais'd by him who talks
 Of love the while by her side;
 Then comes the smooth waltz, to whose floating sound
 Like dreams we go gliding around,
 Say, which shall we dance? which shall we dance?



SOVEREIGN WOMAN.

A BALLAD.

THE dance was o'er, yet still in dreams
 That fairy scene went on;
 Like clouds still flush'd with daylight gleams,
 Though day itself is gone.
 And gracefully, to music's sound,
 The same bright nymphs went gliding round;
 While thou, the Queen of all, wert there—
 The Fairest still, where all were fair.

The dream then chang'd—in halls of state,
 I saw thee high enthron'd;
 While, rang'd around, the wise, the great
 In thee their mistress own'd:
 And still the same, thy gentle sway
 O'er willing subjects won its way—
 'Till all confess'd the Right Divine
 To rule o'er man was only thine!

But, lo, the scene now chang'd again—
 And borne on plumed steed,
 I saw thee o'er the battle-plain
 Our land's defenders lead;

And stronger in thy beauty's charms,
 Than man, with countless hosts in arms,
 Thy voice, like music, cheer'd the Free,
 Thy very smile was victory!

Nor reign such queens on thrones alone—
 In cot and court the same,
 Wherever woman's smile is known,
 Victoria's still her name.
 For though she almost blush to reign,
 Though Love's own flow'rets wreath the chain,
 Disguise our bondage as we will,
 'Tis woman, woman, rules us still.



WAKE THEE, MY DEAR.

WAKE thee, my dear—thy dreaming
 Till darker hours will keep;
 While such a moon is beaming,
 'Tis wrong tow'rds Heav'n to sleep.

Moments there are we number,
 Moments of pain and care,
 Which to oblivious slumber
 Gladly the wretch would spare.
 But now—who'd think of dreaming
 When Love his watch should keep?
 While such a moon is beaming,
 'Tis wrong tow'rds Heav'n to sleep.

If e'er the Fates should sever
 My life and hopes from thee, love,
 The sleep that lasts for ever
 Would then be sweet to me, love;
 But now,—away with dreaming!
 Till darker hours 'twill keep;
 While such a moon is beaming,
 'Tis wrong tow'rds Heav'n to sleep.

THE HALCYON HANGS O'ER OCEAN.

THE halcyon hangs o'er ocean,
 The sea-lark skims the brine;
 This bright world's all in motion,
 No heart seems sad but mine.

To walk through sun-bright places,
 With heart all cold the while;
 To look in smiling faces,
 When we no more can smile;

To feel, while earth and heaven
 Around thee shine with bliss,
 To thee no light is given,—
 Oh, what a doom is this!



SONG OF THE POCO-CURANTE SOCIETY.

Haud curat Hippocliides.

ERASM. Adag

To those we love we've drank to-night;
 But now attend, and stare not,
 While I the ampler list recite
 Of those for whom WE CARE NOT.

For royal men, howe'er they frown,
 If on their fronts they bear not
 That noblest gem that decks a crown,
 The People's Love—WE CARE NOT.

For slavish men, who bend beneath
 A despot yoke, yet dare not
 Pronounce the will, whose very breath
 Would rend its links—WE CARE NOT.

For priestly men, who covet sway
 And wealth, though they declare not,
 Who point, like finger-posts, the way
 They never go—WE CARE NOT.

For martial men, who on their sword,
 Howe'er it conquers, wear not
 The pledges of a soldier's word,
 Redeem'd and pure—WE CARE NOT.

For legal men, who plead for wrong,
 And, though to lies they swear not,
 Are hardly better than the throng
 Of those who *do*—WE CARE NOT.

For courtly men, who feed upon
 The land, like grubs, and spare not
 The smallest leaf, where they can sun
 Their crawling limbs—WE CARE NOT.

For wealthy men, who keep their mines
 In darkness hid, and share not
 The paltry ore with him who pines
 In honest want—WE CARE NOT.

For prudent men, who hold the power
 Of Love aloof, and bare not
 Their hearts in any guardless hour
 To Beauty's shaft—WE CARE NOT.

For all, in short, on land or sea,
 In camp or court, who *are* not,
 Who never *were*, or e'er *will* be
 Good men and true—WE CARE NOT.

THE DAY OF LOVE.

THE beam of morning trembling
 Stole o'er the mountain brook,
 With timid ray resembling
 Affection's early look.
 Thus love begins—sweet morn of love!

The noon-tide ray ascended,
 And o'er the valley's stream
 Diffus'd a glow as splendid
 As passion's riper dream.
 Thus love expands—warm noon of love!

But evening came, o'er shading
 The glories of the sky,
 Like faith and fondness fading
 From passion's alter'd eye.
 Thus love declines—cold eve of love!



FANNY, DEAREST.

YES! had I leisure to sigh and mourn,
 Fanny, dearest, for thee I'd sigh;
 And every smile on my cheek should turn
 To tears when thou art nigh.
 But, between love, and wine, and sleep,
 So busy a life I live,
 That even the time it would take to weep
 Is more than my heart can give.
 Then wish me not to despair and pine,
 Fanny, dearest of all the dears!
 The Love that's order'd to bathe in wine,
 Would be sure to take cold in tears.

Reflected bright in this heart of mine,
 Fanny, dearest, thy image lies;
 But, ah! the mirror would cease to shine,
 If dimm'd too often with sighs.
 They lose the half of beauty's light,
 Who view it through sorrow's tear;
 And 'tis but to see thee truly bright
 That I keep my eye-beams clear.
 Then wait no longer till tears shall flow—
 Fanny, dearest! the hope is vain;
 If sunshine cannot dissolve thy snow,
 I shall never attempt it with rain.



HOW HAPPY, ONCE.

How happy, once, though wing'd with sighs,
 My moments flew along,
 While looking on those smiling eyes,
 And list'ning to thy magic song!
 But vanish'd now, like summer dreams
 Those moments smile no more;
 For me that eye no longer beams,
 That song for me is o'er.
 Mine the cold brow,
 That speaks thy alter'd vow,
 While others feel thy sunshine now.

Oh, could I change my love like thee
 One hope might yet be mine—
 Some other eyes as bright to see,
 And hear a voice as sweet as thine:
 But never, never can this heart
 Be wak'd to life again;
 With thee it lost its vital part.
 And wither'd then!
 Cold its pulse lies,
 And mute are ev'n its sighs,
 All other grief it now defies.

C U P I D A R M E D .

PLACE the helm on thy brow,
 In thy hand take the spear;
 Thou art arm'd, Cupid, now,
 And thy battle-hour is near.
 March on! march on! thy shaft and bow
 Were weak against such charms;
 March on! march on! so proud a foe
 Scorns all but martial arms.

See the darts in her eyes,
 Tipt with scorn, how they shine'
 Ev'ry shaft, as it flies,
 Mocking proudly at thine.
 March on! march on! thy feather'd darts
 Soft bosoms soon might move;
 But ruder arms to ruder hearts
 Must teach what 'tis to love.
 Place the helm on thy brow;
 In thy hand take the spear,—
 Thou art arm'd, Cupid, now,
 And thy battle-hour is near.



NOT FROM THEE.

NOT from thee the wound should come,
 No, not from thee.
 I care not what, or whence, my doom,
 So not from thee!
 Cold triumph! first to make
 This heart thy own;
 And then the mirror break
 Where fix'd thou shin'st alone.
 Not from thee the wound should come,
 Oh, not from thee.
 I care not what, or whence, my doom
 So not from thee.

Yet no—my lips that wish recall;
 From thee, from thee—
 If ruin o'er this head must fall,
 'Twill welcome be.
 Here to the blade I bare
 This faithful heart;
 Wound deep—thou'lt find that there,
 In ev'ry pulse thou art.
 Yes, from thee I'll bear it all:
 If ruin be
 The doom that o'er this heart must fall,
 'Twere sweet from thee.



G A Z E T T E .

HASTE, Maami, the spring is nigh;
 Already, in th' unopen'd flowers
 That sleep around us, Fancy's eye
 Can see the blush of future bowers;
 And joy it brings to thee and me,
 My own beloved Maami!

The streamlet frozen on its way,
 To feed the marble Founts of Kings,
 Now, loosen'd by the vernal ray,
 Upon its path exulting springs—
 As doth this bounding heart to thee,
 My ever blissful Maami!

Such bright hours were not made to stay;
 Enough if they a while remain,
 Like Irem's bowers, that fade away,
 From time to time, and come again.
 And life shall all one Irem be
 For us, my gentle Maami.

O haste, for this impatient heart
 Is like the rose in Yemen's vale,
 That rends its inmost leaves apart
 With passion for the nightingale;
 So languishes this soul for thee,
 My bright and blushing Maami!



LOVE'S LIGHT SUMMER-CLOUD.

PAIN and sorrow shall vanish before us—
 Youth may wither, but feeling will last;
 All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er us,
 Love's light summer-cloud only shall cast.
 Oh, if to love thee more
 Each hour I number o'er,
 If this a passion be
 Worthy of thee,
 Then be happy, for thus I adore thee.
 Charms may wither, but feeling shall last:
 All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee,
 Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.

Rest, dear bosom, no sorrows shall pain thee,
 Sighs of pleasure alone shalt thou steal;
 Beam, bright eye-lid, no weeping shall stain thee,
 Tears of rapture alone shalt thou feel.
 Oh, if there be a charm
 In love, to banish harm—
 If pleasure's truest spell
 Be to love well,
 Then be happy, for thus I adore thee.
 Charms may wither, but feeling shall last:
 All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee,
 Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.



FOR THEE ALONE.

FOR thee alone I brave the boundless deep,
 Those eyes my light through ev'ry distant sea;
 My waking thoughts, the dream that gilds my sleep,
 The noon-tide rev'rie, all are giv'n to thee,
 To thee alone, to thee alone.

Though future scenes present to Fancy's eye
 Fair forms of light that crowd the distant air,
 When nearer view'd, the fairy phantoms fly,
 The crowds dissolve, and thou alone art there,
 Thou, thou alone.

To win thy smile, I speed from shore to shore,
 While Hope's sweet voice is heard in every blast,
 Still whisp'ring on, that when some years are o'er,
 One bright reward shall crown my toil at last,
 Thy smile alone, thy smile alone.

Oh place beside the transport of that hour
 All earth can boast of fair, of rich, and bright,
 Wealth's radiant mines, the lofty thrones of power,—
 Then ask where first thy lover's choice would light?
 On thee alone, on thee alone.

ROSE OF THE DESERT.

ROSE of the Desert! thou, whose blushing ray,
 Lonely and lovely, fleets unseen away;
 No hand to cull thee, none to woo thy sigh,—
 In vestal silence left to live and die,—
 Rose of the Desert! thus should woman be,
 Shining uncourted, lone and safe, like thee.

Rose of the Garden, how unlike thy doom!
 Destin'd for others, not thyself, to bloom
 Cull'd ere thy beauty lives through half its day;
 A moment cherish'd, and then cast away;
 Rose of the Garden! such is woman's lot,—
 Worshipp'd, while blooming—when she fades, forgot.



LONG YEARS HAVE PASS'D.

LONG years have pass'd, old friend, since we
 First met in life's young day;
 And friends long lov'd by thee and me,
 Since then have dropp'd away;—
 But enough remain to cheer us on,
 And sweeten, when thus we're met,
 The glass we fill to the many gone,
 And the few who're left us yet.

Our locks, old friend, now thinly grow,
 And some hang white and chill;
 While some, like flowers 'mid Autumn's snow,
 Retain youth's colour still.
 And so, in our hearts, though one by one
 Youth's sunny hopes have set,
 Thank heav'n, not all their light is gone,—
 We've some to cheer us yet.

Then here's to thee, old friend, and long
 May thou and I thus meet,
 To brighten still with wine and song
 This short life, ere it fleet.
 And still as death comes stealing on,
 Let's never, old friend, forget,
 Ev'n while we sigh o'er blessings gone
 How many are left us yet.



COME, PLAY ME THAT SIMPLE AIR AGAIN.

A BALLAD.

COME, play me that simple air again,
 I us'd so to love, in life's young day,
 And bring, if thou canst, the dreams that then
 Were waken'd by that sweet lay.
 The tender gloom its strain
 Shed o'er the heart and brow,
 Grief's shadow, without its pain—
 Say where, where is it now?
 But play me the well-known air once more,
 For thoughts of youth still haunt its strain,
 Like dreams of some far, fairy shore
 We never shall see again.

Sweet air, how every note brings back
 Some sunny hope, some day-dream bright
 That, shining o'er life's early track,
 Fill'd ev'n its tears with light.
 The new-found life that came
 With love's first echo'd vow;—
 The fear, the bliss, the shame—
 Ah—where, where are they now?
 But, still the same lov'd notes prolong,
 For sweet 'twere thus, to that old lay,
 In dreams of youth and love and song,
 To breathe life's hour away.

THE SUMMER WEBS.

THE summer webs that float and shine,
 The summer dews that fall,
 Though light they be, this heart of mine
 Is lighter still than all.
 It tells me every cloud is past
 Which lately seem'd to lour;
 That Hope hath wed young Joy at last,
 And now's their nuptial hour!

With light thus round, within, above,
 With nought to wake one sigh,
 Except the wish, that all we love
 Were at this moment nigh,—
 It seems as if life's brilliant sun
 Had stopp'd in full career,
 To make this hour its brightest one,
 And rest in radiance here.



THE EAST INDIAN.

COME, May, with all thy flowers,
 Thy sweetly-scented thorn,
 Thy cooling ev'ning showers,
 Thy fragrant breath at morn.
 When May-flies haunt the willow,
 When May-buds tempt the bee,
 Then o'er the shining billow
 My love will come to me.

From Eastern Isles she's winging
 Through wat'ry wilds her way,
 And on her cheek is bringing
 The bright sun's orient ray:

Oh, come and court her hither,
 Ye breezes mild and warm—
 One winter's gale would wither
 So soft, so pure a form.

The fields where she was straying
 Are blest with endless light,
 With zephyrs always playing
 Through gardens always bright.
 Then now, sweet May! be sweeter
 Than e'er thou'st been before;
 Let sighs from roses meet her
 When she comes near our shore.



LOVE THEE, DEAREST? LOVE THEE?

LOVE thee, dearest? love thee?
 Yes, by yonder star I swear,
 Which through tears above thee
 Shines so sadly fair;
 Though often dim,
 With tears, like him,
 Like him my truth will shine,
 And—love thee, dearest? love thee?
 Yes, till death I'm thine.

Leave thee, dearest? leave thee?
 No, that star is not more true;
 When my vows deceive thee,
 He will wander too.
 A cloud of night
 May veil his light,
 And death shall darken mine—
 But—leave thee, dearest? leave thee?
 No, till death I'm thine.



BEAUTY AND SONG.

DOWN in yon summer vale,
Where the rill flows,
Thus said a Nightingale
To his lov'd Rose:—
"Though rich the pleasures
Of Song's sweet measures,
Vain were its melody,
Rose, without thee."

Then from the green recess
 Of her night-bow'r,
 Beaming with bashfulness,
 Spoke the bright flow'r:—
 "Though morn should lend her
 Its sunniest splendour,
 What would the Rose be,
 Unsung by thee?"

Thus still let Song attend
 Woman's bright way;
 Thus still let woman lend
 Light to the lay.
 Like stars, through heaven's ~~sc~~
 Floating in harmony,
 Beauty shall glide along,
 Circled by Song.



THE PARTING BEFORE THE BATTLE.

HE.

ON to the field, our doom is seal'd,
 To conquer or be slaves:
 This sun shall see our nation free,
 Or set upon our graves.

SHE.

Farewell, oh farewell, my love,
 May Heav'n thy guardian be,
 And send bright angels from above
 To bring thee back to me.

HE.

ON to the field, the battle-field,
 Where Freedom's standard waves,
 This sun shall see our tyrant yield,
 Or shine upon our graves.

LOVE WAND'RING THROUGH THE GOLDEN MAZE.

LOVE, wand'ring through the golden maze
 Of my beloved's hair,
 Trac'd every lock with fond delays,
 And, doting, linger'd there.

And soon he found 'twere vain to fly;
 His heart was close confin'd,
 For ev'ry ringlet was a tie—
 A chain by beauty twin'd.



THE TWO LOVES.

THERE are two Loves, the poet sings,
 Both born of Beauty at a birth:
 The one, akin to heaven, hath wings,
 The other, earthly, walks on earth.
 With *this* through bowers below we play,
 With *that* through clouds above we soar;
 With both, perchance, may lose our way:—
 Then, tell me which,
 Tell me which shall we adore?

The one, when tempted down from air,
 At Pleasure's fount to lave his lip,
 Nor lingers long, nor oft will dare
 His wing within the wave to dip.
 While, plunging deep and long beneath,
 The other bathes him o'er and o'er
 In that sweet current, ev'n to death:—
 Then, tell me which,
 Tell me which shall we adore?

The boy of heav'n, even while he lies
 In Beauty's lap, recalls his home;
 And when most happy, inly sighs
 For something happier still to come.
 While he of earth, too fully blest
 With this bright world to dream of more
 Sees all his heav'n on Beauty's breast:—
 Then, tell me which,
 Tell me which shall we adore?

The maid who heard the poet sing
 These twin-desires of earth and sky,
 And saw, while one inspir'd his string,
 The other glisten'd in his eye,—
 To name the earthlier boy asham'd,
 To choose the other fondly loath,
 At length, all blushing, she exclaim'd,—
 "Ask not which,
 Oh, ask not which—we'll worship both.

"Th' extremes of each thus taught to shun,
 With hearts and souls between them give
 When weary of this earth with one,
 We'll with the other wing to heaven."
 Thus pledg'd the maid her vow of bliss;
 And while *one* Love wrote down the oath
 The other seal'd it with a kiss;
 And Heav'n look'd on,
 Heav'n look'd on, and hallow'd both.



THE FANCY FAIR.

COME, maids and youths, for here we sell
 All wondrous things of earth and air;
 Whatever wild romancers tell,
 Or poets sing, or lovers swear,
 You'll find at this our Fancy Fair.

Here eyes are made like stars to shine,
 And kept, for years, in such repair,
 That ev'n when túrn'd of thirty-nine,
 They'll hardly look the worse for wear,
 If bought at this our Fancy Fair.

We've lots of tears for bards to show'r,
 And hearts that such ill usage bear,
 That, though they're broken every hour,
 They'll still in rhyme fresh breaking bear,
 If purchas'd at our Fancy Fair.

As fashions change in ev'ry thing,
 We've goods to suit each season's air,
 Eternal friendships for the spring,
 And endless loves for summer wear,—
 All sold at this our Fancy Fair.

We've reputations white as snow,
 That long will last, if us'd with care,
 Nay, safe through all life's journey go,
 If pack'd and mark'd as "brittle ware,"—
 Just purchas'd at the Fancy Fair.



THE MUSICAL BOX.

"Look here," said Rose, with laughing eyes,
 "Within this box, by magic hid,
 A tuneful Sprite imprison'd lies,
 Who sings to me whene'er he's bid.
 Though roving once his voice and wing,
 He'll now lie still the whole day long;
 Till thus I touch the magic spring—
 Then hark, how sweet and blithe his song!"
 (*A symphony*)

"Ah, Rose," I cried, "the poet's lay
 Must ne'er ev'n Beauty's slave become;
 Through earth and air his song may stray,
 If all the while his heart's at home.
 And though in Freedom's air he dwell,
 Nor bond nor chain his spirit knows,
 Touch but the spring thou know'st so well,
 And—hark, how sweet the love-song flows!"
(*A symphony*)

Thus pleaded I for Freedom's right;
 But when young Beauty takes the field,
 And wise men seek defence in flight,
 The doom of poets is to yield.
 No more my heart th' enchantress braves,
 I'm now in Beauty's prison hid;
 The Sprite and I are fellow-slaves,
 And I, too, sing whene'er I'm bid.



HUSH, HUSH!

"Hush, hush!"—how well
 That sweet word sounds,
 When Love, the little sentinel,
 Walks his night-rounds;
 Then, if a foot but dare
 One rose-leaf crush,
 Myriads of voices in the air
 Whisper, "Hush, hush!"

"Hark, hark, 'tis he!"
 The night-elves cry,
 And hush their fairy harmony,
 While he steals by;
 But if his silv'ry feet
 One dew-drop brush,
 Voices are heard in chorus sweet,
 Whisp'ring, "Hush, hush!"

YES, YES, WHEN THE BLOOM.

YES, yes, when the bloom of Love's boyhood is o'er,
 He'll turn into friendship that feels no decay;
 And, though Time may take from him the wings he once wore,
 The charms that remain will be bright as before,
 And he'll lose but his young trick of flying away.

Then let it console thee, if Love should not stay,
 That friendship our last happy moments will crown:
 Like the shadows of morning, Love lessens away,
 While Friendship, like those at the closing of day,
 Will linger and lengthen as life's sun goes down.



THE DAWN IS BREAKING O'ER US.

THE dawn is breaking o'er us,
 See, heaven hath caught its hue!
 We've day's long light before us,
 What sport shall we pursue?
 The hunt o'er hill and lea?
 The sail o'er summer sea?
 Oh let not hour so sweet
 Unwing'd by pleasure fleet.
 The dawn is breaking o'er us,
 See, heaven hath caught its hue!
 We've day's long light before us,
 What sport shall we pursue?

But see, while we're deciding
 What morning sport to play,
 The dial's hand is gliding,
 And morn hath pass'd away!
 Ah, who'd have thought that noon
 Would o'er us steal so soon,—

That morn's sweet hour of prime
 Would last so short a time?
 But come, we've day before us,
 Still heaven looks bright and blue;
 Quick, quick, ere eve comes o'er us,
 What sport shall we pursue?

Alas! why thus delaying?
 We're now at evening's hour;
 Its farewell beam is playing
 O'er hill and wave and bower.
 That light we thought would last,
 Behold, ev'n now, 'tis past;
 And all our morning dreams
 Have vanish'd with its beams!
 But come! 'twere vain to borrow
 Sad lessons from this lay,
 For man will be to-morrow
 Just what he's been to-day.



AT NIGHT.

At night, when all is still around,
 How sweet to hear the distant sound
 Of footstep, coming soft and light!
 What pleasure in the anxious beat,
 With which the bosom flies to meet
 That foot that comes so soft at night!

And then, at night, how sweet to say
 "Tis late, my love!" and chide delay,
 Though still the western clouds are bright;
 Oh! happy, too, the silent press,
 The eloquence of mute caress,
 With those we love, exchange'd at night!



YOUNG JESSICA.

YOUNG Jessica sat all the day,
With heart o'er idle love-thoughts pining;
Her needle bright beside her lay:
So active once!—now idly shining.
Ah, Jessy, 'tis in idle hearts
That love and mischief are most nimble;
The safest shield against the darts
Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimble.

The child, who with a magnet plays,
 Well knowing all its arts, so wily,
 The tempter near a needle lays,
 And laughing says, "We'll steal it slyly."
 The needle, having nought to do,
 Is pleas'd to let the magnet wheedle;
 Till closer, closer come the two,
 And—off, at length, elopes the needle.

Now, had this needle turn'd its eye
 To some gay reticule's construction,
 It ne'er had stray'd from duty's tie,
 Nor felt the magnet's sly seduction.
 Thus, girls, would you keep quiet hearts,
 Your snowy fingers must be nimble;
 The safest shield against the darts
 Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimble.



THE EVENING GUN.

REMEMB'REST thou that setting sun,
 The last I saw with thee,
 When loud we heard the ev'ning gun
 Peal o'er the twilight sea?
 Boom!—the sounds appear'd to sweep
 Far o'er the verge of day,
 Till, into realms beyond the deep,
 They seem'd to die away.

Oft, when the toils of day are done,
 In pensive dreams of thee,
 I sit to hear that ev'ning gun
 Peal o'er the stormy sea.
 Boom!—and while, o'er billows curl'd,
 The distant sounds decay,
 I weep and wish, from this rough world,
 Like them, to die away.

THEN FIRST FROM LOVE.

THEN first from Love, in Nature's bow'rs,
 Did Painting learn her fairy skill,
 And cull the hues of loveliest flow'rs,
 To picture woman lovelier still.
 For vain was every radiant hue,
 Till Passion lent a soul to art,
 And taught the painter, ere he drew,
 To fix the model in his heart.

Thus smooth his toil awhile went on,
 Till, lo, one touch his art defies;
 The brow, the lip, the blushes shone,
 But who could dare to paint those eyes?
 'Twas all in vain the painter strove;
 So turning to that boy divine,
 "Here take," he said, "the pencil, Love,
 No hand should paint such eyes, but thine."



SONG OF A HYPERBOREAN.

I COME from a land in the sun-bright deep,
 Where golden gardens grow;
 Where the winds of the north, becalm'd in sleep,
 Their conch-shells never blow.
 Haste to that holy Isle with me,
 Haste—haste!

So near the track of the stars are we,
 That oft, on night's pale beams,
 The distant sounds of their harmony
 Come to our ears, like dreams.
 Then, haste to that holy Isle with me, &c. &c.

The Moon, too, brings her world so nigh,
 That when the night-seer looks
 To that shadowless orb, in a vernal sky,
 He can number its hills and brooks.
 Then, haste, &c. &c.

To the Sun-god all our hearts and lyres
 By day, by night, belong;
 And the breath we draw from his living fires.
 We give him back in song,
 Then, haste, &c. &c.

From us descends the maid who brings
 To Delos gifts divine;
 And our wild bees lend their rainbow wings
 To glitter on Delphi's shrine.
 Then, haste to that holy Isle with me,
 Haste—haste!



THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

FLY swift, my light gazelle,
 To her who now lies waking,
 To hear thy silver bell
 The midnight silence breaking.
 And, when thou com'st, with gladsome feet,
 Beneath her lattice springing,
 Ah, well she'll know how sweet
 The words of love thou'rt bringing.

Yet, no—not words, for they
 But half can tell love's feeling;
 Sweet flowers alone can say
 What passion fears revealing.
 A once bright rose's wither'd leaf,
 A tow'ring lily broken,—
 Oh these may paint a grief
 No words could e'er have spoken.

Not such, my gay gazelle,
 The wreath thou speedest over
 Yon moonlight dale, to tell
 My lady how I love her.
 And, what to her will sweeter be
 Than gems the richest, rarest,
 From Truth's immortal tree
 One fadeless leaf thou bearest.



IF THOU WOULDST HAVE ME SING AND PLAY.

If thou wouldst have me sing and play,
 As once I play'd and sung,
 First take this time-worn lute away,
 And bring one freshly strung.
 Call back the time when pleasure's sigh
 First breath'd among the strings;
 And Time himself, in fitting by,
 Made music with his wings.

But how is this? though new the lute,
 And shining fresh the chords,
 Beneath this hand they slumber mute,
 Or speak but dreamy words.
 In vain I seek the soul that dwelt
 Within that once sweet shell,
 Which told so warmly what it felt,
 And felt what nought could tell.

Oh, ask not then for passion's lay,
 From lyre so coldly strung;
 With this I ne'er can sing or play,
 As once I play'd and sung.
 No, bring that long-lov'd lute again,—
 Though chill'd by years it be,
 If *thou* wilt call the slumb'ring strain,
 'Twill wake again for thee.

Though time have froz'n the tuneful stream
 Of thoughts that gush'd along,
 One look from thee, like summer's beam,
 Will thaw them into song.
 Then give, oh give, that wak'ning ray,
 And once more blithe and young,
 Thy bard again will sing and play,
 As once he played and sung.



THE WORLD WAS HUSH'D.

THE world was hush'd, the moon above
 Sail'd through ether slowly,
 When, near the casement of my love,
 Thus I whisper'd lowly,—
 "Awake, awake, how canst thou sleep?
 The field I seek to-morrow
 Is one where man hath fame to reap,
 And woman gleans but sorrow."

"Let battle's field be what it may,"
 Thus spoke a voice replying,
 "Think not thy love, while thou'rt away,
 Will here sit idly sighing.
 No—woman's soul, if not for fame,
 For love can brave all danger!"
 Then forth from out the casement came
 A plum'd and armed stranger.

A stranger? No; 'twas she, the maid,
 Herself before me beaming,
 With casque array'd, and falchion blade
 Beneath her girdle gleaming!
 Close side by side, in freedom's fight,
 That blessed morning found us;
 In Vict'ry's light we stood ere night,
 And Love, the morrow, crown'd us!

LOVE AND THE SUN-DIAL.

YOUNG Love found a Dial once, in a dark shade,
 Where man ne'er had wander'd nor sunbeam played;
 "Why thus in darkness lie," whisper'd young Love;
 "Thou, whose gay hours in sunshine should move?"
 "I ne'er," said the Dial, "have seen the warm sun,
 So noonday and midnight to me, Love, are one."

Then Love took the Dial away from the shade,
 And placed her where Heav'n's beam warmly play'd.
 There she reclin'd, beneath Love's gazing eye,
 While, mark'd all with sunshine, her hours flew by.
 "Oh, how," said the Dial, "can any fair maid,
 That's born to be shone upon, rest in the shade?"

But night now comes on, and the sunbeam's o'er,
 And Love stops to gaze on the Dial no more.
 Alone and neglected, while bleak rain and winds
 Are storming around her, with sorrow she finds
 That Love had but number'd a few sunny hours,—
 Then left the remainder to darkness and showers!



DREAMING FOR EVER.

DREAMING for ever, vainly dreaming,
 Life to the last pursues its flight;
 Day hath its visions fairly beaming,
 But false as those of night.
 The one illusion, the other real,
 But both the same brief dreams at last;
 And when we grasp the bliss ideal
 Soon as it shines, 'tis past

Here, then, by this dim lake reposing,
 Calmly I'll watch, while light and gloom
 Flit o'er its face till night is closing—
 Emblem of life's short doom!

But though, by turns, thus dark and shining,
 'Tis still unlike man's changeful day,
 Whose light returns not, once declining,
 Whose cloud, once come, will stay.



POOR BROKEN FLOWER.

POOR broken flow'r! what art can now recover thee?
 Torn from the stem that fed thy rosy breath—
 In vain the sun-beams seek
 To warm that faded cheek;
 The dews of heav'n, that once like balm fell over thee,
 Now are but tears, to weep thy early death.

So droops the maid whose lover hath forsaken her,—
 Thrown from his arms, as lone and lost as thou;
 In vain the smiles of all
 Like sun-beams round her fall;
 The only smile that could from death awaken her,
 That smile, alas! is gone to others now.



D E A R F A N N Y.

"SHE has beauty, but still you must keep your heart cool
 She has wit, but you mustn't be caught so:"
 Thus Reason advises, but Reason's a fool,
 And 'tis not the first time I have thought so,
 Dear Fanny,
 'Tis not the first time I have thought so.

"She is lovely; then love her, nor let the bliss fly;
 'Tis the charm of youth's vanishing season:"
 Thus Love has advis'd me, and who will deny
 That Love reasons much better than Reason,
 Dear Fanny?
 Love reasons much better than Reason.



B R I G H T M O O N.

BRIGHT moon, that high in heav'n art shining,
 All smiles, as if within thy bower to-night
 Thy own Endymion lay reclining,
 And thou would'st wake him with a kiss of light!—
 By all the bliss thy beam discovers,
 By all those visions far too bright for day,
 Which dreaming bards and waking lovers
 Behold, this night, beneath thy ling'ring ray,—

I pray thee, queen of that bright heaven,
 Quench not to-night thy love-lamp in the sea,
 Till Anthe, in this bow'r, hath given
 Beneath thy beam, her long-vow'd kiss to me.
 Guide hither, guide her steps benighted,
 Ere thou, sweet moon, thy bashful crescent hide;
 Let Love but in this bow'r be lighted,
 Then shroud in darkness all the world beside.

WHEN THOU ART NIGH

WHEN thou art nigh, it seems
 A new creation round ;
 The sun hath fairer beams,
 The lute a softer sound.
 Though thee alone I see,
 And hear alone thy sigh,
 'Tis light, 'tis song to me,
 'Tis all—when thou art nigh.

When thou art nigh, no thought
 Of grief comes o'er my heart ;
 I only think—could aught
 But joy be where thou art ?
 Life seems a waste of breath,
 When far from thee I sigh ;
 And death—ay, even death
 Were sweet, if thou wert nigh.



THE LEGEND OF PUCK THE FAIRY.

WOULDST know what tricks, by the pale moonlight,
 Are play'd by me, the merry little Sprite,
 Who wing through air from the camp to the court,
 From king to clown, and of all make sport ;
 Singing, I am the Sprite
 Of the merry midnight,
 Who laugh at weak mortals, and love the moonlight.

To a miser's bed, where he snoring slept
 And dreamt of his cash, I slyly crept ;
 Chink, chink o'er his pillow like money I rang,
 And he waked to catch—but away I sprang,
 Singing, I am the Sprite, &c.

I saw through the leaves, in a damsel's bower,
 She was waiting her love at that starlight hour:
 "Hist—hist!" quoth I, with an amorous sigh,
 And she flew to the door, but away flew I,
 Singing, I am the Sprite, &c.

While a bard sat inditing an ode to his love,
 Like a pair of blue meteors I star'd from above,
 And he swoon'd—for he thought 'twas the ghost, poor man
 Of his lady's eyes, while away I ran,
 Singing, I am the Sprite, &c.



I LOVE BUT THEE.

IF, after all, you still will doubt and fear me,
 And think this heart to other loves will stray,
 If I must swear, then, lovely doubter, hear me;
 By ev'ry dream I have when thou'rt away,
 By ev'ry throb I feel when thou art near me,
 I love but thee—I love but thee!

By those dark eyes, where light is ever playing,
 Where Love, in depth of shadow, holds his throne,
 And by those lips, which give whate'er thou'rt saying,
 Or grave or gay, a music of its own,
 A music far beyond all minstrel's playing,
 I love but thee—I love but thee!

By that fair brow, where Innocence reposes,
 As pure as moonlight sleeping upon snow,
 And by that cheek, whose fleeting blush discloses
 A hue too bright to bless this world below,
 And only fit to dwell on Eden's roses,
 I love but thee—I love but thee!

STILL WHEN DAYLIGHT.

STILL when daylight o'er the wave
Bright and soft its farewell gave,
I us'd to hear, while light was falling,
O'er the wave a sweet voice calling,
Mournfully at distance calling.

Ah! once how blest that maid would come,
To meet her sea-boy hast'ning home;
And through the night those sounds repeating,
Hail his bark with joyous greeting,
Joyously his light bark greeting.

But, one sad night, when winds were high,
Nor earth, nor heaven, could hear her cry,
She saw his boat come tossing over
Midnight's wave,—but not her lover!
No, never more her lover.

And still that sad dream loth to leave,
She comes with wand'ring mind at eve,
And oft we hear, when night is falling,
Faint her voice through twilight calling,
Mournfully at twilight calling.



THE HOMEWARD MARCH.

BE still, my heart: I hear them come:
 Those sounds announce my lover near:
 The march that brings those warriors home
 Proclaims he'll soon be here.

Hark, the distant tread,
 O'er the mountain's head,
 While hills and dales repeat the sound;
 And the forest deer
 Stand still to hear,
 As those echoing steps ring round.

Be still, my heart, I hear them come,
 Those sounds that speak my soldier near;
 Those joyous steps seem wing'd for home,—
 Rest, rest, he'll soon be here.

But hark, more faint the footsteps grow,
 And now they wind to distant glades;
 Not here their home,—alas, they go
 To gladden happier maids!

Like sounds in a dream,
 The footsteps seem,
 As down the hills they die away;
 And the march, whose song
 So peal'd along,
 Now fades like a funeral lay.

'Tis past, 'tis o'er,—hush, heart, thy pain!
 And though not here, alas, they come,
 Rejoice for those, to whom that strain
 Brings sons and lovers home.

HERE'S THE BOWER.

HERE'S the bower she lov'd so much,
 And the tree she planted ;
 Here's the harp she used to touch—
 Oh, how that touch enchanted !
 Roses now unheeded sigh ;
 Where's the hand to wreathe them ?
 Songs around, neglected lie ;
 Where's the lip to breathe them ?
 Here's the bower, &c.

Spring may bloom, but she we lov'd
 Ne'er shall feel its sweetness ;
 Time, that once so fleetly mov'd,
 Now hath lost its fleetness.
 Years were days, when here she stray'd,
 Days were moments near her ;
 Heav'n ne'er form'd a brighter maid,
 Nor Pity wept a dearer !
 Here's the bower, &c.



TELL HER, OH, TELL HER.

TELL her, oh, tell her, the lute she left lying
 Beneath the green arbour, is still lying there ;
 And breezes, like lovers, around it are sighing,
 But not a soft whisper replies to their pray'r.

Tell her, oh, tell her, the tree that, in going,
 Beside the green arbour she playfully set,
 As lovely as ever is blushing and blowing,
 And not a bright leaflet has fall'n from it yet.

So while away from that arbour forsaken,
 The maiden is wandering, still let her be
 As true as the lute, that no sighing can waken,
 And blooming for ever, unchang'd as the tree!



FROM LIFE WITHOUT FREEDOM.

FROM life without freedom, say, who would not fly?
 For one day of freedom, oh! who would not die?
 Hark!—hark! 'tis the trumpet! the call of the brave,
 The death-song of tyrants, the dirge of the slave.
 Our country lies bleeding—haste, haste to her aid;
 One arm that defends is worth hosts that invade.

In death's kindly bosom our last hope remains—
 The dead fear no tyrants, the grave has no chains.
 On, on to the combat; the heroes that bleed
 For virtue and mankind are heroes indeed.
 And oh, ev'n if Freedom from *this* world be driven,
 Despair not—at least we shall find her in heaven.



CALM BE THY SLEEP.

CALM be thy sleep as infants' slumbers!
 Pure as angel thoughts thy dreams!
 May ev'ry joy this bright world numbers
 Shed o'er thee their mingled beams!
 Or if, where Pleasure's wing hath glided,
 There ever must some pang remain,
 Still be thy lot with me divided,—
 Thine all the bliss, and mine the pain!

Day and night my thoughts shall hover
 Round thy steps where'er they stray ;
 As, ev'n when clouds his idol cover,
 Fondly the Persian tracks its ray.
 If this be wrong, if Heav'n offended
 By worship to its creature be,
 Then let my vows to both be blended,
 Half breath'd to Heav'n and half to thee.



WHEN ON THE LIP THE SIGH DELAYS.

WHEN on the lip the sigh delays,
 As if 'twould linger there for ever ;
 When eyes would give the world to gaze,
 Yet still look down and venture never ;
 When, though with fairest nymphs we rove,
 There's one we dream of more than any—
 If all this is not real love
 'Tis something wond'rous like it, Fanny!

To think and ponder, when apart,
 On all we've got to say at meeting ;
 And yet when near, with heart to heart,
 Sit mute, and listen to their beating ;
 To see but one bright object move,
 The only moon, where stars are many—
 If all this is not downright love,
 I prithee say what *is*, my Fanny!

When Hope foretells the brightest, best,
 Though Reason on the darkest reckons ;
 When Passion drives us to the west,
 Though Prudence to the eastward beckons ;
 When all turns round, below, above,
 And our own heads the most of any—
 If this is not stark, staring love,
 Then you and I are sages, Fanny.



THE RUSSIAN LOVER.

FLEETLY o'er the moonlight snows
Speed we to my lady's bow'r;
Swift our sledge as lightning goes,
Nor shall stop till morning's hour.
Bright, my steed, the northern star
Lights us from yon jewell'd skies;
But, to greet us, brighter far,
Morn shall bring my lady's eyes.

Lovers, lull'd in sunny bow'rs,
 Sleeping out their dream of time,
 Know not half the bliss that's ours,
 In this snowy, icy clime.
 Like yon star that livelier gleams
 From the frosty heavens around,
 Love himself the keener beams
 When with snows of coyness crown'd.

Fleet then on, my merry steed,
 Bound, my sledge, o'er hill and dale.
 What can match a lover's speed?
 See, 'tis daylight, breaking pale!
 Brightly hath the northern star
 Lit us from yon radiant skies;
 But, behold, how brighter far
 Yonder shine my lady's eyes!



THOUGH LIGHTLY SOUNDS THE SONG I SING

A SONG OF THE ALPS.

THOUGH lightly sounds the song I sing to thee,
 Though like the lark's its soaring music be,
 Thou'lt find ev'n here some mournful note that tells
 How near such April joy to weeping dwells.
 'Tis 'mong the gayest scenes that oft'nest steal
 Those sadd'ning thoughts we fear, yet love to feel
 And music never half so sweet appears,
 As when her mirth forgets itself in tears.

Then say not thou this Alpine song is gay—
 It comes from hearts that, like their mountain-lay,
 Mix joy with pain, and oft when pleasure's breath
 Most warms the surface, feel most sad beneath.
 The very beam in which the snow-wreath wears
 Its gayest smile is that which wins its tears,—
 And passion's pow'r can never lend the glow
 Which wakens bliss, without some touch of woe.

STILL THOU FLIEST.

STILL thou fliest, and still I woo thee,
 Lovely phantom,—all in vain;
 Restless ever, my thoughts pursue thee,
 Fleeting ever, thou mock'st their pain.
 Such doom, of old, that youth betided,
 Who woo'd, he thought, some angel's charms,
 But found a cloud that from him glided,—
 As thou dost from these out-stretch'd arms.

Scarce I've said, "How fair thou shinest,"
 Ere thy light hath vanish'd by;
 And 'tis when thou look'st divinest
 Thou art still more sure to fly.
 Ev'n as the lightning, that, dividing
 The clouds of night, saith, "Look on me,"
 Then flits again, its splendour hiding,—
 Ev'n such the glimpse I catch of thee.



LET JOY ALONE BE REMEMBER'D NOW.

LET thy joys alone be remember'd now,
 Let thy sorrows go sleep awhile;
 Or if thought's dark cloud come o'er thy brow,
 Let Love light it up with his smile.
 For thus to meet, and thus to find
 That Time, whose touch can chill
 Each flower of form, each grace of mind,
 Hath left thee blooming still,—
 Oh, joy alone should be thought of now,
 Let our sorrows go sleep awhile;
 Or, should thought's dark cloud come o'er thy brow,
 Let Love light it up with his smile.

When the flowers of life's sweet garden fade,
 If but *one* bright leaf remain,
 Of the many that once its glory made,
 It is not for us to complain.
 But thus to meet and thus to wake
 In all Love's early bliss;
 Oh, Time all other gifts may take,
 So he but leaves us this!
 Then let joy alone be remember'd now,
 Let our sorrows go sleep awhile;
 Or if thought's dark cloud come o'er thy brow,
 Let Love light it up with his smile!



THE YOUNG MULETEERS OF GRENADA.

OH, the joys of our ev'ning posada,
 Where, resting at close of day,
 We, young Muleteers of Grenada,
 Sit and sing the sunshine away;
 So merry, that even the slumbers,
 That round us hung, seem gone;
 Till the lute's soft drowsy numbers
 Again beguile them on.
 Oh the joys, &c.

Then as each to his loved sultana
 In sleep still breathes the sigh,
 The name of some black-eyed Tirana
 Escapes our lips as we lie.
 Till, with morning's rosy twinkle,
 Again we are up and gone—
 While the mule-bell's drowsy tinkle
 Beguiles the rough way on.
 Oh the joys of our merry posada,
 Where, resting at close of day,
 We, young Muleteers of Grenada,
 Thus sing the gay moments away.

HUSH, SWEET LUTE.

HUSH, sweet Lute, thy songs remind me
 Of past joys, now turn'd to pain;
 Of ties that long have ceas'd to bind me,
 But whose burning marks remain.
 In each tone, some echo falleth
 On my ear of joys gone by;
 Ev'ry note some dream recalleth
 Of bright hopes but born to die.

Yet, sweet Lute, though pain it bring me,
 Once more let thy numbers thrill;
 Though death were in the strain they sing me,
 I must woo its anguish still.
 Since no time can e'er recover
 Love's sweet light when once 'tis set,—
 Better to weep such pleasures over,
 Than smile o'er any left us yet.



THE SONG OF THE OLDEN TIME.

THERE'S a song of the olden time,
 Falling sad o'er the ear,
 Like the dream of some village chime,
 Which in youth we lov'd to hear.
 And ev'n amidst the grand and gay,
 When Music tries her gentlest art,
 I never hear so sweet a lay,
 Or one that hangs so round my heart,
 As that song of the olden time,
 Falling sad o'er the ear,
 Like the dream of some village chime,
 Which in youth we lov'd to hear.

And when all of this life is gone,—
 Ev'n the hope, ling'ring now,
 Like the last of the leaves left on
 Autumn's sere and faded bough.—
 'Twill seem as still those friends were near,
 Who lov'd me in youth's early day,
 If in that parting hour I hear
 The same sweet notes, and die away,—
 To that song of the olden time,
 Breath'd, like Hope's farewell strain,
 To say, in some brighter clime,
 Life and youth will shine again!



THE BOY OF THE ALPS.

LIGHTLY, Alpine rover,
 Tread the mountains over;
 Rude is the path thou'st yet to go;
 Snow cliffs hanging o'er thee,
 Fields of ice before thee,
 While the hid torrent moans below.
 Hark, the deep thunder,
 Through the vales yonder!
 'Tis the huge av'lanche downward cast:
 From rock to rock
 Rebounds the shock.
 But courage, boy! the danger's past.
 Onward, youthful rover
 Tread the glacier over,
 Safe shalt thou reach thy home at last.
 On, ere light forsake thee,
 Soon will dusk o'ertake thee:
 O'er yon ice-bridge lies thy way
 Now, for the risk prepare thee;
 Safe it yet may bear thee,
 Though 'twill melt in morning's ray.

Hark, that dread howling!
 'Tis the wolf prowling,—
 Scent of thy track the foe hath got;
 And cliff and shore
 Resound his roar.
 But courage, boy,—the danger's past!
 Watching eyes have found thee,
 Loving arms are round thee,
 Safe hast thou reach'd thy father's cot.



MERRILY EVERY BOSOM BOUNDETH

THE TYROLESE SONG OF LIBERTY.

MERRILY every bosom boundeth,
 Merrily, oh!
 Where the song of Freedom soundeth,
 Merrily, oh!
 There the warrior's arms
 Shed more splendour;
 There the maiden's charms
 Shine more tender;
 Ev'ry joy the land surroundeth,
 Merrily, oh! merrily, oh!

Wearily every bosom pineth,
 Wearily, oh!
 Where the bond of slavery twineth,
 Wearily, oh!
 There the warrior's dart
 Hath no fleetness;
 There the maiden's heart
 Hath no sweetness—
 Ev'ry flow'r of life declineth,
 Wearily, oh! wearily, oh!

Cheerily then from hill and valley,
 Cheerily, oh!
 Like your native fountains sally,
 Cheerily, oh!
 If a glorious death,
 Won by bravery,
 Sweeter be than breath
 Sigh'd in slavery,
 Round the flag of Freedom rally,
 Cheerily, oh! cheerily, oh!



HERE, TAKE MY HEART.

HERE, take my heart—'twill be safe in thy keeping,
 While I go wand'ring o'er land and o'er sea;
 Smiling or sorrowing, waking or sleeping,
 What need I care, so my heart is with thee?

If, in the race we are destin'd to run, love,
 They who have light hearts the happiest be,
 Then, happier still must be they who have none, love,
 And that will be *my* case when mine is with thee.

It matters not where I may now be a rover,
 I care not how many bright eyes I may see;
 Should Venus herself come and ask me to love her,
 I'd tell her I couldn't—my heart is with thee.

And there let it lie, growing fonder and fonder—
 For, even should Fortune turn truant to me,
 Why, let her go—I've a treasure beyond her,
 As long as my heart's out at int'rest with thee!



TO-DAY, DEAREST! IS OURS.

To-DAY, dearest! is ours;
Why should Love carelessly lose it?
This life shines or lowers
Just as we, weak mortals, use it.
'Tis time enough, when its flow'rs decay,
To think of the thorns of Sorrow;
And Joy, if left on the stem to-day,
May wither before to-morrow.

MOORE'S WORKS.

Then why, dearest! so long
Let the sweet moments fly over?
Though now, blooming and young,
Thou hast me devoutly thy lover:
Yet Time from both, in his silent lapse,
Some treasure may steal or borrow;
Thy charms may be less in bloom, perhaps,
Or I less in love to-morrow.



PEACE, PEACE, TO HIM THAT'S GONE!

WHEN I am dead
Then lay my head
In some lone, distant dell,
Where voices ne'er
Shall stir the air,
Or break its silent spell.

If any sound
Be heard around,
Let the sweet bird alone,
That weeps in song,
Sing all night long,
"Peace, peace, to him that's gone!"

Yet, oh, were mine
One sigh of thine,
One pitying word from thee,
Like gleams of heav'n,
To sinners giv'n,
Would be that word to me.

Howe'er unblest,
My shade would rest
While list'ning to that tone;
Enough 'twould be
To hear from thee,
"Peace, peace, to him that's gone!"

ASK NOT IF STILL I LOVE.

ASK not if still I love,
 Too plain these eyes have told thee;
 Too well their tears must prove
 How near and dear I hold thee.
 If, where the brightest shine,
 To see no form but thine,
 To feel that earth can show
 No bliss above thee,—
 If this be love, then know
 That thus, that thus, I love thee.

'Tis not in pleasure's idle hour
 That thou canst know affection's pow'r.
 No, try its strength in grief or pain;
 Attempt, as now, its bonds to sever,
 Thou'lt find true love's a chain
 That binds for ever!



LOVE AND TIME.

'Tis said—but whether true or not
 Let bards declare who've seen 'em—
 That Love and Time have only got
 One pair of wings between 'em.
 In courtship's first delicious hour,
 The boy full oft can spare 'em;
 So, loit'ring in his lady's bower,
 He lets the grey-beard wear 'em,
 Then is Time's hour of play;
 Oh, how he flies, flies away!

But short the moments, short as bright,
 When he the wings can borrow ;
 If Time to-day has had his flight,
 Love takes his turn to-morrow.
 Ah! Time and Love, your change is then
 The saddest and most trying,
 When one begins to limp again,
 And t'other takes to flying.
 Then is Love's hour to stray ;
 Oh, how he flies, flies away !

But there's a nymph, whose chains I feel,
 And bless the silken fetter,
 Who knows, the dear one, how to deal
 With Love and Time much better.
 So well she checks their wanderings,
 So peacefully she pairs 'em,
 That Love with her ne'er thinks of wings,
 And Time for ever wears 'em.
 This is Time's holiday ;
 Oh, how he flies, flies away !



THE PRETTY ROSE TREE.

BEING weary of love,
 I flew to the grove,
 And chose me a tree of the fairest ;
 Saying, " Pretty Rose-tree,
 Thou my mistress shalt be,
 And I'll worship each bud thou bearest.
 For the hearts of this world are hollow,
 And fickle the smiles we follow ;
 And 'tis sweet, when all
 Their witch'ries pall,
 To have a pure love to fly to :
 So, my pretty Rose-tree,
 Thou my mistress shalt be,
 And the only one now I shall sigh to.

When the beautiful hue
 Of thy cheek through the dew
 Of morning is bashfully peeping,
 "Sweet tears," I shall say
 (As I brush them away),
 "At least there's no art in this weeping."
 Although thou should'st die to-morrow,
 'Twill not be from pain or sorrow;
 And the thorns of thy stem
 Are not like them
 With which men wound each other:
 So, my pretty Rose-tree,
 Thou my mistress shalt be,
 And I'll ne'er again sigh to another.



UNBIND THEE, LOVE

UNBIND thee, love, unbind thee, love,
 From those dark ties unbind thee;
 Though fairest hand the chain hath wove
 Too long its links have twin'd thee.
 Away from earth!—thy wings were made
 In yon mid-sky to hover,
 With earth beneath their dove-like shade,
 And heav'n all radiant over.

Awake thee, boy, awake thee, boy,
 Too long thy soul is sleeping;
 And thou may'st from this minute's joy
 Wake to eternal weeping.
 Oh, think, this world is not for thee;
 Though hard its links to sever;
 Though sweet and bright and dear they be
 Break, or thou'rt lost for ever.

WHEN TO SAD MUSIC SILENT YOU LISTEN.

WHEN to sad Music silent you listen,
 And tears on those eyelids tremble like dew,
 Oh, then there dwells in those eyes as they glisten
 A sweet holy charm that mirth never knew.
 But when some lively strain resounding
 Lights up the sunshine of joy on that brow,
 Then the young rein-deer o'er the hills bounding
 Was ne'er in its mirth so graceful as thou.

When on the skies at midnight thou gazest,
 A lustre so pure thy features then wear,
 That, when to some star that bright eye thou raisest,
 We feel 'tis thy home thou'rt looking for there.
 But, when the word for the gay dance is given,
 So buoyant thy spirit, so heartfelt thy mirth,
 Oh then we exclaim, "Ne'er leave earth for heaven,
 But linger still here, to make heaven of earth."



OH, DO NOT LOOK SO BRIGHT AND BLEST.

OH, do not look so bright and blest,
 For still there comes a fear,
 When brow like thine looks happiest,
 That grief is then most near.
 There lurks a dread in all delight,
 A shadow near each ray,
 That warns us then to fear their flight,
 When most we wish their stay.
 Then look not thou so bright and blest,
 For ah! there comes a fear,
 When brow like thine looks happiest.
 That grief is then most near.

Why is it thus that fairest things
 The soonest fleet and die?—
 That when most light is on their wings,
 They're then but spread to fly!
 And, sadder still, the pain will stay—
 The bliss no more appears;
 As rainbows take their light away,
 And leave us but the tears!
 Then look not thou so bright and blest,
 For ah! there comes a fear,
 When brow like thine looks happiest,
 That grief is then most near.



THEY TELL ME THOU'RT THE FAVOUR'D GUEST.

THEY tell me thou'rt the favour'd guest
 Of every fair and brilliant throng:
 No wit like thine to wake the jest,
 No voice like thine to breath the song;
 And none could guess, so gay thou art,
 That thou and I are far apart.

Alas! alas! how diff'rent flows
 With thee and me the time away!
 Not that I wish thee sad—heav'n knows—
 Still if thou can'st, be light and gay;
 I only know, that without thee
 The sun himself is dark to me.

Do I thus haste to hall and bower,
 Among the proud and gay to shine?
 Or deck my hair with gem and flower,
 To flatter other eyes than thine?
 Ah, no, with me love's smiles are past,
 Thou hadst the first, thou hadst the last.

OH, SOON RETURN.

OUR white sail caught the ev'ning ray,
 The wave beneath us seem'd to burn,
 When all the weeping maid could say
 Was, "Oh, soon return!"
 Through many a clime our ship was driven,
 O'er many a billow rudely thrown;
 Now chill'd beneath a northern heaven,
 Now sunn'd in summer's zone:
 And still, where'er we bent our way,
 When evening bid the west wave burn,
 I fancied still I heard her say
 "Oh, soon return!"

If ever yet my bosom found
 Its thoughts one moment turn'd from thee,
 'Twas when the combat rag'd around,
 And brave men look'd to me.
 But though the war-field's wild alarm
 For gentle Love was all unmeet,
 He lent to Glory's brow the charm,
 Which made even danger sweet.
 And still, when vict'ry's calm came o'er
 The hearts where rage had ceas'd to burn,
 Those parting words I heard once more,
 "Oh, soon return!—Oh, soon return!"



DEAR! YES.

DEAR? yes, though mine no more,
 Ev'n this but makes thee dearer;
 And love, since hope is o'er,
 But draws thee nearer.
 Change as thou wilt to me,
 The same thy charm must be;
 New loves may come to weave
 Their witch'ry o'er thee,
 Yet still, though false, believe
 That I adore thee, yes, still adore thee.

Think'st thou that aught but death could end
 A tie not falsehood's self can rend?
 No, when alone, far off I die,
 No more to see, no more caress thee,
 Ev'n then, my life's last sigh
 Shall be to bless thee, yes, still to bless thee.



MIND NOT THOUGH DAYLIGHT.

MIND not though daylight around us is breaking,—
 Who'd think now of sleeping when morn's but just waking
 Sound the merry viol, and daylight or not,
 Be all for one hour in the gay dance forgot.

See young Aurora, up heaven's hill advancing,
 Though fresh from her pillow, ev'n she too is dancing:
 While thus all creation, earth, heaven, and sea,
 Are dancing around us, oh, why should not we?

Who'll say that moments we use thus are wasted?
 Such sweet drops of time only flow to be tasted;
 While hearts are high beating, and harps full in tune,
 The fault is all morning's for coming so soon.

REMEMBER THE TIME.

THE CASTILIAN MAID.

REMEMBER the time, in La Mancha's shades,
 When our moments so blissfully flew ;
 When you call'd me the flower of Castilian maids,
 And I blush'd to be call'd so by you ;
 When I taught you to warble the gay seguidille,
 And to dance to the light castanet ;
 Oh, never, dear youth, let you roam where you will,
 The delight of those moments forget.

They tell me, you lovers from Erin's green isle
 Every hour a new passion can feel ;
 And that soon, in the light of some lovelier smile,
 You'll forget the poor maid of Castile.
 But they know not how brave in the battle you are,
 Or they never could think you would rove :
 For 'tis always the spirit most gallant in war
 That is fondest and truest in love.



WHEN MIDST THE GAY I MEET.

WHEN midst the gay I meet
 That gentle smile of thine,
 Though still on me it turns most sweet,
 I scarce can call it mine :
 But when to me alone
 Your secret tears you show,
 Oh, then I feel those tears my own,
 And claim them while they flow.

Then still with bright looks bless
 The gay, the cold, the free;
 Give smiles to those who love you less,
 But keep your tears for me.

The snow on Jura's steep
 Can smile in many a beam,
 Yet still in chains of coldness sleep,
 How bright soe'er it seem.
 But, when some deep-felt ray,
 Whose touch is fire, appears,
 Oh, then the smile is warm'd away
 And, melting, turns to tears.
 Then still with bright looks bless
 The gay, the cold, the free;
 Give smiles to those who love you less,
 But keep your tears for me.



'TIS ALL FOR THEE.

If life for me hath joy or light,
 'Tis all from thee,
 My thoughts by day, my dreams by night,
 Are but of thee, of only thee.
 Whate'er of hope or peace I know,
 My zest in joy, my balm in woe,
 To those dear eyes of thine I owe,
 'Tis all from thee.

My heart, ev'n ere I saw those eyes,
 Seem'd doom'd to thee;
 Kept pure till then from other ties,
 'Twas all for thee, for only thee.
 Like plants that sleep, till sunny May
 Calls forth their life, my spirit lay,
 Till, touch'd by Love's awak'ning ray,
 It liv'd for thee, it liv'd for thee.

When Fame would call me to her heights,
 She speaks by thee;
 And dim would shine her proudest lights,
 Unshar'd by thee, unshar'd by thee.
 When'er I seek the Muse's shrine,
 Where Bards have hung their wreaths divine
 And wish those wreaths of glory mine,
 'Tis all for thee, for only thee.



THE YOUNG ROSE.

The young rose I give thee, so dewy and bright,
 Was the flow'ret most dear to the sweet bird of night,
 Who oft, by the moon, o'er her blushes hath hung,
 And thrill'd every leaf with the wild lay he sung.

Oh, take thou this young rose, and let her life be
 Prolong'd' by the breath she will borrow from thee;
 For, while o'er her bosom thy soft notes shall thrill,
 She'll think the sweet night-bird is courting her still.



MY HEART AND LUTE.

I GIVE thee all—I can no more—
 Though poor the offering be;
 My heart and lute are all the store
 That I can bring to thee.
 A lute whose gentle song reveals
 The soul of love full well;
 And, better far, a heart that feels
 Much more than lute could tell.

Though love and song may fail, alas!
 To keep life's clouds away,
 At least 'twill make them lighter pass
 Or gild them if they stay.
 And ev'n if Care, at moments, flings
 A discord o'er life's happy strain,
 Let love but gently touch the strings,
 'Twill all be sweet again!



LOVE THEE?

LOVE thee?—so well, so tenderly
 Thou'rt lov'd, ador'd by me,
 Fame, fortune, wealth, and liberty,
 Were worthless without thee.
 Though brimm'd with blessings, pure and rare,
 Life's cup before me lay,
 Unless thy love were mingled there,
 I'd spurn the draught away.
 Love thee?—so well, so tenderly
 Thou'rt lov'd, ador'd by me,
 Fame, fortune, wealth, and liberty,
 Are worthless without thee.

Without thy smile, the monarch's lot
 To me were dark and lone,
 While, *with* it, ev'n the humblest cot
 Were brighter than his throne.
 Those worlds, for which the conqueror sighs,
 For me would have no charms;
 My only world thy gentle eyes—
 My throne thy circling arms!
 Oh, yes, so well, so tenderly
 Thou'rt lov'd, ador'd by me,
 Whole realms of light and liberty
 Were worthless without thee.



POOR WOUNDED HEART.

Poor wounded heart, farewell!
 Thy hour of rest is come;
 Thou soon wilt reach thy home,
 Poor wounded heart, farewell!
 The pain thou'lt feel in breaking
 Less bitter far will be,
 Than that long, deadly aching,
 This life has been to thee.

There—broken heart, farewell!
 The pang is o'er—
 The parting pang is o'er;
 Thou now wilt bleed no more,
 Poor broken heart, farewell!
 No rest for thee but dying—
 Like waves, whose strife is past,
 On death's cold shore thus lying,
 Thou sleep'st in peace at last—
 Poor broken heart, farewell!

SHINE OUT, STARS!

SHINE out, Stars! let Heav'n assemble
 Round us ev'ry festal ray,
 Lights that move not, lights that tremble,
 All to grace this Eve of May.
 Let the flow'r-beds all lie waking,
 And the odours shut up there,
 From their downy prisons breaking,
 Fly abroad, through sea and air.

And would Love, too, bring his sweetness,
 With our other joys to weave,
 Oh what glory, what completeness,
 Then would crown this bright May Eve!
 Shine out, Stars! let night assemble
 Round us ev'ry festal ray,
 Lights that move not, lights that tremble,
 To adorn this Eve of May.



LET'S TAKE THIS WORLD AS SOME WIDE SCENE.

LET's take this world as some wide scene,
 Through which, in frail, but buoyant boat,
 With skies now dark and now serene,
 Together thou and I must float;
 Beholding oft, on either shore,
 Bright spots where we should love to stay;
 But Time plies swift his flying oar,
 And away we speed, away, away.

Should chilling winds and rains come on,
 We'll raise our awning 'gainst the show'r;
 Sit closer till the storm is gone,
 And, smiling, wait a sunnier hour.

And if that sunnier hour should shine,
 We'll know its brightness cannot stay,
 But happy, while 'tis thine and mine,
 Complain not when it fades away.

So shall we reach at last that Fall
 Down which life's currents all must go,—
 The dark, the brilliant, destin'd all
 To sink into the void below.
 Nor ev'n that hour shall want its charms,
 If, side by side, still fond we keep,
 And calmly, in each other's arms
 Together link'd, go down the steep.



WHEN LOVE, WHO RUL'D.

WHEN Love, who rul'd as Admiral o'er
 His rosy mother's isles of light,
 Was cruising off the Paphian shore,
 A sail at sunset hove in sight.
 'A chase, a chase! my Cupids all,"
 Said Love, the little Admiral.

Aloft the winged sailors sprung,
 And, swarming up the mast like bees,
 The snow-white sails expanding flung,
 Like broad magnolias, to the breeze.
 "Yo ho, yo ho, my Cupids all!"
 Said Love, the little Admiral.

The chase was o'er—the bark was caught,
 The winged crew her freight explor'd;
 And found 'twas just as Love had thought,
 For all was contraband aboard.
 "A prize, a prize, my Cupids all!"
 Said Love, the little Admiral.



Safe stow'd in many a package there,
And labell'd slyly o'er, as "Glass,"
Were lots of all th' illegal ware,
Love's Custom-House forbids to pass.
"O'erhaul, o'erhaul, my Cupids all,"
Said Love, the little Admiral.

False curls they found, of every hue,
With rosy blushes ready made;
And teeth of ivory, good as new,
For veterans in the smiling trade.
"Ho ho, ho ho, my Cupids all!"
Said Love, the little Admiral.

Mock sighs, too,—kept in bags for use,
 Like breezes bought of Lapland seers,—
 Lay ready here to be let loose,
 When wanted, in young spinsters' ears.
 "Ha ha, ha ha, my Cupids all,"
 Said Love, the little Admiral.

False papers next on board were found,
 Sham invoices of flames and darts,
 Professedly for Paphos bound,
 But meant for Hymen's golden marts.
 "For shame, for shame, my Cupids all!"
 Said Love, the little Admiral.

Nay, still to every fraud awake,
 Those pirates all Love's signals knew,
 And hoisted oft his flag, to make
 Rich wards and heiresses *bring-ta*.
 "A foe, a foe, my Cupids all!"
 Said Love, the little Admiral.

"This must not be," the boy exclaims,
 "In vain I rule the Paphian seas,
 If Love's and Beauty's sovereign names
 Are lent to cover frauds like these.
 Prepare, prepare, my Cupids all!"
 Said Love, the little Admiral.

Each Cupid stood with lighted match—
 A broadside struck the smuggling foe,
 And swept the whole unhallow'd batch
 Of falsehood to the depths below.
 "Huzza, huzza! my Cupids all!"
 Said Love, the little Admiral.



CHILD'S SONG. FROM A MASQUE.

I HAVE a garden of my own,
Shining with flow'rs of ev'ry hue;
I lov'd it dearly while alone,
But I shall love it more with you:
And there the golden bees shall come,
In summer-time at break of morn,
And wake us with their busy hum
Around the Siha's fragrant thorn.

I have a fawn from Aden's land,
On leafy buds and berries nurst;
And you shall feed him from your hand,
Though he may start with fear at first.
And I will lead you where he lies
For shelter in the noontide heat;
And you may touch his sleeping eyes,
And feel his little silv'ry feet.



OUR FIRST YOUNG LOVE.

OUR first young love resembles
That short but brilliant ray,
Which smiles, and weeps, and trembles
Through April's earliest day.
And not all life before us,
Howe'er its lights may play,
Can shed a lustre o'er us
Like that first April ray.

Our summer sun may squander
 A blaze serener, grander;
 Our autumn beam
 May, like a dream
 Of heav'n, die calm away;
 But, no—let life before us
 Bring all the light it may,
 'Twill ne'er shed lustre o'er us
 Like that first youthful ray.



THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE.

(A BUFFO SONG.)

THERE'S something strange, I know not what,
 Come o'er me,
 Some phantom I've for ever got
 Before me.
 I look on high, and in the sky
 'Tis shining;
 On earth, its light with all things bright
 Seems twining.
 In vain I try this goblin's spells
 To sever;
 Go where I will, it round me dwells
 For ever.

And then what tricks by day and night
 It plays me;
 In ev'ry shape the wicked sprite
 Waylays me.
 Sometimes like two bright eyes of blue
 'Tis glancing;
 Sometimes like feet, in slippers neat,
 Comes dancing.
 By whispers round of every sort
 I'm taunted.
 Never was mortal man, in short,
 So haunted.

WAKE UP, SWEET MELODY.

WAKE up, sweet melody!
 Now is the hour
 When young and loving hearts
 Feel most thy pow'r.
 One note of music, by moonlight's soft ray—
 Oh, 'tis worth thousands heard coldly by day.
 Then wake up, sweet melody!
 Now is the hour
 When young and loving hearts
 Feel most thy pow'r.

Ask the fond nightingale,
 When his sweet flow'r
 Loves most to hear his song,
 In her green bow'r?
 Oh he will tell thee, through summer-nights long,
 Fondest she lends her whole soul to his song.
 Then wake up, sweet melody!
 Now is the hour
 When young and loving hearts
 Feel most thy pow'r.



BLACK AND BLUE EYES.

THE brilliant black eye
 May in triumph let fly
 All its darts without caring who feels 'em;
 But the soft eye of blue,
 Though it scatter wounds too,
 Is much better pleas'd when it heals 'em—
 Dear Fanny!
 But the soft eye of blue,
 Though it scatter wounds too,
 Is much better pleas'd when it heals 'em.

The black eye may say,
 "Come and worship my ray—
 By adoring, perhaps, you may move me!"
 But the blue eye, half hid,
 Says, from under its lid,
 "I love, and am yours, if you love me!"
 Yes, Fanny!
 The blue eye, half hid,
 Says, from under its lid,
 "I love, and am yours, if you love me!"

Come tell me, then, why,
 In that lovely blue eye,
 Not a charm of its tint I discover;
 Oh why should you wear
 The only blue pair
 That ever said "No" to a lover?
 Dear Fanny!
 Oh, why should you wear
 The only blue pair
 That ever said "No" to a lover?



THEY MET BUT ONCE.

THEY met but once, in youth's sweet hour,
 And never since that day
 Hath absence, time, or grief had pow'r
 To chase that dream away.
 They've seen the suns of other skies,
 On other shores have sought delight;
 But never more, to bless their eyes,
 Can come a dream so bright!
 They met but once,—a day was all
 Of Love's young hopes they knew;
 And still their hearts that day recall,
 As fresh as then it flew.

Sweet dream of youth! oh, ne'er again
 Let either meet the brow
 They left so smooth and smiling then,
 Or see what it is now.
 For, Youth, the spell was only thine;
 From thee alone th' enchantment flows,
 That makes the world around thee shine
 With light thyself bestows.
 They met but once,—oh, ne'er again
 Let either meet the brow
 They left so smooth and smiling then,
 Or see what it is now.



SONG OF HÉRCULES TO HIS DAUGHTER.

“I’ve been, oh, sweet daughter,
 To fountain and sea,
 To seek in their water
 Some bright gem for thee.
 Where diamonds were sleeping,
 Their sparkle I sought,
 Where crystal was weeping,
 Its tears I have caught.

“The sea-nymph I’ve courted
 In rich coral halls;
 With Naiads have sported
 By bright waterfalls.
 But sportive or tender,
 Still sought I, around,
 That gem, with whose splendour
 Thou yet shalt be crown’d.

“And see, while I’m speaking,
 Yon soft light afar;—
 The pearl I’ve been seeking
 There floats like a star!

In the deep Indian Ocean .
 I see the gem shine,
 And quick as light's motion
 Its wealth shall be thine."

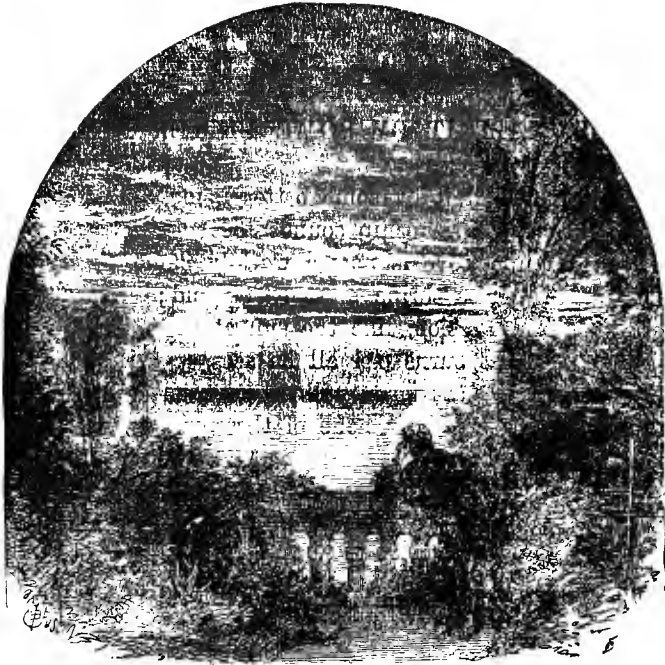
Then eastward, like lightning,
 The hero-god flew,
 His sunny looks bright'ning
 The air he went through.
 And sweet was the duty,
 And hallow'd the hour,
 Which saw thus young Beauty
 Embellish'd by Power.



GUESS, GUESS.

I LOVE a maid, a mystic maid,
 Whose form no eyes but mine can see;
 She comes in light, she comes in shade,
 And beautiful in both is she.
 Her shape in dreams I oft behold,
 And oft she whispers in my ear
 Such words as when to others told,
 Awake the sigh, or wring the tear;—
 Then guess, guess, who she,
 The lady of my love, may be.

I find the lustre of her brow
 Come o'er me in my darkest ways;
 And feel as if her voice, ev'n now,
 Were echoing far off my lays.
 There is no scene of joy or woe
 But she doth gild with influence bright;
 And shed o'er all so rich a glow,
 As makes ev'n tears seem full of light
 Then guess, guess, who she,
 The lady of my love, may be.



WHEN TWILIGHT DEWS.

WHEN twilight dews are falling soft
Upon the rosy sea, love,
I watch the star, whose beam so oft
Has lighted me to thee, love.
And thou, too, on that orb so dear
Dost often gaze at even,
And think, though lost for ever here,
Thou'lt yet be mine in heaven.

There's not a garden walk I tread,
There's not a flow'r I see, love,
But brings to mind some hope that's fled,
Some joy that's gone with thee, love.
And still I wish that hour was near,
When, friends and foes forgiven,
The pains, the ills we've wept through here,
May turn to smiles in heaven.

OH, CALL IT BY SOME BETTER NAME.

OH, call it by some better name,
 For Friendship sounds too cold,
 While Love is now a worldly flame,
 Whose shrine must be of gold ;
 And Passion, like the sun at noon,
 That burns o'er all he sees,
 Awhile as warm, will set as soon—
 Then, call it none of these.

Imagine something purer far,
 More free from stain of clay
 Than Friendship, Love, or Passion are,
 Yet human still as they :
 And if thy lip, for love like this,
 No mortal word can frame,
 Go, ask of angels what it is,
 And call it by that name !



HER LAST WORDS, AT PARTING.

HER last words, at parting, how *can* I forget ?
 Deep treasur'd through life, in my heart they shall stay
 Like music, whose charm in the soul lingers yet,
 When its sounds from the ear have long melted away.
 Let Fortune assail me, her threat'nings are vain ;
 Those still-breathing words shall my talisman be,—
 “Remember, in absence, in sorrow, and pain,
 There's one heart, unchanging, that beats but for thee.”

From the desert's sweet well tho' the pilgrim must hie,
 Never more of that fresh-springing fountain to taste,
 He hath still of its bright drops a treasur'd supply,
 Whose sweetness lends life to his lips through the waste

So, dark as my fate is still doom'd to remain,
 These words shall my well in the wilderness be,—
 "Remember, in absence, in sorrow, and pain,
 There's one heart, unchanging, that beats but for thee."



ONE DEAR SMILE.

COULDST thou look as dear as when
 First I sigh'd for thee;
 Couldst thou make me feel again
 Every wish I breath'd thee then,
 Oh, how blissful life would be!
 Hopes, that now beguiling leave me,
 Joys, that lie in slumber cold—
 All would wake, couldst thou but give me
 One dear smile like those of old.

No—there's nothing left us now,
 But to mourn the past;
 Vain was every ardent vow—
 Never yet did heaven allow
 Love so warm, so wild, to last.
 Not even hope could now deceive me—
 Life itself looks dark and cold:
 Oh, thou never more canst give me
 One dear smile like those of old.



THOU BIDST ME SING.

THOU bidst me sing the lay I sung to thee
 In other days, ere joy had left this brow;
 But think, though still unchang'd the notes may be,
 How diff'rent feels the heart that breathes them, now!

The rose thou wear'st to-night is still the same
 We saw this morning on its stem so gay;
 But, ah! that dew of dawn, that breath which came
 Like life o'er all its leaves, hath pass'd away.

Since first that music touch'd thy heart and mine,
 How many a joy and pain o'er both have past,—
 The joy, a light too precious long to shine,
 The pain, a cloud whose shadows always last.
 And though that lay would like the voice of home
 Breathe o'er our ear, 'twould waken now a sigh—
 Ah! not, as then, for fancied woes to come,
 But, sadder far, for real bliss gone by.



LUSITANIAN WAR-SONG.

THE song of war shall echo through our mountains,
 Till not one hateful link remains
 Of slavery's lingering chains;
 Till not one tyrant tread our plains,
 Nor traitor lip pollute our fountains.
 No! never till that glorious day
 Shall Lusitania's sons be gay,
 Or hear, oh Peace, thy welcome lay
 Resounding through her sunny mountains.

The song of war shall echo through our mountains,
 Till Victory's self shall, smiling, say,
 "Your cloud of foes hath pass'd away,
 And Freedom comes, with new-born ray,
 To gild your vines and light your fountains."
 Oh, never till that glorious day
 Shall Lusitania's sons be gay,
 Or hear, sweet Peace, thy welcome lay
 Resounding through her sunny mountains.



THE YOUNG INDIAN MAID.

THERE came a nymph dancing
Gracefully, gracefully,
Her eye a light glancing
Like the blue sea;
And while all this gladness
Around her steps hung,
Such sweet notes of sadness
Her gentle lips sung,
That ne'er while I live from my mem'ry shall fade
The song, or the look, of that young Indian maid.

Her zone of bells ringing
 Cheerily, cheerily,
 Chimed to her singing
 Light echoes of glee;
 But in vain did she borrow
 Of mirth the gay tone,
 Her voice spoke of sorrow,
 And sorrow alone.
 Nor e'er while I live from my mem'ry shall fade
 The song, or the look, of that young Indian maid.



ROUND THE WORLD GOES.

ROUND the world goes, by day and night,
 While with it also round go we;
 And in the flight of one day's light
 An image of all life's course we see.
 Round, round, while thus we go round,
 The best thing a man can do,
 Is to make it, at least, a *merry-go-round*
 By—sending the wine round too.

Our first gay stage of life is when
 Youth, in its dawn, salutes the eye—
 Seasons of bliss! Oh, who wouldn't then
 Wish to cry, "Stop!" to earth and sky?
 But, round, round, both boy and girl
 Are whisk'd through that sky of blue;
 And much would their hearts enjoy the whirl,
 If—their heads didn't whirl round too.

Next, we enjoy our glorious noon,
 Thinking all life a life of light;
 But shadows come on, 'tis evening soon,
 And, ere we can say, "How short!"—'tis night.

Round, round, still all goes round,
 Ev'n while I'm thus singing to you;
 And the best way to make it a *merry-go-round*,
 Is to—chorus my song round too.



LOVE'S VICTORY.

SING to Love—for, oh, 'twas he
 Who won the glorious day;
 Strew the wreaths of victory
 Along the conqueror's way.
 Yoke the Muses to his car,
 Let them sing each trophy won:
 While his mother's joyous star
 Shall light the triumph on.

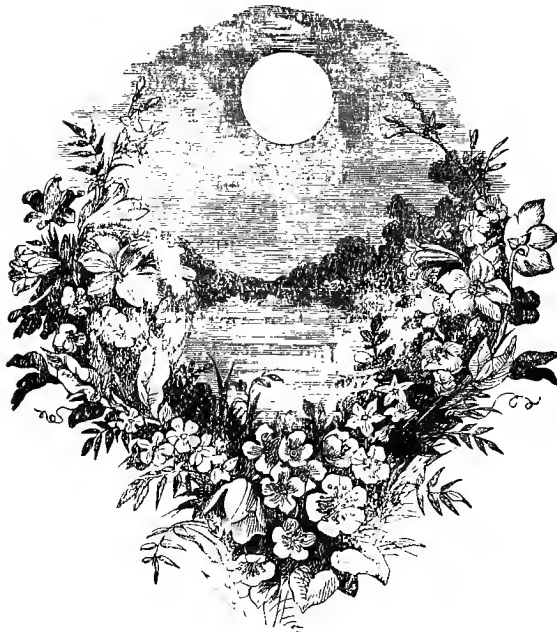
Hail to Love, to mighty Love,
 Let spirits sing around;
 While the hill, the dale, and grove
 With "mighty Love" resound;
 Or, should a sigh of sorrow steal
 Amid the sounds thus echo'd o'er,
 'Twill but teach the god to feel
 His victories the more.

See his wings, like amethyst
 Of sunny Ind their hue;
 Bright as when, by Psyche kiss'd,
 They trembled through and through.
 Flowers spring beneath his feet:
 Angel forms beside him run;
 While unnumber'd lips repeat
 "Love's victory is won!"
 Hail to Love, to mighty Love, &c.

NIGHTS OF MUSIC.

NIGHTS of music, nights of loving,
Lost too soon, remember'd long,
When we went by moonlight roving,
Hearts all love and lips all song;
When this faithful lute recorded
All my spirit felt to thee;
And that smile the song rewarded—
Worth whole years of fame to me!

Nights of song, and nights of splendour,
Fill'd with joys too sweet to last—
Joys that, like the star-light, tender,
While they shone, no shadow cast.
Though all other happy hours
From my fading mem'ry fly,
Of that star-light, of those bowers,
Not a beam, a leaf shall die!



LEGENDARY BALLADS.



THE VOICE.

It came o'er her sleep, like a voice of those days,
When love, only love, was the light of her ways;
And, soft as in moments of bliss long ago,
It whisper'd her name from the garden below.

"Alas," sigh'd the maiden, "how fancy can cheat!
The world once had lips that could whisper thus sweet;
But cold now they slumber in yon fatal deep,
Where, oh that beside them this heart too could sleep!"

She sank on her pillow—but no, 'twas in vain
To chase the illusion, that Voice came again!
She flew to the casement—but, hush'd as the grave,
In moonlight lay slumbering woodland and wave.

"Oh sleep, come and shield me," in anguish she said,
"From that call of the buried, that cry of the Dead!"
And sleep came around her—but, starting, she woke,
For still from the garden that spirit Voice spoke!

"I come," she exclaim'd, "be thy home where it may,
On earth or in heaven, that call I obey;"
Then forth through the moonlight, with heart beating fast
And loud as a death-watch, the pale maiden past.

Still round her the scene all in loneliness shone;
And still, in the distance, that Voice led her on;
But whither she wander'd, by wave or by shore,
None ever could tell, for she came back no more.

No, ne'er came she back,—but the watchman, who stood
That night in the tow'r which o'ershadows the flood,
Saw dimly, 'tis said, o'er the moon-lighted spray,
A youth on a steed bear the maiden away.

CUPID AND PSYCHE.

THEY told her that he, to whose vows she had listen'd
 Through night's fleeting hours, was a Spirit unblest;—
 Unholy the eyes, that beside her had glisten'd,
 And evil the lips she in darkness had prest.

“When next in thy chamber the bridegroom reclineth,
 Bring near him thy lamp, when in slumber he lies;
 And there, as the light o'er his dark features shineth,
 Thou'lt see what a demon hath won all thy sighs!”

Too fond to believe them, yet doubting, yet fearing,
 When calm lay the sleeper she stole with her light;
 And saw—such a vision!—no image, appearing
 To bards in their day-dreams, was ever so bright.

A youth, but just passing from childhood's sweet morning,
 While round him still linger'd its innocent ray;
 Though gleams, from beneath his shut eyelids gave warning
 Of summer-noon lightnings that under them lay.

His brow had a grace more than mortal around it,
 While, glossy as gold from a fairy-land mine,
 His sunny hair hung, and the flowers that crown'd it
 Seem'd fresh from the breeze of some garden divine

Entranc'd stood the bride, on that miracle gazing,
 What late was but love is idolatry now;
 But, ah—in her tremor the fatal lamp raising—
 A sparkle flew from it and dropt'd on his brow.

All's lost!—with a start from his rosy sleep waking,
 The Spirit flashed o'er her his glances of fire;
 Then, slow from the clasp of her snowy arms breaking,
 Thus said, in a voice more of sorrow than ire:

“Farewell—what a dream thy suspicion hath broken!
 Thus ever Affection's fond vision is crost;
 Dissolv'd are her spells when a doubt is but spoken,
 And love, once distrusted, for ever is lost!”

HERO AND LEANDER.

"THE night-wind is moaning with mournful sigh,
 There gleameth no moon in the misty sky,
 No star over Helle's sea;
 Yet, yet, there is shining one holy light,
 One love-kindled star through the deep of night,
 To lead me, sweet Hero, to thee!"

Thus saying, he plunged in the foamy stream,
 Still fixing his gaze on that distant beam
 No eye but a lover's could see;
 And still, as the surge swept over his head,
 "To-night," he said tenderly, "living or dead,
 Sweet Hero, I'll rest with thee!"

But fiercer around him the wild waves speed;
 Oh, Love! in that hour of thy votary's need,
 Where, where could thy Spirit be?
 He struggles—he sinks—while the hurricane's breath
 Bears rudely away his last farewell in death—
 "Sweet Hero, I die for thee!"



THE LEAF AND THE FOUNTAIN.

"TELL me, kind Seer, I pray thee,
 So may the stars obey thee,
 So may each airy
 Moon-elf and fairy
 Nightly their homage pay thee!
 Say, by what spell, above, below,
 In stars that wink or flow'rs that blow,
 I may discover,
 Ere night is over,
 Whether my love loves me or no,
 Whether my love loves me."

"Maiden, the dark tree nigh thee
 Hath charms no gold could buy thee;
 Its stem enchanted,
 By moon-elves planted,
 Will all thou seek'st supply thee.
 Climb to yon bows that highest grow,
 Bring thence their fairest leaf below;
 And thou'lt discover,
 Ere night is over,
 Whether thy love loves thee or no,
 Whether thy love loves thee."

"See, up the dark tree going,
 With blossoms round me blowing,
 From thence, oh Father,
 This leaf I gather,
 Fairest that there is growing.
 Say, by what sign I now shall know
 If in this leaf lie bliss or woe;
 And thus discover,
 Ere night is over,
 Whether my love loves me or no,
 Whether my love loves me."

"Fly to yon fount that's welling,
 Where moonbeam ne'er had dwelling,
 Dip in its water
 That leaf, oh Daughter,
 And mark the tale 'tis telling;
 Watch thou if pale or bright it grow.
 List thou, the while, that fountain's flow
 And thou'lt discover
 Whether thy lover,
 Lov'd as he is, loves thee or no,
 Lov'd as he is, loves thee."

Forth flew the nymph, delighted,
 To seek that fount benighted;
 But, scarce a minute
 The leaf lay in it,
 When, lo, its bloom was blighted!

And as she ask'd, with voice of woe—
 List'ning, the while, that fountain's flow—
 "Shall I recover
 My truant lover?"
 The fountain seem'd to answer "No;"
 The fountain answered, "No."



CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS.

A HUNTER once in that grove reclin'd
 To shun the noon's bright eye,
 And oft he woo'd the wandering wind,
 To cool his brow with its sigh.
 While mute lay ev'n the wild bee's hum,
 Nor breath could stir the aspen's hair,
 His song was still "Sweet air, oh come!"
 While Echo answer'd, "Come, sweet Air!"

But, hark, what sounds from the thicket rise!
 What meaneth that rustling spray?
 "'Tis the white-horn'd doe," the Hunter cries,
 "I have sought since break o' day,"
 Quick o'er the sunny glade he springs,
 The arrow flies from his sounding bow,
 "Hilliho—hilliho!" he gaily sings,
 While Echo sighs forth "Hilliho!"

Alas, 'twas not the white-horn'd doe
 He saw in the rustling grove,
 But the bridal veil, as pure as snow,
 Of his own young wedded love.
 And, ah, too sure that arrow sped,
 For pale at his feet he sees her lie;—
 "I die, I die," was all she said,
 While Echo murmur'd, "I die, I die!"

YOUTH AND AGE.

“TELL me, what's Love?” said Youth, one day,
 To drooping Age, who crost his way.—
 “It is a sunny hour of play,
 For which repentance dear doth pay ;
 Repentance! Repentance!
 And this is Love, as wise men say.”

“Tell me, what's Love?” said Youth once more,
 Fearful, yet fond, of Age's lore.—
 “Soft as a passing summer's wind:
 Would'st know the blight it leaves behind?
 Repentance! Repentance!
 And this is Love—when love is o'er.”

“Tell me, what's Love?” said Youth again,
 Trusting the bliss, but not the pain.—
 “Sweet as a May tree's scented air—
 Mark ye what bitter fruit 'twill bear,
 Repentance! Repentance!
 This is Love—sweet Youth, beware.”

Just then, young Love himself came by,
 And cast on Youth a smiling eye ;
 Who could resist that glance's ray?
 In vain did Age his warning say,
 “Repentance! Repentance!”
 Youth laughing went with Love away.



THE DYING WARRIOR.

A WOUNDED Chieftain, lying
 By the Danube's leafy side,
 Thus faintly said, in dying,
 “Oh! bear, thou foaming tide,
 This gift to my lady-bride.”

'Twas then, in life's last quiver,
 He flung the scarf he wore
 Into the foaming river,
 Which, ah too quickly, bore
 That pledge of one no more!

With fond impatience burning,
 The Chieftain's lady stood,
 To watch her love returning
 In triumph down the flood,
 From that day's field of blood.

But, field, alas, ill-fated!
 The lady saw, instead
 Of the bark whose speed she waited,
 Her hero's scarf, all red
 With the drops his heart had shed.

One shriek—and all was over—
 Her life-pulse ceas'd to beat;
 The gloomy waves now cover
 That bridal-flower so sweet,
 And the scarf is her winding sheet!



THE MAGIC MIRROR.

"COME, if thy magic Glass have pow'r
 To call up forms we sigh to see;
 Show me my love, in that rosy bow'r,
 Where last she pledg'd her truth to me."

The Wizard show'd him his Lady bright,
 Where lone and pale in her bow'r she lay;
 "True-hearted maid," said the happy Knight,
 "She's thinking of one, who is far away."

But, lo! a page, with looks of joy,
 Brings tidings to the Lady's ear;
 "'Tis," said the Knight, "the same bright boy,
 Who used to guide me to my dear."

The lady now, from her fav'rite tree,
 Hath, smiling, pluck'd a rosy flow'r;
 "Such," he exclaim'd, "was the gift that she
 Each morning sent me from that bow'r!"

She gives her page the blooming rose,
 With looks that say, "Like lightning, fly!"
 "Thus," thought the Knight, "she soothes her woes,
 By fancying, still, her true-love nigh."

But the page returns, and—oh, what a sight,
 For trusting lover's eyes to see!—
 Leads to that bow'r another Knight,
 As young and, alas, as lov'd as he!

"Such," quoth the Youth, "is Woman's love!"
 Then, darting forth with furious bound,
 Dash'd at the Mirror his iron glove,
 And strew'd it all in fragments round.

MORAL.

Such ills would never have come to pass,
 Had he ne'er sought that fatal view;
 The Wizard would still have kept his Glass,
 And the Knight still thought his Lady true.



THE PILGRIM.

STILL thus, when twilight gleam'd,
 Far off his Castle seem'd,
 Trac'd on the sky;
 And still, as Fancy bore him
 To those dim tow'rs before him,
 He gaz'd, with wishful eye,
 And thought his home was nigh.

"Hall of my Sires!" he said,
 'How long, with weary tread,
 Must I toil on?
 Each eve, as thus I wander,
 Thy tow'rs seem rising yonder,
 But, scarce hath daylight shone.
 When, like a dream, thou'rt gone!"

So went the Pilgrim still,
 Down dale and over hill,
 Day after day;
 That glimpse of home, so cheering,
 At twilight still appearing
 But still, with morning's ray
 Melting, like mist, away!

Where rests the Pilgrim now?
 Here, by this cypress bough
 Clos'd his career;
 That dream, of Fancy's weaving,
 No more his steps deceiving,
 Alike past hope and fear,
 The Pilgrim's home is here.



THE HIGH-BORN LADYE.

IN vain all the Knights of the Underwald woo'd her,
 Though brightest of maidens, the proudest was she.
 Brave chieftains they sought, and young minstrels they sought,
 But worthy were none of the high-born Ladye.

"Whomsoever I wed," said this maid, so excelling,
 'That Knight must the conq'ror of conquerors be;
 He must place me in halls fit for monarchs to dwell;
 None else shall be Lord of the high-born Ladye!"

Thus spoke the proud damsel, with scorn looking round her
 On Knights and on Nobles of highest degree;
 Who humbly and hopelessly left as they found her,
 And worshipp'd at distance the high-born Ladye.

At length came a Knight from a far land to woo her,
 With plumes on his helm like the foam of the sea;
 His vizor was down—but, with voice that thrill'd through her,
 He whisper'd his vows to the high-born Ladye.

“Proud maiden! I come with high spousals to grace thee,
 In me the great conq'ror of conquerors see;
 Enthron'd in a hall fit for monarchs I'll place thee,
 And mine thou'rt for ever, thou high-born Ladye!”

The maiden she smil'd, and in jewels array'd her,
 Of thrones and tiaras already dreamt she;
 And proud was the step, as her bridegroom convey'd her
 In pomp to his home, of that high-born Ladye.

“But whither,” she, starting, exclaims, “have you led me?
 Here's nought but a tomb and a dark cypress tree;
 Is *this* the bright palace in which thou wouldst wed me?”
 With scorn, in her glance, said the high-born Ladye.

“'Tis the home,” he replied, “of earth's loftiest creatures” —
 Then lifted his helm for the fair one to see;
 But she sunk on the ground—'twas a skeleton's features,
 And Death was the Lord of the high-born Ladye!



THE INDIAN BOAT.

'Twas midnight dark,
 The seaman's bark,
 Swift o'er the waters bore him,
 When, through the night,
 He spied a light
 Shoot o'er the wave before him.

"A sail! a sail!" he cries;
 "She comes from the Indian shore,
 And to-night shall be our prize,
 With her freight of golden ore.
 Sail on! sail on!"
 When morning shone
 He saw the gold still clearer;
 But, though so fast
 The waves he pass'd,
 That boat seem'd never the nearer.

Bright daylight came,
 And still the same
 Rich bark before him floated;
 While on the prize
 His wishful eyes
 Like any young lover's doated;
 "More sail! more sail!" he cries,
 While the waves o'ertop the mast;
 And his bounding galley flies,
 Like an arrow before the blast.
 Thus on, and on,
 Till day was gone,
 And the moon through heav'n did hie her,
 He swept the main,
 But all in vain,
 That boat seem'd never the nigher.

And many a day
 To night give way,
 And many a morn succeeded:
 While still his flight,
 Through day and night,
 That restless mariner speeded.
 Who knows—who knows what seas
 He is now careering o'er?
 Behind, the eternal breeze,
 And that mocking bird, before!
 For, oh, till sky
 And earth shall die,
 And their death leave none to rue it,
 That boat must flee
 O'er the boundless sea,
 And that ship in vain pursue it.

THE STRANGER.

COME list, while I tell of the heart-wounded Stranger
 Who sleeps her last slumber in this haunted ground ;
 Where often, at midnight, the lonely wood-ranger
 Hears soft fairy music re-echo around.

None e'er knew the name of that heart-stricken lady,
 Her language, though sweet, none could e'er understand ;
 But her features so sunn'd, and her eyelash so shady,
 Bespoke her a child of some far Eastern land.

'Twas one summer night, when the village lay sleeping,
 A soft strain of melody came o'er our ears ;
 So sweet, but so mournful, half song and half weeping,
 Like music that Sorrow had steep'd in her tears.

We thought 'twas an anthem some angel had sung us ;
 But, soon as the day-beams had gush'd from on high,
 With wonder we saw this bright stranger among us,
 All lovely and lone, as if stray'd from the sky.

Nor long did her life for this sphere seem intended,
 For pale was her cheek, with that spirit-like hue
 Which comes when the day of this world is nigh ended,
 And light from another already shines through.

Then her eyes, when she sung—oh, but once to have seen them
 Left thoughts in the soul that can never depart ;
 While her looks and her voice made a language between them,
 That spoke more than holiest words to the heart.

But she pass'd like a day-dream, no skill could restore her—
 Whate'er was her sorrow, its ruin came fast ;
 She died with the same spell of mystery o'er her,
 That song of past days on her lips to the last.

Nor ev'n in the grave is her sad heart reposing—
 Still hovers the spirit of grief round her tomb ;
 For oft, when the shadows of midnight are closing,
 The same strain of music is heard through the gloom.

SELECTIONS.



POEMS RELATING TO AMERICA

TO LORD VISCOUNT STRANGFORD.

ABOARD THE PHAETON FRIGATE, OFF THE AZORES, BY MOONLIGHT.

SWEET Moon! if, like Cræonæ's sage,
By any spell my hand could dare
To make thy disk its ample page,
And write my thoughts, my wishes, there;
How many a friend, whose careless eye
Now wanders o'er that starry sky,
Should smile, upon thy orb to meet
The recollection, kind and sweet,
The reveries of fond regret,
The promise, never to forget,
And all my heart and soul would send
To many a dear-lov'd, distant friend.

How little, when we parted last,
I thought those pleasant times were past,
For ever past, when brilliant joy
Was all my vacant heart's employ!
When, fresh from mirth to mirth again,
We thought the rapid hours too few;
Our only use for knowledge then
To gather bliss from all we knew.
Delicious days of whim and soul!
When, mingling lore and laugh together,
We lean'd the book on Pleasure's bowl,
And turn'd the leaf with Folly's feather.
Little I thought that all were fled,
That, ere that summer's bloom was shed,
My eye should see the sail unfurl'd
That wafts me to the western world.

And yet, 'twas time;—in youth's sweet days,
To cool that season's glowing rays,

The heart awhile, with wanton wing,
 May dip and dive in Pleasure's spring;
 But, if it wait for winter's breeze,
 The spring will chill, the heart will freeze.
 And then, that Hope, that fairy Hope,—
 Oh! she awak'd such happy dreams,
 And gave my soul such tempting scope
 For all its dearest, fondest schemes,
 That not Verona's child of song,
 When flying from the Phrygian shore,
 With lighter heart could bound along,
 Or pant to be a wand'rer more!

Even now delusive hope will steal
 Amid the dark regrets I feel,
 Soothing, as yonder placid beam
 Pursues the murmurers of the deep,
 And lights them with consoling gleam,
 And smiles them into tranquil sleep.
 Oh! such a blessed night as this,
 I often think, if friends were near,
 How we should feel, and gaze with bliss
 Upon the moon-bright scenery here!
 The sea is like a silvery lake,
 And o'er its calm the vessel glides
 Gently, as if it fear'd to wake
 The slumber of the silent tides.
 The only envious cloud that lowers
 Hath hung its shade on Pico's height,
 Where dimly, mid the dusk, he towers,
 And scowling at this heav'n of light,
 Exults to see the infant storm
 Cling darkly round his giant form!

Now, could I range those verdant isles,
 Invisible at this soft hour,
 And see the looks, the beaming smiles,
 That brighten many an orange bower;
 And could I lift each pious veil,
 And see the blushing cheek it shades,—
 Oh! I should have full many a tale,
 To tell of young Azorian maids.

Yes, Strangford, at this hour, perhaps,
 Some lover (not too idly blest,
 Like those, who in their ladies' laps
 May cradle every wish to rest),
 Warbles, to touch his dear one's soul,
 Those madrigals, of breath divine,
 Which Camoens' harp from Rapture stole
 And gave, all glowing warm, to thine.
 Oh! could the lover learn from thee,
 And breathe them with thy graceful tone,
 Such sweet, beguiling minstrelsy
 Would make the coldest nymph his own.

But, hark!—the boatswain's pipings tell
 'Tis time to bid my dream farewell:
 Eight bells:—the middle watch is set;
 Good night, my Strangford!—ne'er forget
 That, far beyond the western sea
 Is one whose heart remembers thee.



S T A N Z A S.

Θυμος δε ποσ' εμος ———
 ——— μι προσφωνει ταδε·
 Γινωσκει πανθραυσια μη σιβειν αγαν

ÆSCHYL. *Fragment*

A BEAM of tranquillity smil'd in the west,
 The storms of the morning pursued us no more;
 And the wave, while it welcom'd the moment of rest,
 Still heav'd, as remembering ills that were o'er.

Serenely my heart took the hue of the hour,
 Its passions were sleeping, were mute as the dead;
 And the spirit becalm'd but remember'd their power,
 As the billow the force of the gale that was fled.

I thought of those days, when to pleasure alone
 My heart ever granted a wish or a sigh;
 When the saddest emotion my bosom had known,
 Was pity for those who were wiser than I.

I reflected, how soon in the cup of Desire
 The pearl of the soul may be melted away;
 How quickly, alas, the pure sparkle of fire
 We inherit from heav'n may be quench'd in the clay;

And I pray'd of that Spirit who lighted the flame,
 That Pleasure no more might its purity dim;
 So that, sullied but little, or brightly the same,
 I might give back the boon I had borrow'd from him.

How blest was the thought! it appear'd as if Heaven
 Had already an opening to Paradise shown;
 As if, passion all chasten'd and error forgiven,
 My heart then began to be purely its own.

I look'd to the west, and the beautiful sky,
 Which morning had clouded, was clouded no more;
 "Oh! thus," I exclaimed, "may a heavenly eye
 Shed light on the soul that was darken'd before."



TO MISS MOORE.

FROM NORFOLK, IN VIRGINIA, NOVEMBER, 1803.

In days, my Kate, when life was new,
 When, lull'd with innocence and you,
 I heard, in home's beloved shade,
 The din the world at distance made;
 When, every night my weary head
 Sunk on its own unthorned bed,
 And, mild as evening's matron hour
 Looks on the faintly shutting flower,
 A mother saw our eyelids close,
 And bless'd them into pure repose;
 Then, haply if a week, a day,
 I linger'd from that home away,

How long the little absence seem'd!
 How bright the look of welcome beam'd,
 As mute you heard, with eager smile,
 My tales of all that pass'd the while!

Yet now, my Kate, a gloomy sea
 Rolls wide between that home and me;
 The moon may thrice be born and die,
 Ere ev'n that seal can reach mine eye,
 Which used so soft, so quick to come,
 Still breathing all the breath of home,—
 As if, still fresh, the cordial air
 From lips belov'd were lingering there.
 But now, alas,—far different fate!
 It comes o'er ocean, slow and late,
 When the dear hand that fill'd its fold
 With words of sweetness may lie cold.

But hence that gloomy thought! at last,
 Beloved Kate, the waves are past:
 I tread on earth securely now,
 And the green cedar's living bough
 Breathes more refreshment to my eyes
 Than could a Claude's divinest dyes.
 At length I touch the happy sphere
 To liberty and virtue dear,
 Where man looks up, and, proud to claim
 His rank within the social frame,
 Sees a grand system round him roll,
 Himself its centre, sun, and soul!
 Far from the shocks of Europe—far
 From every wild, elliptic star
 That, shooting with a devious fire,
 Kindled by heaven's avenging ire,
 So oft hath into chaos hurl'd
 The systems of the ancient world.

The warrior here, in arms no more,
 Thinks of the toil, the conflict o'er,
 And glorying in the freedom won
 For hearth and shrine, for sire and son,
 Smiles on the dusky webs that hide
 His sleeping sword's remember'd pride.

While Peace, with sunny cheeks of toil,
 Walks o'er the free, unlorded soil,
 Effacing with her splendid share
 The drops that war had sprinkled there.
 Thrice happy land! where he who flies
 From the dark ills of other skies,
 From scorn, or want's unnerving woes,
 May shelter him in proud repose:
 Hope sings along the yellow sand
 His welcome to a patriot land;
 The mighty wood, with pomp, receives
 The stranger in its world of leaves,
 Which soon their barren glory yield
 To the warm shed and cultur'd field
 And he, who came, of all bereft,
 To whom malignant fate had left
 Nor home nor friends nor country dear,
 Finds nome and friends and country here.

Such is the picture, warmly such,
 That Fancy long, with florid touch,
 Had painted to my sanguine eye
 Of man's new world of liberty.
 Oh! ask me not, if Truth have yet
 Her seal on Fancy's promise set;
 If ev'n a glimpse my eyes behold
 Of that imagin'd age of gold;—
 Alas, not yet one gleaming trace!
 Never did youth, who lov'd a face
 As sketch'd by some fond pencil's skill,
 And made by fancy lovelier still,
 Shrink back with more of sad surprise,
 When the live model met his eyes,
 Than I have felt, in sorrow felt,
 To find a dream on which I've dwelt
 From boyhood's hour, thus fade and flee
 At touch of stern reality!

But, courage, yet, my wavering heart!
 Blame not the temple's meanest part,
 Till thou hast trac'd the fabric o'er:—
 As yet, we have beheld no more

Than just the porch to Freedom's fane;
 And, though a sable spot may stain
 The vestibule, 'tis wrong, 'tis sin
 To doubt the godhead reigns within!
 So here I pause—and now, my Kate,
 To you, and those dear friends, whose fate
 Touches more near this home-sick soul
 Than all the Powers from pole to pole,
 One word at parting—in the tone
 Most sweet to you, and most my own.
 The simple strain I send you here,
 Wild though it be, would charm your ear,
 Did you but know the trance of thought
 In which my mind its numbers caught.
 'Twas one of those half-waking dreams,
 That haunt me oft, when music seems
 To bear my soul in sound along,
 And turn its feelings all to song.
 I thought of home, the according lays
 Came full of dreams of other days;
 Freshly in each succeeding note
 I found some young remembrance float,
 Till following, as a clue, that strain,
 I wander'd back to home again.

Oh! love the song, and let it oft
 Live on your lip, in accents soft.
 Say that it tells you, simply well,
 All I have bid its wild notes tell,—
 Of Memory's dream, of thoughts that yet
 Glow with the light of joy that's set,
 And all the fond heart keeps in store
 Of friends and scenes beheld no more.
 And now, adieu!—this artless air,
 With a few rhymes, in transcript fair,
 Are all the gifts I yet can boast
 To send you from Columbia's coast;
 But when the sun, with warmer smile,
 Shall light me to my destin'd isle,
 You shall have many a cowslip-bell,
 Where Ariel slept, and many a shell,
 In which that gentle spirit drew
 From honey flowers the morning dew.

A BALLAD.

THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

WRITTEN AT NORFOLK, IN VIRGINIA.

"They tell of a young man, who lost his mind upon the death of a girl he loved, and who, suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterwards heard of. As he had frequently said, in his ravings, that the girl was not dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed he had wandered into that dreary wilderness, and had died of hunger, or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses."—*Anon.*

"La Poésie a ses monstres comme la nature."—D'ALEMBERT.

THEY made her a grave, too cold and damp
 For a soul so warm and true;
 And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,
 Where, all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,
 She paddles her white canoe.

"And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
 And her paddle I soon shall hear;
 Long and loving our life shall be,
 And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,
 When the footstep of death is near."

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds—
 His path was rugged and sore,
 Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
 Through many a fen, where the serpent feeds,
 And man never trod before.

And, when on the earth he sunk to sleep,
 If slumber his eyelids knew,
 He lay, where the deadly vine doth weep
 Its venomous tear and nightly steep
 The flesh with blistering dew!



And near him the sne-wolf stirr'd the brake,
And the copper-snake breath'd in his ear,
Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,
"Oh! when shall I see the dusky Lake,
And the white canoe of my dear?"

He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright
Quick over its surface play'd—
"Welcome," he said, "my dear one's light!"
And the dim shore echoed, for many a night,
The name of the death-cold maid:

Till he hollow'd a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from shore;
Far, far he follow'd the meteor spark,
The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
And the boat return'd no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp,
 This lover and maid so true
 Are seen at the hour of midnight damp
 To cross the Lake by a fire-fly lamp,
 And paddle their white canoe!



TO GEORGE MORGAN, ESQ.,

OF NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.

FROM BERMUDA, JANUARY, 1804.

Κεινη δ' ηνιμοισσα και ατροπος, οια θ' ἀλιπληξ,
 Λιθυης και μαλλον επιδρομος ηπιστη ισποισ,
 Ποντω ενεστηρικται.

CALLIMACH, *Hymn in Del.* v. 11

OH, what a sea of storm we've pass'd!—
 High mountain waves and foamy showers,
 And battling winds whose savage blast
 But ill agrees with one whose hours
 Have pass'd in old Anacreon's bowers.
 Yet think not poesy's bright charm
 Forsook me in this rude alarm:—
 When close they reef'd the timid sail,
 When, every plank complaining loud,
 We labour'd in the midnight gale,
 And ev'n our haughty main-mast bow'd,
 Even then, in that unlovely hour,
 The Muse still brought her soothing power,
 And, midst the war of waves and wind,
 In song's Elysium lapp'd my mind.
 Nay, when no numbers of my own
 Responded to her wakening tone,
 She open'd, with her golden key,
 The casket where my memory lays
 Those gems of classic poesy,
 Which time has sav'd from ancient days.

Take one of these, to Lais sung,—
 I wrote it while my hammock swung,
 As one might write a dissertation
 Upon "Suspended Animation!"

Sweet is your kiss, my Lais dear,
 But, with that kiss I feel a tear
 Gush from your eyelids, such as start
 When those who've dearly lov'd must part.
 Sadly you lean your head to mine,
 And mute those arms around me twine,
 Your hair adown my bosom spread,
 All glittering with the tears you shed.
 In vain I've kiss'd those lids of snow,
 For still like ceaseless founts they flow,
 Bathing our cheeks, whene'er they meet.
 Why is it thus? do, tell me, sweet!
 Ah, Lais! are my bodings right?
 Am I to lose you? is to-night
 Our last——go, false to heaven and me!
 Your very tears are treachery.

SUCH, while in air I floating hung,
 Such was the strain, Morgante sung!
 The muse and I together sung,
 With Boreas to make out the trio.
 But, bless the little fairy isle!
 How sweetly after all our ills,
 We saw the sunny morning smile
 Serenely o'er its fragrant hills;
 And felt the pure, delicious flow
 Of airs, that round this Eden blow
 Freshly as ev'n the gales that come
 O'er our own healthy hills at home.

Could you but view the scenery fair,
 That now beneath my window lies,
 You'd think, that nature lavish'd there
 Her purest waves, her softest skies,
 To make a heaven for love to sigh in,
 For bards to live and saints to die in.

Close to my wooded bank below,
 In glassy calm the waters sleep,
 And to the sunbeam proudly show
 The coral rocks they love to steep.
 The fainting breeze of morning fails;
 The drowsy boat moves slowly past,
 And I can almost touch its sails
 As loose they flap around the mast.
 The noontide sun a splendour pours
 That lights up all these leafy shores;
 While his own heav'n, its clouds and beams,
 So pictur'd in the waters lie,
 That each , bark, in passing, seems
 To float along a burning sky.

Oh for the pinnace lent to thee,
 Blest dreamer, who, in vision bright,
 Didst sail o'er heaven's solar sea
 And touch at all its isles of light.
 Sweet Venus, what a clime he found
 Within thy orb's ambrosial round!—
 There spring the breezes, rich and warm,
 That sigh around thy vesper car;
 And angels dwell, so pure of form
 That each appears a living star.
 These are the sprites, celestial queen!
 Thou sendest nightly to the bed
 Of her I love, with touch unseen
 Thy planet's bright'ning tints to shed;
 To lend that eye a light still clearer,
 To give that cheek one rose-blush more,
 And bid that blushing lip be dearer,
 Which had been all too dear before.

But, whither means the muse to roam?
 'Tis time to call the wand'rer home.
 Who could have thought the nymph would perch her
 Up in the clouds with Father Kircher?
 So, health and love to all your mansion!
 Long may the bowl that pleasures bloom in,
 The flow of heart, the soul's expansion,
 Mirth and song, your board illumine.

At all your feasts, remember too,
 When cups are sparkling to the brim,
 That here is one who drinks to you,
 And, oh! as warmly drink to him.



L I N E S,

WRITTEN IN A STORM AT SEA.

THAT sky of clouds is not the sky
 To light a lover to the pillow
 Of her he loves--
 The swell of yonder foaming billow
 Resembles not the happy sigh
 That rapture moves.

Yet do I feel more tranquil far
 Amid the gloomy wilds of ocean,
 In this dark hour,
 Than when, in passion's young emotion,
 I've stolen, beneath the evening star,
 To Julia's bower.

Oh! there's a holy calm profound
 In awe like this, that ne'er was given
 To pleasure's thrill;
 'Tis as a solemn voice from heaven,
 And the soul, listening to the sound,
 Lies mute and still.

'Tis true, it talks of danger nigh,
 Of slumb'ring with the dead to-morrow,
 In the cold deep,
 Where pleasure's throb or tears of sorrow
 No more shall wake the heart or eye,
 But all must sleep.

Well!—there are some, thou stormy bed,
 To whom thy sleep would be a treasure;
 Oh! most to him
 Whose lip hath drain'd life's cup of pleasure,
 Nor left one honey drop to shed
 Round sorrow's brim.

Yes—*he* can smile serene at death:
 Kind heaven, do thou but chase the weeping
 Of friends who love him;
 Tell them that he lies calmly sleeping
 Where sorrow's sting or envy's breath
 No more shall move him.



FROM ODES TO NEA;

WRITTEN AT BERMUDA

THE SNOW SPIRIT.

No, ne'er did the wave in its element steep
 An island of lovelier charms;
 It blooms in the giant embrace of the deep,
 Like Hebe in Hercules' arms.
 The blush of your bowers is light to the eye,
 And their melody balm to the ear;
 But the fiery planet of day is too nigh,
 And the Snow Spirit never comes here.

The down from his wing is as white as the pearl
 That shines through thy lips when they part,
 And it falls on the green earth as melting, my girl,
 As a murmur of thine on the heart.
 Oh! fly to the clime, where he pillows the death
 As he cradles the birth of the year;
 Bright are your bowers and balmy their breath,
 But the Snow Spirit cannot come here.

How sweet to behold him, when borne on the gale,
 And brightening the bosom of morn,
 He flings, like the priest of Diana, a veil
 O'er the brow of each virginal thorn.
 Yet think not the veil he so chillingly casts
 Is the veil of a vestal severe;
 No, no, thou wilt see, what a moment it lasts.
 Should the Snow Spirit ever come here.

But fly to his region—lay open thy zone,
 And he'll weep all his brilliancy dim,
 To think that a bosom, as white as his own,
 Should not melt in the daybeam like him.
 Oh! lovely the print of those delicate feet
 O'er his luminous path will appear—
 Fly, fly, my beloved! this island is sweet,
 But the Snow Spirit cannot come here.

Ε-παυθα δι' καθαρμίσται ἡμιν καὶ ὁ τι μὲν ὀνομα τῆ νησῶ, οὐκ εἶδον· χρυσῶ
 ἔ' αν προς γι' ἡμῶν ὀνομαζοῖσθα.—PHILOSTRAT. *Icon.* 17. lib. ii.

I STOLE along the flowery bank,
 While many a bending seagrape drank
 The sprinkle of the feathery oar
 That wing'd me round this fairy shore.

'Twas noon; and every orange bud
 Hung languid o'er the crystal flood,
 Faint as the lids of maiden's eyes
 When love-thoughts in her bosom rise.
 Oh, for a naiad's sparry bower,
 To shade me in that glowing hour!

A little dove, of milky hue,
 Before me from a plantain flew,
 And, light along the water's brim,
 I steer'd my gentle bark by him;
 For fancy told me, Love had sent
 This gentle bird with kind intent
 To lead my steps, where I should meet—
 I knew not what, but something sweet.

And—bless the little pilot dove!
 He had indeed been sent by Love,
 To guide me to a scene so dear
 As fate allows but seldom here;
 One of those rare and brilliant hours,
 That, like the aloe's lingering flowers,
 May blossom to the eye of man
 But once in all his weary span.



Just where the margin's op'ning shade
 A vista from the waters made,
 My bird repos'd his silver plume
 Upon a rich banana's bloom.
 Oh vision bright! oh spirit fair!
 What spell, what magic, rais'd her there?

'Twas Nea! slumb'ring calm and mild,
 And bloomy as the dimpled child,
 Whose spirit in elysium keeps
 Its playful sabbath, while he sleeps.

The broad banana's green embrace
 Hung shadowy round each tranquil grace;
 One little beam alone could win
 The leaves to let it wander in,
 And stealing over all her charms,
 From lip to cheek, from neck to arms,
 New lustre to each beauty lent,—
 Itself all trembling as it went!

Dark lay her eyelid's jetty fringe
 Upon that cheek whose roseate tinge
 Mix'd with its shade, like evening's light
 Just touching on the verge of night.
 Her eyes, though thus in slumber hid,
 Seem'd glowing through the ivory lid,
 And, as I thought, a lustre threw
 Upon her lips reflecting dew,—
 Such as a night-lamp, left to shine
 Alone on some secluded shrine,
 May shed upon the votive wreath,
 Which pious hands have hung beneath.

Was ever vision half so sweet!
 Think, think how quick my heart-pulse beat,
 As o'er the rustling bank I stole;—
 Oh! ye, that know the lover's soul,
 It is for you alone to guess,
 That moment's trembling happiness.

A STUDY FROM THE ANTIQUE.

BEHOLD, my love, the curious gem
 Within this simple ring of gold;
 'Tis hallow'd by the touch of them
 Who liv'd in classic hours of old.

Some fair Athenian girl, perhaps,
 Upon her hand this gem display'd,
 Nor thought that time's succeeding lapse
 Should see it grace a lovelier maid.

Look, dearest, what a sweet design!
 The more we gaze, it charms the more;
 Come—closer bring that cheek to mine,
 And trace with me its beauties o'er.

Thou seest, it is a simple youth
 By some enamour'd nymph embrac'd—
 Look, as she leans, and say in sooth,
 Is not that hand most fondly plac'd?

Upon his curled head behind
 It seems in careless play to lie,
 Yet presses gently, half inclin'd
 To bring the truant's lip more nigh.

Oh happy maid! too happy boy!
 The one so fond and little loath,
 The other yielding slow to joy—
 Oh rare, indeed, but blissful both.

Imagine, love, that I am he,
 And just as warm as he is chilling,
 Imagine, too, that thou art she,
 But quite as coy as she is willing:

So may we try the graceful way
 In which their gentle arms are twin'd,
 And thus, like her, my hand I lay
 Upon thy wreathed locks behind;

And thus I feel thee breathing sweet,
 As slow to mine thy head I move;
 And thus our lips together meet,
 And thus,—and thus,—I kiss thee love.

—λιθάνωω ικασιν, ὅτι ἀσάλλυμιον εὐφραίνω.

Αἰστωτ. *Rhetor.* lib. iii. cap 4

THERE'S not a look, a word of thine,
 My soul hath e'er forgot;
 Thou ne'er hast bid a ringlet shine,
 Nor giv'n thy locks one graceful twine,
 Which I remember not.

There never yet a murmur fell
 From that beguiling tongue,
 Which did not, with a ling'ring spell,
 Upon my charmed senses dwell,
 Like songs from Eden sung.

Ah! that I could, at once, forget
 All, all that haunts me so—
 And yet, thou witching girl,—and yet,
 To die were sweeter than to let
 The lov'd remembrance go.

No; if this slighted heart must see
 Its faithful pulse decay,
 Oh let it die, rememb'ring thee,
 And, like the burnt aroma, be
 Consum'd in sweets away.



TO JOSEPH ATKINSON, ESQ.

FROM BERMUDA.

“THE daylight is gone—but, before we depart,
 One cup shall go round to the friend of my heart,
 The kindest, the dearest—oh! judge by the tear
 I now shed while I name him, how kind and how dear.”

'Twas thus in the shade of the Calabash-Tree,
 With a few, who could feel and remember like me,
 The charm that, to sweeten my goblet, I threw
 Was a sigh to the past and a blessing on you.

Oh! say, is it thus, in the mirth-bringing hour,
 When friends are assembled, when wit, in full flower,
 Shoots forth from the lip, under Bacchus's dew,
 In blossoms of thought ever springing and new—
 Do you sometimes remember, and hallow the brim
 Of your cup with a sigh, as you crown it to him
 Who is lonely and sad in these valleys so fair,
 And would pine in elysium, if friends were not there!

Last night when we came from the Calabash-Tree,
 When my limbs were at rest and my spirit was free,
 The glow of the grape and the dreams of the day
 Set the magical springs of my fancy in play,
 And oh,—such a vision as haunted me then
 I would slumber for ages to witness again.
 The many I like and the few I adore,
 The friends who were dear and beloved before,
 But never till now so beloved and dear,
 At the call of my fancy, surrounded me here;
 And soon,—oh, at once, did the light of their smiles
 To a paradise brighten this region of isles;
 More lucid the wave, as they look'd on it, flow'd,
 And brighter the rose, as they gather'd it, glow'd.
 Not the valleys Heræan (though water'd by rills
 Of the pearliest flow, from those pastoral hills,
 Where the Song of the Shepherd, primeval and wild,
 Was taught to the nymphs by their mystical child),
 Could boast such a lustre o'er land and o'er wave
 As the magic of love to this paradise gave.

Oh magic of love! unembellished by you,
 Hath the garden a blush or the landscape a hue?
 Or shines there a vista in nature or art,
 Like that which Love opes thro' the eye to the heart?

Alas, that a vision so happy should fade!
 That, when morning around me in brilliancy play'd,

The rose and the stream I had thought of at night
 Should still be before me, unfadingly bright;
 While the friends, who had seem'd to hang over the stream,
 And to gather the roses, had fled with my dream.

But look, where, all ready, in sailing array,
 The bark that's to carry these pages away,
 Impatiently flutters her wing to the wind,
 And will soon leave these islets of Ariel behind.
 What billows, what gales is she fated to prove,
 Ere she sleep in the lee of the land that I love!
 Yet pleasant the swell of the billows would be.
 And the roar of those gales would be music to me.
 Not the tranquillest air that the winds ever blew,
 Not the sunniest tears of the summer-eve dew,
 Were as sweet as the storm, or as bright as the foam
 Of the surge, that would hurry your wanderer home.

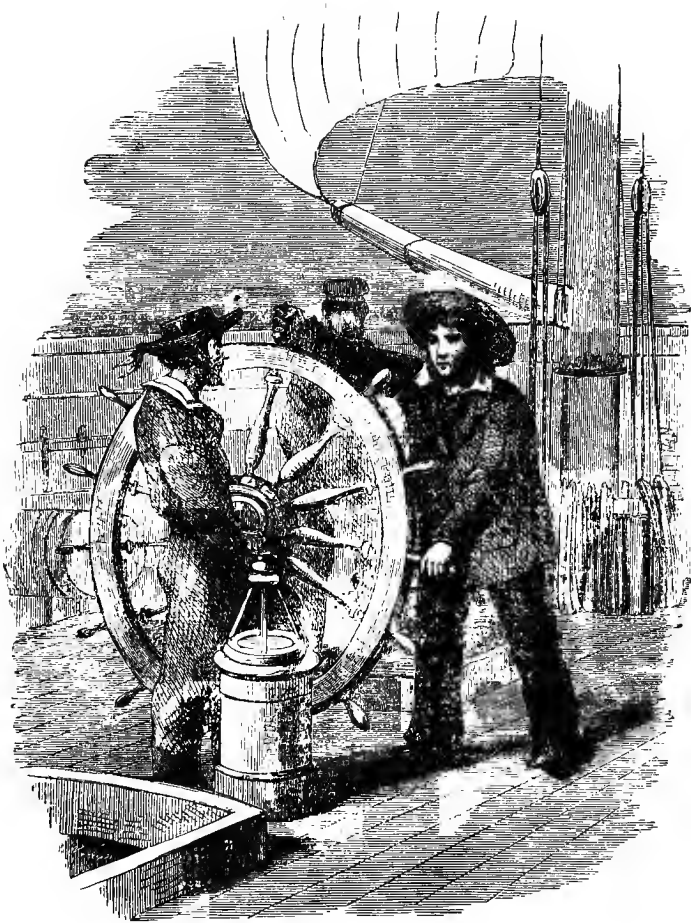


THE STEERSMAN'S SONG,

WRITTEN ABOARD THE BOSTON FRIGATE, 28TH APRIL.

WHEN freshly blows the northern gale,
 And under courses snug we fly;
 Or when light breezes swell the sail,
 And royals proudly sweep the sky;
 'Longside the wheel, unwearied still
 I stand, and, as my watchful eye
 Doth mark the needle's faithful thrill,
 I think of her I love, and cry,
 Port, my boy! port.

When calms delay, or breezes blow
 Right from the point we wish to steer;
 When by the wind close-haul'd we go,
 And strive in vain the port to near;



I think 'tis thus the fates defer
My bliss with one that's far away,
And while remembrance springs to her,
I watch the sails and sighing say,
Thus, my boy! thus.

But see the wind draws kindly aft,
All hands are up the yards to square,
And now the floating stu'n-sails waft
Our stately ship through waves and air.
Oh! then I think that yet for me
Some breeze of fortune thus may spring,
Some breeze to waft me, love, to thee—
And in that hope I smiling sing,
Steady, boy! so.

TO THE FIRE-FLY.

At morning, when the earth and sky
 Are glowing with the light of spring,
 We see thee not, thou humble fly!
 Nor think upon thy gleaming wing.

But when the skies have lost their hue,
 And sunny lights no longer play,
 Oh then we see and bless thee too
 For sparkling o'er the dreary way.

Thus let me hope, when lost to me
 The lights that now my life illumine,
 Some milder joys may come, like thee,
 To cheer, if not to warm, the gloom!



TO THE LORD VISCOUNT FORBES.

FROM THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.

If former times had never left a trace
 Of human frailty in their onward race,
 Nor o'er their pathway written, as they ran,
 One dark memorial of the crimes of man;
 If every age, in new unconscious prime,
 Rose like a phoenix, from the fires of time,
 To wing its way unguided and alone,
 The future smiling and the past unknown;
 Then ardent man would to himself be new,
 Earth at his foot and heaven within his view:
 Well might the novice hope, the sanguine scheme
 Of full perfection prompt his daring dream,
 Ere cold experience, with her veteran lore,
 Could tell him, fools had dreamt as much before.

But, tracing as we do, through age and clime,
 The plans of virtue midst the deeds of crime,
 The thinking follies and the reasoning rage
 Of man, at once the idiot and the sage;
 When still we see, through every varying frame
 Of arts and polity, his course the same,
 And know that ancient fools but died, to make
 A space on earth for modern fools to take;
 'Tis strange, how quickly we the past forget;
 That Wisdom's self should not be tutor'd yet,
 Nor tire of watching for the monstrous birth
 Of pure perfection midst the sons of earth!

Oh! nothing but that soul which God has given,
 Could lead us thus to look on earth for heaven;
 O'er' dross without to shed the light within,
 And dream of virtue while we see but sin.

Even here, beside the proud Potowmac's stream,
 Might sages still pursue the flatt'ring theme
 Of days to come, when man shall conquer fate,
 Rise o'er the level of his mortal state,
 Belie the monuments of frailty past,
 And plant perfection in this world at last!
 "Here," might they say, "shall power's divided reign
 Evince that patriots have not bled in vain.
 Here godlike liberty's herculean youth,
 Cradled in peace, and nurtur'd up by truth
 To full maturity of nerve and mind,
 Shall crush the giants that bestride mankind.
 Here shall religion's pure and balmy draught
 In form no more from cups of state be quaff'd,
 But flow for all, through nation, rank, and sect,
 Free as that heaven its tranquil waves reflect.
 Around the columns of the public shrine
 Shall growing arts their gradual wreath entwine,
 Nor breathe corruption from the flow'ring braid,
 Nor mine that fabric which they bloom to shade.
 No longer here shall justice bound her view,
 Or wrong the many, while she rights the few;
 But take her range through all the social frame,
 Pure and pervading as that vital flame

Which warms at once our best and meanest part,
And thrills a hair while it expands a heart!"

• Oh golden dream! what soul that loves to scan
The bright, disk rather than the dark of man,
That owns the good, while smarting with the ill,
And loves the world with all its frailty still,—
What ardent bosom does not spring to meet,
The generous hope, with all that heavenly heat,
Which makes the soul unwilling to resign
The thoughts of growing, even on earth, divine!
Yes, dearest friend, I see thee glow to think
The chain of ages yet may boast a link
Of purer texture than the world has known,
And fit to bind us to a Godhead's throne.

But, is it thus? doth even the glorious dream
Borrow from truth that dim, uncertain gleam,
Which tempts us still to give such fancies scope
As shock not reason, while they nourish hope?
No, no, believe me, 'tis not so—ev'n now,
While yet upon Columbia's rising brow
The showy smile of young presumption plays,
Her bloom is poison'd and her heart decays.
Even now, in dawn of life, her sickly breath
Burns with the taint of empires near their death;
And, like the nymphs of her own with'ring clime,
She's old in youth, she's blasted in her prime.

Already has the child of Gallia's school
The foul Philosophy that sins by rule,
With all her train of reasoning, damning arts,
Begot by brilliant heads on worthless hearts,
Like things that quicken after Nilus' flood,
The venom'd birth of sunshine and of mud,—
Already has she pour'd her poison here
O'er every charm that makes existence dear;
Already blighted, with her black'ning trace,
The op'ning bloom of every social grace,
And all those courtesies, that love to shoot
Round virtue's stem, the flow'rets of her fruit.

And were these errors but the wanton tide
 Of young luxuriance or unchasten'd pride;
 The fervid follies and the faults of such
 As wrongly feel, because they feel too much;
 Then might experience make the fever less,
 Nay, graft a virtue on each warm excess.
 But no; 'tis heartless, speculative ill,
 All youth's transgression with all age's chill;
 The apathy of wrong, the bosom's ice,
 A slow and cold stagnation into vice.

Long has the love of gold, that meanest rage,
 And latest folly of man's sinking age,
 Which, rarely venturing in the van of life,
 While nobler passions wage their heated strife,
 Comes skulking last, with selfishness and fear,
 And dies, collecting lumber in the rear,—
 Long has it palsied every grasping hand
 And greedy spirit through this bartering land;
 Turn'd life to traffic, set the demon gold
 So loose abroad that virtue's self is sold,
 And conscience, truth, and honesty are made
 To rise and fall, like other wares of trade.

Already in this free, this virtuous state,
 Which, Frenchmen tell us, was ordain'd by fate,
 To show the world what high perfection springs
 From rabble senators, and merchant kings,—
 Even here already patriots learn to steal
 Their private perquisites from public weal,
 And, guardians of the country's sacred fire,
 Like Afric's priests, let out the flame for hire.
 Those vaunted demagogues, who nobly rose
 From England's debtors to be England's foes,
 Who could their monarch in their purse forget,
 And break allegiance, but to cancel debt,
 Have prov'd at length, the mineral's tempting hue,
 Which makes a patriot, can unmake him too.
 Oh! Freedom, Freedom, how I hate thy cant!
 Not Eastern bombast, not the savage rant
 Of purpled madmen, were they number'd all
 From Roman Nero down to Russian Paul,
 Could grate upon my ear so mean, so base,
 As the rank jargon of that factious race.

Who, poor of heart and prodigal of words,
 Formed to be slaves, yet struggling to be lords,
 Strut forth, as patriots, from their negro-marts,
 And shout for rights, with rapine in their hearts.

Who can, with patience, for a moment see
 The medley mass of pride and misery,
 Of whips and charters, manacles and rights,
 Of slaving blacks and democratic whites,
 And all the piebald polity that reigns
 In free confusion o'er Columbia's plains?
 To think that man, thou just and gentle God!
 Should stand before thee with a tyrant's rod
 O'er creatures like himself, with souls from thee,
 Yet dare to boast of perfect liberty;
 Away, away—I'd rather hold my neck
 By doubtful tenure from a sultan's beck,
 In climes, where liberty has scarce been nam'd,
 Nor any right but that of ruling claim'd,
 Than thus to live, where bastard Freedom waves
 Her fustian flag in mockery over slaves;
 Where—motley laws admitting no degree
 Betwixt the vilely slav'd and madly free—
 Alike the bondage and the licence suit,
 The brute made ruler and the man made brute.

But, while I thus, my friend, in flowerless song,
 So feebly paint, what yet I feel so strong,
 The ills, the vices of the land, where first
 Those rebel fiends that rack the world were nurst,
 Where treason's arm by royalty was nerv'd,
 And Frenchmen learn'd to crush the throne they serv'd—
 Thou, calmly lull'd in dreams of classic thought,
 By bards illumin'd and by sages taught,
 Pant'st to be all, upon this mortal scene,
 That bard hath fancied or that sage hath been.
 Why should I wake thee? why severely chase
 The lovely forms of virtue and of grace,
 That dwell before thee, like the pictures spread
 By Spartan matrons round the genial bed,
 Moulding thy fancy, and with gradual art
 Bright'ning the young conceptions of thy heart?

Forgive me, Forbes—and should the song destroy
 One generous hope, one throb of social joy,
 One high pulsation of the zeal for man,
 Which few can feel, and bless that few who can,—
 Oh! turn to him, beneath whose kindred eyes
 Thy talents open and thy virtues rise,
 Forget where nature has been dark or dim,
 And proudly study all her lights in him.
 Yes, yes, in him the erring world forget,
 And feel that man *may* reach perfection yet.



L I N E S

WRITTEN AT THE COHOS, OR FALLS OF THE MOHAWK RIVER.

Già era in loco ove s'udia 'l rimbombo
 Dell'acqua ———.

DANTE

FROM rise of morn till set of sun
 I've seen the mighty Mohawk run;
 And as I mark'd the woods of pine
 Along his mirror darkly shine,
 Like tall and gloomy forms that pass
 Before the wizard's midnight glass;
 And as I view'd the hurrying pace
 With which he ran his turbid race,
 Rushing, alike untir'd and wild,
 Through shades that frown'd and flowers that smil'd
 Flying by every green recess
 That woo'd him to its calm caress,
 Yet, sometimes turning with the wind,
 As if to leave one look behind,—
 Oft have I thought, and thinking sigh'd,
 How like to thee, thou restless tide,
 May be the lot, the life of him
 Who roams along thy water's brim;
 Through what alternate wastes of woe
 And flowers of joy my path may go;



How many a shelter'd, calm retreat
May woo the while my weary feet,
While still pursuing, still unblest,
I wander on, nor dare to rest;
But, urgent as the doom that calls
Thy water to its destin'd falls,
I feel the world's bewild'ring force
Hurry my heart's devoted course
From lapse to lapse, till life be done,
And the spent current cease to run.

One only prayer I dare to make,
As onward thus my course I take;—
Oh, be my falls as bright as thine!
May heaven's relenting rainbow shine
Upon the mist that circles me,
As soft as now it hangs o'er thee!

SONG

OF THE EVIL SPIRIT OF THE WOODS.

Qua via difficilis, quaque est via nulla.

OVID. *Metam.* lib. iii. v. 297.

Now the vapour, hot and damp,
Shed by day's expiring lamp,
Through the misty ether spreads
Every ill the white man dreads;
Fiery fever's thirsty thrill,
Fitful ague's shivering chill!

Hark! I hear the traveller's song,
As he winds the woods along;—
Christian, 'tis the song of fear;
Wolves are round thee, night is near,
And the wild thou dar'st to roam—
Think, 'twas once the Indian's home!

Hither, sprites, who love to harm,
Wheresoe'er you work your charm,
By the creeks, or by the brakes,
Where the pale witch feeds her snakes
And the cayman loves to creep,
Torpido, to his wintry sleep:
Where the bird of carrion flits,
And the shudd'ring murderer sits,
Lone beneath a roof of blood;
While upon his poison'd food,
From the corpse of him he slew
Drops the chill and gory dew.

Hither bend ye, turn ye hither,
Eyes that blast and wings that wither!
Cross the wand'ring Christian's way,
Lead him, ere the glimpse of day,
Many a mile of madd'ning error,
Through the maze of night and terror,

Till the morn behold him lying
 On the damp earth, pale and dying.
 Mock him, when his eager sight
 Seeks the cordial cottage-light;
 Gleam then, like the lightning-bug,
 Tempt him to the den that's dug
 For the foul and famish'd brood
 Of the she-wolf, gaunt for blood;
 Or, unto the dangerous pass
 O'er the deep and dark morass,
 Where the trembling Indian brings
 Belts of porcelain, pipes, and rings,
 Tributes, to be hung in air,
 To the Fiend presiding there!

Then, when night's long labour past,
 Wilder'd, faint, he falls at last,
 Sinking where the causeway's edge
 Moulders in the slimy sedge,
 There let every noxious thing
 Trail its filth and fix its sting;
 Let the bull-toad taint him over,
 Round him let mosquitoes hover,
 In his ears and eyeballs tingling,
 With his blood their poison mingling,
 Till, beneath the solar fires,
 Rankling all, the wretch expires!



TO THE HONOURABLE W. R. SPENCER.

FROM BUFFALO, UPON LAKE ERIE.

Nec venit ad duros musa vocata Getas.

OVID. ex Ponto, lib. i. ep. 5

THOU oft hast told me of the happy hours
 Enjoy'd by thee in fair Italia's bowers,
 Where, ling'ring yet, the ghost of ancient wit
 Midst modern monks profanely dares to flit,

And pagan spirits, by the pope unlaïd,
 Haunt every stream and sing through every shade.
 There still the bard who (if his numbers be
 His tongue's light echo) must have talk'd like thee,—
 The courtly bard, from whom thy mind has caught
 Those playful, sunshine holidays of thought,
 In which the spirit baskingly reclines,
 Bright without effort, resting while it shines,—
 There still he roves, and laughing loves to see
 How modern priests with ancient rakes agree;
 How, 'neath the cowl, the festal garland shines,
 And Love still finds a niche in Christian shrines.

There still, too, roam those other souls of song,
 With whom thy spirit hath commun'd so long,
 That, quick as light, their rarest gems of thought,
 By memory's magic to thy lip are brought.
 But here, alas! by Erie's stormy lake,
 As, far from such bright haunts my course I take,
 No proud remembrance o'er the fancy plays,
 No classic dream, no star of other days
 Hath left that visionary light behind,
 That ling'ring radiance of immortal mind,
 Which gilds and hallows even the rudest scene,
 The humblest shed, where genius once has been!

All that creation's varying mass assumes
 Of grand or lovely, here aspires and blooms;
 Bold rise the mountains, rich the gardens glow,
 Bright lakes expand, and conquering rivers flow;
 But mind, immortal mind, without whose ray,
 This world's a wilderness and man but clay,
 Mind, mind alone, in barren, still repose,
 Nor blooms, nor rises, nor expands, nor flows.
 Take Christians, Mohawks, democrats, and all
 From the rude wig-wam to the congress-hall,
 From man the savage, whether slav'd or free,
 To man the civiliz'd, less tame than he,—
 'Tis one dull chaos, one unfertile strife
 Betwixt half-polish'd and half-barbarous life;
 Where every ill the ancient world could brew
 Is mix'd with every grossness of the new;

Where all corrupts, though little can entice,
And nought is known of luxury, but its vice!

Is this the region then, is this the clime
For soaring fancies? for those dreams sublime,
Which all their miracles of light reveal
To heads that meditate and hearts that feel?
Alas! not so—the Muse of Nature lights
Her glories round; she scales the mountain heights,
And roams the forests; every wondrous spot
Burns with her step, yet man regards it not.
She whispers round, her words are in the air,
But lost, unheard, they linger freezing there,
Without one breath of soul, divinely strong,
One ray of mind to thaw them into song.

Yet, yet forgive me, oh ye sacred few,
Whom late by Delaware's green banks I knew;
Whom, known and lov'd through many a social eve,
'Twas bliss to live with, and 'twas pain to leave.
Not with more joy the lonely exile scann'd
The writing trac'd upon the desert's sand,
Where his lone heart but little hop'd to find
One trace of life, stamp of human kind,
Than did I hail the pure, the enlighten'd zeal,
The strength reason and the warmth to feel,
The manly polish and the illumin'd taste,
Which,—mid the melancholy, heartless waste
My foot has travers'd,—oh you sacred few!
I found by Delaware's green banks with you.

Long may you loathe the Gallic dross that runs
Through your fair country and corrupts its sons!
Long love the arts, the glories which adorn
Those fields of freedom, where your sires were born.
Oh! if America can yet be great,
If neither chain'd by choice, nor doom'd by fate
To the mob-mania which imbrutes her now,
She yet can raise the crown'd, yet civic brow
Of single majesty,—can add the grace
Of Rank's rich capital to Freedom's base,
Nor fear the mighty shaft will feebler prove
For the fair ornament that flowers above:—

If yet releas'd from all that pedant throng,
 So vain of error and so pledg'd to wrong,
 Who hourly teach her, like themselves, to hide
 Weakness in vaunt, and barrenness in pride,
 She yet can rise, can wreathe the Attic charms
 Of soft refinement round the pomp of arms,
 And see her poets flash the fires of song,
 To light her warriors' thunderbolts along;—
 It is to you, to souls that favouring heaven
 Has made like yours, the glorious task is given:—
 Oh! but for *such*, Columbia's days were done!
 Rank without ripeness, quicken'd without sun,
 Crude at the surface, rotten at the core,
 Her fruits would fall, before her spring were o'er.

Believe me, Spencer, while I wing'd the hours
 Where Schuykill winds his way through banks of flowers,
 Though few the days, the happy evenings few,
 So warm with heart, so rich with mind they flew,
 That my charm'd soul forgot its wish to roam,
 And rested there, as in a dream of home.
 And looks I met, like looks I'd lov'd before,
 And voices too, which, as they trembled o'er
 The chord of memory, found full many a tone
 Of kindness there in concord with their own.
 Yes,—we had nights of that communion free,
 That flow of heart, which I have known with thee
 So oft, so warmly; nights of mirth and mind,
 Of whims that taught, and follies that refin'd.
 When shall we both renew them? when, restor'd
 To the gay feast and intellectual board,
 Shall I once more enjoy with thee and thine
 Those whims that teach, those follies that refine?
 Even now, as wand'ring upon Erie's shore,
 I hear Niagara's distant cataract roar,
 I sigh for home,—alas! these weary feet
 Have many a mile to journey, ere we meet.



BALLAD STANZAS.

THE WOODPECKER.

I KNEW by the smoke, that so gracefully curl'd
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the world,
"A heart that was humble might hope for it here!"

It was noon, and on flowers that languish'd around
 In silence repos'd the voluptuous bee ;
 Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound
 But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree.

And, "Here in this lone little wood," I exclaim'd,
 "With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,
 Who would blush when I prais'd her, and weep if I blam'd,
 How blest could I live, and how calm could I die !"

By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips
 In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,
 And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,
 Which had never been sigh'd on by any but mine !"



A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

WRITTEN ON THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

Et remigem cantus hortatur.

QUINTILIAN.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,
 Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
 Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
 We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn
 Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
 The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl ?
 There is not a breath the blue wave to curl ;
 But, when the wind blows off the shore,
 Oh ! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.

Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Utawas' tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.



Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favouring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

TO THE LADY CHARLOTTE RAWDON.

FROM THE BANKS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

NOT many months have now been dream'd away,
 Since yonder sun, beneath whose evening ray
 Our boat glides swiftly past these wooded shores,
 Saw me where Trent his mazy current pours,
 And Donington's old oaks, to every breeze,
 Whisper the tale of by-gone centuries;—
 Those oaks, to me as sacred as the groves,
 Beneath whose shade the pious Persian roves,
 And hears the spirit-voice of sire, or chief,
 Or loved mistress, sigh in every leaf
 There, oft, dear Lady, while thy lip hath sung
 My own unpolish'd lays, how proud I've hung
 On every tuneful accent! proud to feel
 That notes like mine should have the fate to steal,
 As o'er thy hallowing lip they sigh'd along,
 Such breath of passion and such soul of song.
 Yes,—I have wonder'd, like some peasant boy
 Who sings, on Sabbath-eve, his strains of joy,
 And when he hears the wild, untutor'd note
 Back to his ear on softening echoes float,
 Believes it still some answering spirit's tone,
 And thinks it all too sweet to be his own!

I dreamt not then that, e'er the rolling year
 Had fill'd its circle, I should wander here
 In musing awe; should tread this wondrous world,
 See all its store of inland waters hurl'd
 In one vast volume down Niagara's steep,
 Or calm behold them, in transparent sleep,
 Where the blue hills of old Toronto shed
 Their evening shadows o'er Ontario's bed;
 Should trace the grand Cadaraqui, and glide
 Down the white rapids of his lordly tide
 Through massy woods, mid islets flowering fair,
 And blooming glades, where the first sinful pair

For consolation might have weeping trod,
 When banish'd from the garden of their God.
 Oh, Lady! these are miracles, which man,
 Caged in the bounds of Europe's pigmy span,
 Can scarcely dream of,—which his eye must see
 To know how wonderful this world can be!

But lo,—the last tints of the west decline,
 And night falls dewy o'er these banks of pine.
 Among the reeds, in which our idle boat
 Is rock'd to rest, the wind's complaining note
 Dies like a half-breath'd whispering of flutes;
 Along the wave the gleaming porpoise shoots,
 And I can trace him, like a watery star,
 Down the steep current, till he fades afar
 Amid the foaming breakers' silvery light,
 Where yon rough rapids sparkle through the night.
 Here, as along this shadowy bank I stray,
 And the smooth glass-snake, gliding o'er my way,
 Shows the dim moonlight through his scaly form,
 Fancy, with all the scene's enchantment warm,
 Hears in the murmur of the nightly breeze
 Some Indian Spirit warble words like these:—

From the land beyond the sea,
 Whither happy spirits flee;
 Where, transform'd to sacred doves,
 Many a blessed Indian roves
 Through the air on wing, as white
 As those wondrous stones of light,
 Which the eye of morning counts
 On the Apalachian mounts,
 Hither oft my flight I take
 Over Huron's lucid lake,
 Where the wave, as clear as dew,
 Sleeps beneath the light canoe,
 Which, reflected, floating there,
 Looks as if it hung in air.

Then, when I have stray'd a while
 Through the Manataulin isle,
 Breathing all its holy bloom,
 Swift I mount me on the plume

Of my Wakon-Bird, and fly
 Where, beneath a burning sky,
 O'er the bed of Erie's lake
 Slumbers many a water-snake,
 Wrapt within the web of leaves,
 Which the water-lily weaves.
 Next I chase the flow'ret-king
 Through his rosy realm of spring:
 See him now, while diamond hues
 Soft his neck and wings suffuse,
 In the leafy chalice sink,
 Thirsting for his balmy drink;
 Now behold him all on fire,
 Lovely in his looks of ire,
 Breaking every infant stem,
 Scattering every velvet gem,
 Where his little tyrant lip
 Had not found enough to sip.

Then my playful hand I steep
 Where the gold-thread loves to creep,
 Cull from thence a tangled wreath,
 Words of magic round it breathe,
 And the sunny chaplet spread
 O'er the sleeping fly-bird's head,
 Till, with dreams of honey blest,
 Haunted, in his downy nest,
 By the garden's fairest spells,
 Dewy buds and fragrant bells,
 Fancy all his soul embowers
 In the fly-bird's heaven of flowers.

Oft, when hoar and silvery flakes
 Melt along the ruffled lakes,
 When the gray moose sheds his horns,
 When the track, at evening, warns
 Weary hunters of the way
 To the wig-wam's cheering ray,
 Then, aloft through freezing air,
 With the snow-bird soft and fair
 As the fleece that heaven flings
 O'er his little pearly wings,

Light above the rocks I play,
 Where Niagara's starry spray,
 Frozen on the cliff, appears
 Like a giant's starting tears.
 There, amid the island-sedge,
 Just upon the cataract's edge,
 Where the foot of living man
 Never trod since time began,
 Lone I sit, at close of day,
 While, beneath the golden ray,
 Icy columns gleam below,
 Feather'd round with falling snow,
 And an arch of glory springs,
 Sparkling as the chain of rings
 Round the neck of virgins hung,—
 Virgins, who have wander'd young
 O'er the waters of the west
 To the land where spirits rest!

Thus have I charm'd with visionary lay,
 The lonely moments of the night away;
 And now, fresh daylight o'er the water beams!
 Once more embark'd upon the glitt'ring streams,
 Our boat flies light along the leafy shore,
 Shooting the falls, without a dip of oar
 Or breath of zephyr, like the mystic bark
 The poet saw, in dreams divinely dark,
 Borne, without sails, along the dusky flood,
 While on its deck a pilot angel stood,
 And, with his wings of living light unfurl'd,
 Coasted the dim shores of another world!

Yet, oh! believe me, mid this mingled maze
 Of nature's beauties, where the fancy strays
 From charm to charm, where every flow'ret's hue
 Hath something strange, and every leaf is new,—
 I never feel a joy so pure and still,
 So inly felt, as when some brook or hill,
 Or veteran oak, like those remember'd well,
 Some mountain echo or some wild-flower's smell,
 (For, who can say by what small fairy ties
 The mem'r'y clings to pleasure as it flies?)

MOORE'S WORKS.

Reminds my heart of many a silvan dream
I once indulg'd by Trent's inspiring stream;
Of all my sunny morns and moonlight nights
On Donington's green lawn and breezy heights.

Whether I trace the tranquil moments o'er
When I have seen thee cull the fruits of lore,
With him, the polish'd warrior, by thy side,
A sister's idol and a nation's pride!
When thou hast read of heroes, trophied high
In ancient fame, and I have seen thine eye
Turn to the living hero, while it read,
For pure and bright'ning comments on the dead;—
Or whether memory to my mind recalls
The festal grandeur of those lordly halls,
When guests have met around the sparkling board,
And welcome warm'd the cup that luxury pour'd:
When the bright future star of England's throne,
With magic smile, hath o'er the banquet shone,
Winning respect, nor claiming what he won,
But tempering greatness, like an evening sun
Whose light the eye can tranquilly admire,
Radiant, but mild, all softness, yet all fire;—
Whatever hue my recollections take,
Even the regret the very pain they wake
Is mix'd with happiness;—but ah! no more—
Lady! adieu—my heart has linger'd o'er
Those vanish'd times, till all that round me lies,
Stream, banks, and bowers have faded on my eyes!



IMPROMPTU,

AFTER A VISIT TO MRS. —, OF MONTREAL.

"Twas but for a moment—and yet in that time
She crowded th' impressions of many an hour
Her eye had a glow, like the sun of her clime,
Which wak'd every feeling at once into flower.

Oh! could we have borrow'd from Time but a day,
 To renew such impressions again and again,
 The things we should look and imagine and say
 Would be worth all the life we had wasted till then.

What we had not the leisure or language to speak,
 We should find some more spiritual mode of revealing,
 And, between us, should feel just as much in a week
 As others would take a millennium in feeling.



WRITTEN ON PASSING DEADMAN'S ISLAND,

IN THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE, LATE IN THE EVENING, SEPTEMBER, 1804

SEE you, beneath yon cloud so dark,
 Fast gliding along a gloomy bark?
 Her sails are full,—though the wind is still,
 And there blows not a breath her sails to fill!

Say what doth that vessel of darkness bear?
 The silent calm of the grave is there,
 Save now and again a death-knell rung,
 And the flap of the sails with night-fog hung.

There lieth a wreck on the dismal shore
 Of cold and pitiless Labrador;
 Where, under the moon, upon mounts of frost,
 Full many a mariner's bones are tost.

Yon shadowy bark hath been to that wreck,
 And the dim blue fire, that lights her deck,
 Doth play on as pale and livid a crew
 As ever yet drank the churchyard dew.

To Deadman's Isle, in the eye of the blast,
To Deadman's Isle, she speeds her fast;
By skeleton shapes her sails are furl'd,
And the hand that steers is not of this world!



Oh! hurry thee on—oh! hurry thee on,
Thou terrible bark, ere the night be gone,
Nor let morning look on so foul a sight
As would blanch for ever her rosy light!

TO THE BOSTON FRIGATE,

ON LEAVING HALIFAX FOR ENGLAND, OCTOBER, 1804.

*Νόστον προφασίς γλυκίαισα.*PINDAR, *Pyth.* 4.

WITH triumph this morning, oh Boston! I hail
 The stir of thy deck and the spread of thy sail,
 For they tell me I soon shall be wafted, in thee,
 To the flourishing isle of the brave and the free,
 And that chill Nova Scotia's unpromising strand
 Is the last I shall tread of American land.
 Well—peace to the land! may her sons know, at length,
 That in high-minded honour lies liberty's strength,
 That though man be as free as the fetterless wind,
 As the wantonest air that the north can unbind,
 Yet, if health do not temper and sweeten the blast,
 If no harvest of mind ever sprung where it pass'd,
 Then unblest is such freedom, and baleful its might,—
 Free only to ruin, and strong but to blight!

Farewell to the few I have left with regret;
 May they sometimes recall, what I cannot forget,
 The delight of those evenings,—too brief a delight!
 When in converse and song we have stol'n on the night;
 When they've ask'd me the manners, the mind, or the mien
 Of some bard I had known or some chief I had seen,
 Whose glory, though distant, they long had ador'd,
 Whose name had oft hallow'd the wine-cup they pour'd;
 And still as, with sympathy humble but true,
 I have told of each bright son of fame all I knew,
 They have listen'd, and sigh'd that the powerful stream
 Of America's empire should pass, like a dream,
 Without leaving one relic of genius, to say
 How sublime was the tide which had vanished away!
 Farewell to the few—though we never may meet
 On this planet again, it is soothing and sweet

To think that, whenever my song or my name
 Shall recur to their ear, they'll recall me the same
 I have been to them now, young, unthoughtful, and blest,
 Ere hope had deceiv'd me or sorrow deprest.

But, Douglas! while thus I recall to my mind
 The elect of the land we shall soon leave behind,
 I can read in the weather-wise glance of thine eye,
 As it follows the rack flitting over the sky,
 That the faint coming breeze will be fair for our flight,
 And shall steal us away, ere the falling of night.
 Dear Douglas! thou knowest, with thee by my side,
 With thy friendship to soothe me, thy courage to guide,
 There is not a bleak isle in those summerless seas,
 Where the day comes in darkness, or shines but to freeze
 Not a tract of the line, not a barbarous shore,
 That I could not with patience, with pleasure explore!
 Oh think then how gladly I follow thee now,
 When Hope smooths the billowy path of our prow,
 And each prosperous sigh of the west-springing wind
 Takes me nearer the home where my heart is enshrined;
 Where the smile of a father shall meet me again,
 And the tears of a mother turn bliss into pain;
 Where the kind voice of sisters shall steal to my heart,
 And ask it, in sighs, how we ever could part?—

But see!—the bent top-sails are ready to swell—
 To the boat—I am with thee—Columbia, farewell!



EVENINGS IN GREECE.



S O N G.

As Love, one summer eve, was straying,
Who should he see, at that soft hour,
But young Minerva, gravely playing
Her flute within an olive bow'r.
I need not say, 'tis Love's opinion
That, grave or merry, good or ill,
The sex all bow to his dominion,
As woman will be woman still.

Though seldom yet the boy hath giv'n
To learned dames his smiles or sighs,
So handsome Pallas look'd that ev'n,
Love quite forgot the maid was wise.
Besides, a youth of his discerning
Knew well that, by a shady rill,
At sunset hour, whate'er her learning,
A woman will be woman still.

Her flute he prais'd in terms extatic,—
Wishing it dumb, nor car'd how soon;
For Wisdom's notes, howe'er chromatic,
To Love seem always out of tune.
But long as he found face to flatter,
The nymph found breath to shake and trill;
As, weak or wise—it doesn't matter—
Woman, at heart, is woman still.

Love chang'd his plan, with warmth exclaiming,
"How rosy was her lip's soft dye!"
And much that flute, the flatt'rer, blaming,
For twisting lips so sweet awry.
The nymph look'd down, beheld her features
Reflected in the passing rill,
And started, shock'd—for, ah, ye creatures!
Ev'n when divine, you're women still.

Quick from the lips it made so odious,
 That graceless flute the Goddess took,
 And, while yet fill'd with breath melodious,
 Flung it into the glassy brook ;
 Where, as its vocal life was fleeting
 Adown the current, faint and shrill,
 'Twas heard in plaintive tone repeating,
 "Woman, alas, vain woman still!"



S O N G.

Up and march! the timbrel's sound
 Wakes thy slumb'ring camp around ;
 Fleet thy hour of rest hath gone,
 Armed sleeper, up, and on !
 Long and weary is our way
 O'er the burning sands to-day ;
 But to pilgrim's homeward feet
 Ev'n the desert's path is sweet.

When we lie at dead of night,
 Looking up to heaven's light,
 Hearing but the watchman's tone
 Faintly chaunting "God is one,"
 Oh what thoughts then o'er us come
 Of our distant village home,
 Where that chaunt, when ev'ning sets,
 Sounds from all the minarets.

Cheer thee!—soon shall signal lights,
 Kindling o'er the Red Sea heights,
 Kindling quick from man to mau,
 Hail our coming caravan :
 Think what bliss that hour will be !
 Looks of home again to see,
 And our names again to hear
 Murmur'd out by voices dear.



SONG.

As once a Grecian maiden wove
Her garland mid the summer bow'rs
There stood a youth, with eyes of love,
To watch her while she wreath'd the flow'rs.
The youth was skill'd in Painting's art,
But ne'er had studied woman's brow,
Nor knew what magic hues the heart
Can shed o'er Nature's charms, till now.

CHORUS.

Blest be Love, to whom we owe
All that's fair and bright below.

His hand had pictur'd many a rose,
And sketch'd the rays that light the brook ;
But what were these, or what were those,
To woman's blush, to woman's look ?

“Oh, if such magic pow'r there be,
 This, this,” he cried, “is all my prayer,
 To paint that living light I see,
 And fix the soul that sparkles there.”

His prayer, as soon as breath'd, was heard;
 His pallet, touch'd by Love, grew warm,
 And Painting saw her hues transferr'd
 From lifeless flow'r's to woman's form.
 Still as from tint to tint he stole,
 The fair design shone out the more,
 And there was now a life, a soul,
 Where only colours glow'd before.

Then first carnations learn'd to speak,
 And lilies into life were brought;
 While, mantling on the maiden's cheek,
 Young roses kindled into thought.
 Then hyacinths their darkest dyes
 Upon the locks of Beauty threw;
 And violets, transform'd to eyes,
 Inshrin'd a soul within their blue.

CHORUS.

Blest be Love, to whom we owe
 All that's fair and bright below.
 Song was cold and Painting dim
 Till Song and Painting learn'd from him.



SONG.

WEeping for thee, my love, through the long day,
 Lonely and wearily life wears away.
 Weeping for thee, my love, through the long night—
 No rest in darkness, no joy in light!
 Nought felt but Memory, whose dreary tread
 Sounds through this ruin'd heart, where all lies dead—
 Wakening the echoes of joy long fled!

. S O N G .

HERE, while the moonlight dim
 Falls on that mossy brim,
 Sing we our Fountain Hymn,
 Maidens of Zea!
 Nothing but Music's strain,
 When Lovers part in pain,
 Soothes, till they meet again,
 Oh, Maids of Zea!

Bright Fount, so clear and cold,
 Round which the nymphs of old
 Stood, with their locks of gold,
 Fountain of Zea!
 Not even Castaly,
 Fam'd though its streamlet be,
 Murmurs or shines like thee,
 Oh, Fount of Zea!

Thou, while our hymn we sing,
 Thy silver voice shalt bring,
 Answering, answering,
 Sweet Fount of Zea!
 For, of all rills that run,
 Sparkling by moon or sun,
 Thou art the fairest one,
 Bright Fount of Zea!

Now, by those stars that glance
 Over heaven's still expanse,
 Weave we our mirthful dance,
 Daughters of Zea!
 Such as, in former days,
 Danc'd they, by Dian's rays,
 Where the Eurotas strays,
 Oh, Maids of Zea!

But when to merry feet
 Hearts with no echo beat,
 Say, can the dance be sweet?
 Maidens of Zea!

No, nought but Music's strain,
 When Lovers part in pain,
 Soothes, till they meet again.
 Oh, Maids of Zea!



S O N G.

WHEN the Balaika
 Is heard o'er the sea,
 I'll dance the Romaika
 By moonlight with thee.
 If waves then, advancing,
 Should steal on our play,
 Thy white feet, in dancirg,
 Shall chase them away.
 When the Balaika,
 Is heard o'er the sea,
 Thou'lt dance the Romaika,
 My own love, with me.

Then, at the closing
 Of each merry lay,
 How sweet 'tis reposing,
 Beneath the night ray!
 Or if, declining,
 The moon leave the skies,
 We'll talk by the shining
 Of each other's eyes.

Oh then, how featly
 The dance we'll renew,
 Treading so fleetly
 Its light mazes through;
 Till stars, looking o'er us
 From heaven's high bow'rs,
 Would change their bright c'horus
 For one dance of ours!
 When the Balaika
 Is heard o'er the sea,
 Thou'lt dance the Romaika,
 My own love, with me.



S O N G.

No life is like the mountaineer's,
His home is near the sky,
Where, thron'd above this world,
Its strife at distance die.
Or, should the sound of hostile drum
Proclaim below, "We come—we come.
Each crag that tow'rs in air
Gives answer, "Come who dare!"
While, like bees, from dell and dingle
Swift the swarming warriors mingle.
And their cry "Hurra!" will be,
"Hurra, to victory!"

Then, when battle's hour is over,
 See the happy mountain lover,
 With the nymph, who'll soon be bride,
 Seated blushing by his side,—
 Every shadow of his lot
 In her sunny smile forgot.
 Oh, no life is like the mountaineer's,
 His home is near the sky,
 Where, thron'd above this world, he hears
 Its strife at distance die.
 Not only thus through summer suns
 His blithe existence cheerly runs—
 Ev'n winter, bleak and dim,
 Brings joyous hours to him,
 When, his rifle behind him flinging,
 He watches the roe-buck springing,
 And away, o'er the hills away
 Re-echoes his glad "hurra."

Then how blest, when night is closing,
 By the kindled heartli reposing,
 To his rebeck's drowsy song,
 He beguiles the hour along;
 Or, provok'd by merry glances,
 To a brisker movement dances,
 Till, weary at last, in slumber's chain,
 He dreams o'er chase and dance again,
 Dreams, dreams them o'er again.



S O N G.

UP with the sparkling brimmer,
 Up to the crystal rim;
 Let not a moon-beam glimmer
 'Twixt the flood and brim.
 When hath the world set eyes on
 Aught to match this light,
 Which, o'er our cup's horizon,
 Dawns in bumpers bright?

EVENINGS IN GREECE.

Truth in a deep well lieth—
So the wise aver:
But Truth the fact denieth—
Water suits not her.
No, her abode's in brimmers,
Like this mighty cup—
Waiting till we, good swimmers,
Dive to bring her up.



S O N G.

WELCOME, sweet bird, through the sunny air winging,
Swift hast thou come o'er the far-shining sea,
Like Seba's dove, on thy snowy neck bringing
Love's written vows from my lover to me.
Oh, in thy absence, what hours did I number!—
Saying oft, "Idle bird, how could he rest?"
But thou art come at last, take now thy slumber,
And lull thee in dreams of all thou lov'st best.

Yet dost thou droop—even now while I utter
Love's happy welcome, thy pulse dies away;
Cheer thee, my bird—were it life's ebbing flutter,
This fondling bosom should woo it to stay.
But no—thou'rt dying—thy last task is over—
Farewell, sweet martyr to Love and to me!
The smiles thou hast waken'd by news from my lover,
Will now all be turn'd into weeping for thee.



S O N G.

WHEN evening shades are falling
O'er Ocean's sunny sleep,
To pilgrims' hearts recalling
Their home beyond the deep;

When, rest o'er all descending,
 The shores with gladness smile,
 And lutes, their echoes blending,
 Are heard from isle to isle,
 Then, Mary, Star of the Sea,
 We pray, we pray, to thee!

The noon-day tempest over,
 Now Ocean toils no more,
 And wings of halcyons hover,
 Where all was strife before.
 Oh thus may life, in closing
 Its short tempestuous day,
 Beneath heaven's smile reposing,
 Shine all its storms away:
 Thus, Mary, Star of the Sea,
 We pray, we pray, to thee!



S O N G.

CALM as, beneath its mother's eyes,
 In sleep the smiling infant lies,
 So, watch'd by all the stars of night,
 Yon landscape sleeps in light.
 And while the night-breeze dies away,
 Like relics of some faded strain,
 Lov'd voices, lost for many a day,
 Seem whisp'ring round again.
 Oh youth! oh Love! ye dreams, that shed
 Such glory once—where are ye fled?

Pure ray of light that, down the sky,
 Art pointing, like an angel's wand,
 As if to guide to realms that lie
 In that bright sea beyond:
 Who knows but, in some brighter deep
 Than ev'n that tranquil, moon-lit main,
 Some land may lie where those who weep
 Shall wake to smile again!



S O N G.

MARCH! nor heed those arms that hold thee,
Though so fondly close they come;
Closer still will they enfold thee,
When thou bring'st fresh laurels home.
Dost thou dote on woman's brow?
Dost thou live but in her breath?
March!—one hour of victory now
Wins thee woman's smile till death.

Oh what bliss, when war is over
Beauty's long-miss'd smile to meet,
And, when wreaths our temples cover,
Lay them shining at her feet!

Who would not, that hour to reach,
 Breathe out life's expiring sigh,—
 Proud as waves that on the beach
 Lay their war-crest down, and die?

There! I see thy soul is burning—
 She herself, who clasps thee so,
 Paints, ev'n now, thy glad returning,
 And, while clasping, bids thee go.
 One deep sigh, to passion given,
 One last glowing tear and then—
 March!—nor rest thy sword, till Heaven
 Brings thee to those arms again.



S O N G.

THOU art not dead—thou art not dead!
 No, dearest Harmodius, no,
 Thy soul, to realms above us fled,
 Though, like a star, it dwells o'er head,
 Still lights this world below.
 Thou art not dead—thou art not dead!
 No, dearest Harmodius, no.

Through isles of light, where heroes tread!
 And flow'rs ethereal blow,
 Thy god-like Spirit now is led,
 Thy lip, with life ambrosial fed,
 Forgets all taste of woe.
 Thou art not dead—thou art not dead!
 No, dearest Harmodius, no.

The myrtle, round that falchion spread
 Which struck the immortal blow,
 Throughout all time, with leaves unshed—
 The patriot's hope, the tyrant's dread—
 Round Freedom's shrine shall grow.
 Thou art not dead—thou art not dead!
 No, dearest Harmodius, no.

Where hearts like thine have broke or bled,
 Though quench'd the vital glow,
 Their mem'ry lights a flame, instead,
 Which, ev'n from out the narrow bed
 Of death its beams shall throw.
 Thou art not dead—thou art not dead!
 No, dearest Harmodius, no.

Thy name, by myriads sung and said,
 From age to age shall go,
 Long as the oak and ivy wed,
 As bees shall haunt Hymettus' head,
 Or Helle's waters flow.
 Thou art not dead—thou art not dead!
 No, dearest Harmodius, no.



S O N G.

“RAISE the buckler—poise the lance—
 Now here—now there—retreat—advance!”

Such were the sounds, to which the warrior boy
 Danc'd in those happy days, when Greece was free;
 When Sparta's youth, ev'n in the hour of joy,
 Thus train'd their steps to war and victory.

“Raise the buckler—poise the lance—
 Now here—now there—retreat—advance!”
 Such was the Spartan warrior's dance.
 “Grasp the falchion—gird the shield—
 Attack—defend—do all, but yield.”

Thus did thy sons, oh Greece, one glorious night,
 Dance by a moon like this, till o'er the sea
 That morning dawn'd by whose immortal light
 They nobly died for thee and liberty!
 “Raise the buckler—poise the lance—
 Now here—now there—retreat—advance!”
 Such was the Spartan heroes' dance.

S O N G.

I SAW, from yonder silent cave,
 Two Fountains running, side by side;
 The one was Mem'ry's limpid wave
 The other cold Oblivion's tide.
 "Oh Love!" said I, in thoughtless mood,
 As deep I drank of Lethe's stream,
 "Be all my sorrows in this flood
 Forgotten like a vanish'd dream!"

But who could bear that gloomy blank,
 Where joy was lost as well as pain?
 Quickly of Mem'ry's fount I drank,
 And brought the past all back again;
 And said, "Oh Love! whate'er my lot,
 Still let this soul to thee be true—
 Rather than have one bliss forgot,
 Be all my pains remember'd too!"



S O N G.

AH! where are they, who heard, in former hours,
 The voice of Song in these neglected bow'rs?
 They are gone—all gone!

The youth, who told his pain in such sweet tone,
 That all, who heard him, wish'd his pain their own—
 He is gone—he is gone!

And she, who, while he sung, sat list'ning by,
 And thought, to strains like these 'twere sweet to die—
 She is gone—she too is gone!

'Tis thus, in future hours, some bard will say
 Of her who hears, and him who sings this lay—
 They are gone—they both are gone!

SONG.

OH, Memory, how coldly
 Thou paintest joy gone by:
 Like rainbows, thy pictures
 But mournfully shine and die.
 Or, if some tints thou keepest,
 That former days recall,
 As o'er each line thou weapest,
 Thy tears efface them all.

But Memory, too truly
 Thou paintest grief that's past;
 Joy's colours are fleeting,
 But those of Sorrow last.
 And, while thou bring'st before us
 Dark pictures of past ill,
 Life's evening, closing o'er us,
 But makes them darker still.



SONG.

“WHO comes so gracefully
 Gliding along,
 While the blue rivulet
 Sleeps to her song;
 Song, richly vying
 With the faint sighing
 Which swans, in dying,
 Sweetly prolong?”

So sung the shepherd-boy
 By the stream's side,
 Watching that fairy boat
 Down the flood glide,

Like a bird winging,
 Through the waves bringing
 That Syren, singing
 To the hush'd tide.

"Stay," said the shepherd-boy,
 "Fairy-boat, stay,
 Linger, sweet minstrelsy,
 Linger, a day."
 But vain his pleading,
 Past him, unheeding,
 Song and boat, speeding,
 Glided away.

So to our youthful eyes
 Joy and hope shone ;
 So, while we gaz'd on them,
 Fast they flew on ;—
 Like flow'rs, declining
 Ev'n in the twining,
 One moment shining,
 And, the next, gone !



S O N G.

"THE sky is bright—the breeze is fair,
 And the mainsail flowing, full and free—
 Our farewell word is woman's pray'r,
 And the hope before us—Liberty !
 Farewell, farewell.
 To Greece we give our shining blades,
 And our hearts to you, young Zean Maids !

The moon is in the heavens above,
 And the wind is on the foaming sea—
 Thus shines the star of woman's love
 On the glorious strife of Liberty !
 Farewell, farewell.
 To Greece we give our shining blades,
 And our hearts to you, young Zean Maids !"

SONG.

As o'er her loom the Lesbian Maid
 In love-sick languor hung her head,
 Unknowing where her fingers stray'd,
 She weeping turn'd away, and said,
 "Oh, my sweet Mother—'tis in vain—
 I cannot weave, as once I wove—
 So wilder'd is my heart and brain
 With thinking of that youth I love!"

Again the web she tried to trace,
 But tears fell o'er each tangled thread;
 While, looking in her mother's face,
 Who watchful o'er her lean'd, she said,
 "Oh, my sweet Mother—'tis in vain—
 I cannot weave, as once I wove—
 So wilder'd is my heart and brain
 With thinking of that youth I love!"



SONG.

As by the shore at break of day,
 A vanquish'd Chief expiring lay
 Upon the sands, with broken sword,
 He trac'd his farewell to the Free;
 And, there, the last unfinish'd word
 He dying wrote was "Liberty!"

At night a Sea-bird shriek'd the knell
 Of him who thus for Freedom fell;
 The words he wrote, ere evening came,
 Were cover'd by the sounding sea;—
 So pass away the cause and name
 Of him who dies for Liberty!

S O N G.

"'Tis the Vine! 'tis the Vine!" said the cup-loving boy,
 As he saw it spring bright from the earth,
 And call'd the young Genii of Wit, Love, and Joy,
 To witness and hallow its birth.
 The fruit was full grown, like a ruby it flam'd
 Till the sun-beam that kiss'd it look'd pale:
 "'Tis the Vine! 'tis the Vine!" ev'ry Spirit exclaim'd,
 "Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!"

First, fleet as a bird, to the summons Wit flew,
 While a light on the vine-leaves there broke,
 In flashes so quick and so brilliant, all knew
 'Twas the light from his lips, as he spoke.
 "Bright tree! let thy nectar but cheer me," he cried,
 "And the fount of Wit never can fail:"
 "'Tis the Vine! 'tis the Vine!" hills and valleys replied,
 "Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!"

Next, Love, as he lean'd o'er the plant to admire
 Each tendril and cluster it wore,
 From his rosy mouth sent such a breath of desire,
 As made the tree tremble all o'er.
 Oh, never did flow'r of the earth, sea, or sky,
 Such a soul-giving odour inhale:
 "'Tis the Vine! 'tis the Vine!" all re-echo the cry,
 "Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!"

Last Joy, without whom even Love and Wit die,
 Came to crown the bright hour with his ray;
 And scarce had that mirth-waking tree met his eye,
 When a laugh spoke what Joy could not say;—
 A laugh of the heart, which was echoed around
 Till, like music, it swell'd on the gale;
 "'Tis the Vine! 'tis the Vine!" laughing myriads resound,
 "Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!"

SACRED SONGS.



THOU ART, O GOD.

(AIR.—UNKNOWN.)

“The day is thine, the night also is thine: thou hast prepared the light and the sun.

“Thou hast set all the borders of the earth: thou hast made summer and winter.”—
Psalms lxxiv. 16, 17.

THOU art, O GOD, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine!

When Day with farewell beam, delays
 Among the op'ning clouds of Even,
 And we can almost think we gaze
 From golden vistas into Heaven—
 These hues that make the Sun's decline
 So soft, so radiant, LORD! are thine.

When Night, with wings of starry gloom,
 O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
 Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
 Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes—
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
 So grand, so countless, LORD! are thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
 Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
 And every flower the Summer wreathes
 Is born beneath that kindling eye.
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are thine!



FALLEN IS THY THRONE.

(AIR.—MARTINI.)

FALL'N is thy Throne, O Israel!
 Silence is o'er thy plains;
 Thy dwellings all lie desolate
 Thy children weep in chains.
 Where are the dews that fed thee
 On Etham's barren shore?
 That fire from Heaven which led thee,
 Now lights thy path no more.

LORD! Thou didst love Jersuaem—
 Once she was all thy own;
 Her love thy fairest heritage,
 Her power thy glory's throne.

Till evil came, and blighted
 Thy long-lov'd olive tree ;—
 And Salem's shrines were lighted
 For other gods than Thee.

Then sunk the star of Solyma—
 Then pass'd her glory's day,
 Like heath that, in the wilderness,
 The wild wind whirls away.
 Silent and waste her bowers,
 Where once the mighty trod,
 And sunk those guilty towers,
 While Baal reign'd as God.

“Go”—said the LORD—“Ye Conquerors!
 Steep in her blood your swords,
 And raze to earth her battlements,
 For they are not the LORD'S.
 Till Zion's mournful daughter
 O'er kindred bones shall tread,
 And Hinnom's vale of slaughter
 Shall hide but half her dead!”



THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW.

(AIR.—STEVENSON.)

THIS world is all a fleeting show,
 For man's illusion given ;
 The smiles of Joy, the tears of Woe,
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
 There's nothing true, but Heaven !

And false the light on Glory's plume,
 As fading hues of Even ;
 And Love and Hope, and Beauty's bloom
 Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb—
 There's nothing bright, but Heaven !

Poor wand'ers of a stormy day!
 From wave to wave we're driven,
 And Fancy's flash, and Reason's ray,
 Serve but to light the troubled way—
 There's nothing calm, but Heaven!



OH, THOU! WHO DRY'ST THE MOURNER'S TEAR.

(AIR.—HAYDN.)

“He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.”—*Psalms* cxlvii.

OH, Thou! who dry'st the mourner's tear,
 How dark this world would be,
 If, when deceiv'd and wounded here,
 We could not fly to Thee!
 The friends, who in our sunshine live,
 When winter comes, are flown;
 And he who has but tears to give,
 Must weep those tears alone.
 But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
 Which, like the plants that throw
 Their fragrance from the wounded part,
 Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
 And even the hope that threw
 A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
 Is dimm'd and vanish'd too,
 Oh, who would bear life's stormy doom,
 Did not thy Wing of Love
 Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
 Our Peace-branch from above?
 Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright
 With more than rapture's ray;
 As darkness shows us worlds of light
 We never saw by day!

THE TURF SHALL BE MY FRAGRANT SHRINE.

(AIR.—STEVENSON,;

THE turf shall be my fragrant shrine;
 My temple, LORD! that Arch of thine;
 My censer's breath the mountain airs,
 And silent thoughts my only prayers.

My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
 When murm'ring homeward to their caves,
 Or when the stillness of the sea,
 Even more than music, breathes of Thee:

I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
 All light and silence, like thy Throne!
 And the pale stars shall be, at night,
 The only eyes that watch my rite.

Thy Heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,
 Shall be my pure and shining book,
 Where I shall read, in words of flame,
 The glories of thy wondrous name.

I'll read thy anger in the rack
 That clouds awhile the day-beam's track;
 Thy mercy in the azure hue
 Of sunny brightness, breaking through.

There's nothing bright, above, below,
 From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
 But in its light my soul can see
 Some feature of thy Deity.

There's nothing dark, below, above,
 But in its gloom I trace thy Love,
 And meekly wait that moment, when
 Thy touch shall turn all bright again!

SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL

MIRIAM'S SONG.

(AIR.—AVISON.)

"And Miriam the Prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances."—*Exod.* xv. 20.

SOUND the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;
 JEHOVAH has triumph'd—his people are free!
 Sing—for the pride of the Tyrant is broken,
 His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave—
 How vain was their boast, for the Lord hath but spoken,
 And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
 Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;
 JEHOVAH has triumph'd—his people are free!

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the LORD!
 His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword—
 Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
 Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
 For the LORD hath look'd out from his pillar of glory,
 And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.
 Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;
 JEHOVAH has triumph'd—his people are free!



WEEP NOT FOR THOSE.

(AIR.—AVISON.)

WEEP not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
 In life's happy morning, hath hid from our eyes,
 Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
 Or earth had profan'd what was born for the skies.

Death chill'd the fair fountain, ere sorrow had stain'd it,
 'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its course,
 And but sleeps till the sunshine of Heaven has unchain'd it,
 To water that Eden where first was its source.
 Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
 In life's happy morning, hath hid from our eyes,
 Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
 Or earth had profan'd what was born for the skies.

Mourn not for her, the young Bride of the Vale,
 Our gayest and loveliest, lost to us now,
 Ere life's early lustre had time to grow pale,
 And the garland of Love was yet fresh on her brow.
 Oh, then was her moment, dear spirit, for flying
 From this gloomy world, while its gloom was unknown—
 And the wild hymns she warbled so sweetly, in dying,
 Were echoed in Heaven by lips like her own.
 Weep not for her—in her spring-time she flew
 To that land where the wings of the soul are unfurl'd;
 And now, like a star beyond evening's cold dew,
 Looks radiantly down on the tears of this world.



COME NOT, OH LORD.

(AIR.—HAYDN.)

COME not, oh LORD, in the dread robe of splendour
 Thou wor'st on the Mount, in the day of thine ire;
 Come veil'd in those shadows, deep, awful, but tender,
 Which Mercy flings over thy features of fire!

LORD, thou rememb'rest the night, when thy Nation
 Stood fronting her Foe by the red-rolling stream;
 O'er Egypt thy pillar shed dark desolation,
 While Israel bask'd all the night in its beam.

So, when the dread clouds of anger enfold Thee,
 From us, in thy mercy, the dark side remove;
 While shrouded in terrors the guilty behold Thee,
 Oh, turn upon us the mild light of thy Love.

AS DOWN IN THE SUNLESS RETREATS.

(AIR.—HAYDN.)

As down in the sunless retreats of the Ocean,
 Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
 So, deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
 Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee,
 My GOD! silent, to Thee—
 Pure, warm, silent, to Thee.

As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,
 The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,
 So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
 The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee,
 My GOD! trembling, to Thee—
 True, fond, trembling, to Thee.



COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

(AIR.—GERMAN.)

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,
 Come, at GOD'S altar fervently kneel;
 Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish—
 Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
 Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure,
 Here speaks the Comforter, in GOD'S name saying—
 "Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure."

Go, ask the infidel, what boon he brings us,
 What charm for aching hearts *he* can reveal,
 Sweet as that heavenly promise Hope sings us—
 "Earth has no sorrow that GOD cannot heal."



OH FAIR! OH PUREST!

SAINT AUGUSTINE TO HIS SISTER.

(AIR.—MOORE.)

Oh fair! oh purest! be thou the dove
That flies alone to some sunny grove,
And lives unseen, and bathes her wing,
All vestal white, in the limpid spring.
There, if the hov'ring hawk be near,
That limpid spring in its mirror clear

Reflects him, ere he reach his prey,
 And warns the timorous bird away.
 Be thou this dove;
 Fairest, purest, be thou this dove.

The sacred pages of GOD'S own book
 Shall be the spring, the eternal brook,
 In whose holy mirror, night and day,
 Thou'lt study Heaven's reflected ray;—
 And should the foés of virtue dare,
 With gloomy wing, to seek thee there,
 Thou wilt see how dark their shadows lie
 Between Heaven and thee, and trembling fly
 Be thou that dove;
 Fairest, purest, be thou that dove.



BUT WHO SHALL SEE.

(AIR.—STEVENSON.)

BUT who shall see the glorious day
 When, thron'd on Zion's brow,
 The LORD shall rend that veil away
 Which hides the nations now?
 When earth no more beneath the fear
 Of his rebuke shall lie;
 When pain shall cease, and every tear
 Be wip'd from ev'ry eye.

Then, Judah, thou no more shalt mourn
 Beneath the heathen's chain;
 Thy days of splendour shall return,
 And all be new again.
 The Fount of Life shall then be quaff'd
 In peace, by all who come;
 And every wind that blows shall waft
 Some long-lost exile home.

LORD, WHO SHALL BEAR THAT DAY.

(AIR.—DR. BOYCE.)

LORD, who shall bear that day, so dread, so splendid,
 When we shall see thy Angel, hov'ring o'er
 This sinful world, with hand to heav'n extended,
 And hear him swear by Thee that Time's no more?
 When Earth shall feel thy fast consuming ray—
 Who, Mighty God, oh who shall bear that day?

When through the world thy awful call hath sounded—
 "Wake all ye Dead, to judgment wake, ye Dead!"
 And from the clouds, by seraph eyes surrounded,
 The Saviour shall put forth his radiant head;
 While Earth and Heav'n before Him pass away—
 Who, Mighty God, oh who shall bear that day?

When, with a glance, th' Eternal Judge shall sever
 Earth's evil spirits from the pure and bright,
 And say to *those*, "Depart from me for ever!"
 To *these*, "Come, dwell with me in endless light!"
 When each and all in silence take their way—
 Who, Mighty God, oh who shall bear that day?



OH, TEACH ME TO LOVE THEE.

(AIR.—HAYDN.)

OH, teach me to love Thee, to feel what Thou art
 Till, fill'd with the one sacred image, my heart
 Shall all other passions disown;
 Like some pure temple, that shines apart,
 Reserv'd for thy worship alone.

In joy and in sorrow, through praise and through blame,
Thus still let me, living and dying the same,

In *Thy* service bloom and decay—
Like some lone altar, whose votive flame
In holiness wasteth away.

Though born in this desert, and doom'd by my birth
To pain and affliction, to darkness and dearth,

On Thee let my spirit rely—
Like some rude dial, that, fix'd on earth,
Still looks for its light from the sky.



WEEP, CHILDREN OF ISRAEL.

(AIR.—STEVENSON.)

WEEP, weep for him, the Man of GOD—
In yonder vale he sunk to rest;
But none of earth can point the sod
That flowers above his sacred breast.
Weep, children of Israel, weep!

His doctrine fell like Heaven's rain,
His words refresh'd like Heaven's dew—
Oh, ne'er shall Israel see again
A Chief, to GOD and her so true.
Weep, children of Israel, weep!

Remember ye his parting gaze,
His farewell song by Jordan's tide,
When, full of glory and of days,
He saw the promis'd land—and died.
Weep, children of Israel, weep!

Yet died he not as men who sink,
Before our eyes, to soulless clay;
But, chang'd to spirit, like a wink
Of summer lightning, pass'd away.
Weep, children of Israel, weep!

AWAKE, ARISE, THY LIGHT IS COME.

(AIR.—STEVENSON.)

AWAKE, arise, thy light is come;
 The nations, that before outshone thee,
 Now at thy feet lie dark and dumb—
 The glory of the LORD is on thee!

Arise—the Gentiles to thy ray,
 From ev'ry nook of earth shall cluster
 And kings and princes haste to pay
 Their homage to thy rising lustre.

Lift up thine eyes around, and see,
 O'er foreign fields, o'er farthest waters,
 Thy exil'd sons return to thee,
 To thee return thy home-sick daughters.

And camels rich, from Midian's tents,
 Shall lay their treasures down before thee;
 And Saba bring her gold and scents,
 To fill thy air and sparkle o'er thee

See, who are these that, like a cloud,
 Are gathering from all earth's dominions,
 Like doves, long absent, when allow'd
 Homeward to shoot their trembling pinions.

Surely the isles shall wait for me,
 The ships of Tarshish round will hover,
 To bring thy sons across the sea,
 And waft their gold and silver over.

And Lebanon thy pomp shall grace—
 The fir, the pine, the palm victorious
 Shall beautify our Holy Place,
 And make the ground I tread on glorious.

No more shall Discord haunt thy ways,
 Nor ruin waste thy cheerless nation,
 But thou shalt call thy portals, Praise,
 And thou shalt name thy walls Salvation.

The sun no more shall make thee bright,
 Nor moon shall lend her lustre to thee
 But God, Himself, shall be thy Light,
 And flash eternal glory through thee.

Thy sun shall never more go down ;
 A ray, from Heav'n itself descended,
 Shall light thy everlasting crown—
 Thy days of mourning all are ended.

My own, elect, and righteous Land !
 The Branch, for ever green and vernal
 Which I have planted with this hand—
 Live thou shalt in Life Eternal.



WAR AGAINST BABYLON.

(AIR.—NOVELLO.)

“WAR against Babylon!” shout we around,
 Be our banners through earth unfurl'd ;
 Rise up, ye nations, ye kings, at the sound—
 “War against Babylon!” shout through the world !
 Oh thou, that dwellest on many waters,
 Thy day of pride is ended now ;
 And the dark curse of Israel's daughters
 Breaks like a thunder-cloud, over thy brow !
 War, war, war against Babylon !

Make bright the arrows, and gather the shields,
 Set the standard of God on high ;
 Swarm we, like locusts, o'er all her fields,
 “Zion” our watchword, and “vengeanee” our cry !

Woe! Woe!—the time of thy visitation
 Is come, proud Land, thy doom is cast—
 And the black surge of desolation
 Sweeps o'er thy guilty head, at last!
 War, war, war against Babylon!



HARK 'TIS THE BREEZE.

(AIR —ROUSSEAU.)

HARK! 'tis the breeze of twilight calling
 Earth's weary children to repose;
 While, round the couch of Nature falling,
 Gently the night's soft curtains close.
 Soon o'er a world, in sleep reclining,
 Numberless stars, through yonder dark,
 Shall look, like eyes of Cherubs shining
 From out the veils that hid the Ark.

Guard us, oh Thou, who never sleepest,
 Thou who, in silence thron'd above,
 Throughout all time, unwearied, keepest
 Thy watch of Glory, Pow'r, and Love.
 Grant that, beneath thine eye, securely,
 Our souls, awhile from life withdrawn,
 May, in their darkness, stilly, purely,
 Like "sealed fountains," rest till dawn.



SINCE FIRST THY WORD.

(AIR.—NICHOLAS FREEMAN.)

SINCE first thy Word awak'd my heart,
 Like new life dawning o'er me,
 Where'er I turn mine eyes, Thou art,
 All light and love before me.

Nought else I feel, or hear or see—
 All bonds of earth I sever—
 Thee, O GOD, and only Thee
 I live for, now and ever.

Like him whose fetters dropp'd away
 When light shone o'er his prison,
 My spirit, touch'd by Mercy's ray,
 Hath from her chains arisen.
 And shall a soul Thou bidst be free,
 Return to bondage?—never!
 Thee, O GOD, and only Thee
 I live for, now and ever.



GO FORTH TO THE MOUNT

(AIR.—STEVENSON.)

Go forth to the Mount—bring the olive-branch home,
 And rejoice, for the day of our Freedom is come!
 From that time, when the moon upon Ajalon's vale,
 Looking motionless down, saw the kings of the earth,
 In the presence of GOD's mighty Champion, grow pale—
 Oh, never had Judah an hour of such mirth!
 Go forth to the Mount—bring the olive-branch home,
 And rejoice, for the day of our Freedom is come!
 Bring myrtle and palm—bring the boughs of each tree
 That's worthy to wave o'er the tents of the Free.
 From that day, when the footsteps of Israel shone,
 With a light not their own, through the Jordan's deep tide,
 Whose waters shrunk back as the Ark glided on—
 Oh, never had Judah an hour of such pride!
 Go forth to the Mount—bring the olive-branch home,
 And rejoice, for the day of our Freedom is come!



THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.



LILIS.

THERE was a maid, of all who move
Like visions o'er this orb, most fit
To be a bright young angel's love,
Herself so bright, so exquisite!
The pride, too, of her step, as light
Along the unconscious earth she went,
Seem'd that of one, born with a right
To walk some heavenlier element,
And tread in places where her feet
A star at ev'ry step should meet.
'Twas not alone that loveliness
By which the wilder'd sense is caught—
Of lips, whose very breath could bless;
Of playful blushes, that seem'd nought
But luminous escapes of thought;
Of eyes that, when by anger stirr'd,
Were fire itself, but, at a word
Of tenderness, all soft became
As though they could, like the sun's bird,
Dissolve away in their own flame;
Of form, as pliant as the shoots
Of a young tree in vernal flower,
Yet round and glowing as the fruits,
That drop from it in summer's hour;
'Twas not alone this loveliness
That falls to loveliest women's share,
Though, even here, her form could spare
From its own beauty's rich excess
Enough to make ev'n *them* more fair—
But 'twas the Mind, outshining clear
Through her whole frame—the soul, still near,
To light each charm, yet independent
Of what it lighted, as the sun
That shines on flowers would be resplendent
Were there no flowers to shine upon—
'Twas this, all this, in one combined—
The unnumber'd looks and arts that form
The glory of young woman-kind,

MOORE'S WORKS.

Taken, in their perfection, warm,
Ere time had chill'd a single charm,
And stamp'd with such a seal of Mind,
As gave to beauties, that might be
Too sensual else, too unrefined,
The impress of Divinity!



THE PRAYER OF LILIS.

It was in dreams that first I stole
With gentle mastery o'er her mind—
In that rich twilight of the soul
When reason's beam, half hid behind
The clouds of sleep, obscurely gilds
Each shadowy shape the Fancy builds—
'Twas then, by that soft light, I brought
Vague glimmering visions to her view;—
Catches of radiance, lost when caught,
Bright labyrinths, that led to nought,
And vistas, with no pathway through;—
Dwellings of bliss, that opening shone,
Then closed, dissolved, and left no trace—
All that, in short, could tempt Hope on,
But give her wing no resting-place;
Myself the while, with brow as yet
Pure as the young moon's coronet,
Through every dream *still* in her sight,
Th' enchanter of each mocking scene,
Who gave the hope, then brought the blight,
Who said, "Behold, yon world of light,"
Then sudden dropt a veil between!

At length, when I perceived each thought,
Waking or sleeping, fix'd on nought
But these illusive scenes, and me—
The phantom, who thus came and went,
In half revealments only meant
To madden curiosity—
When by such various arts I found
Her fancy to its utmost wound,

One night—'twas in a holy spot,
 Which she for prayer had chosen—a grot
 Of purest marble, built below
 Her garden beds, through which a glow
 From lamps invisible then stole,
 Brightly pervading all the place—
 Like that mysterious light, the soul,
 Itself unseen, sheds through the face.
 There, at her altar, while she knelt,
 And all that woman ever felt,
 When God and man both claim'd her sighs—
 Every warm thought, that ever dwelt,
 Like summer clouds, 'twixt earth and skies,
 Too pure to fall, too gross to rise,
 Spoke in her gestures, tones, and eyes—
 Then, as the mystic light's soft ray
 Grew softer still, as though its ray
 Was breath'd from her, I heard her say:—

“Oh idol of my dreams! whate'er
 Thy nature be—human, divine,
 Or but half heav'nly—still too fair,
 Too heavenly to be ever mine!

“Wonderful Spirit, who dost make
 Slumber so lovely that it seems
 No longer life to live awake,
 Since heaven itself descends in dreams,

“Why do I ever lose thee? why,
 When on thy realms and thee I gaze,
 Still drops that veil, which I could die,
 Oh gladly, but one hour to raise?

“Long ere such miracles as thou
 And thine came o'er my thoughts, a thirst
 For light was in this soul, which now
 Thy looks have into passion nursed.

“There's nothing bright above, below,
 In sky—earth—ocean, that this breast
 Doth not intensely burn to know,
 And thee, thee, thee, o'er all the rest!



“ Then come, oh Spirit, from behind
The curtains of thy radiant home;
If thou wouldst be as angel shrined,
Or lov'd and clasp'd as mortal, come!

“ Bring all thy dazzling wonders here,
That I may, waking, know and see;
Or waft me hence to thy own sphere,
Thy heaven or—ay, even *that* with thee!

“ Demon or God, who hold'st the book
Of knowledge spread beneath thine eye,
Give me, with thee, but one bright look
Into its leaves, and let me die!

“By those ethereal wings, whose way
Lies through an element so fraught
With living Mind, that, as they play,
Their every movement is a thought!

“By that bright, wreathed hair, between
Whose sunny clusters the sweet wind
Of Paradise so late hath been,
And left its fragrant soul behind!

“By those impassion'd eyes, that melt
Their light into the inmost heart!
Like sunset in the waters, felt
As molten fire through every part—

“I do implore thee, oh most bright
And worshipp'd Spirit, shine but o'er
My waking, wondering eyes this night,
This one blest night—I ask no more!”

Exhausted, breathless, as she said
These burning words, her languid head
Upon the altar's steps she cast,
As if that brain-throb were its last—
Till, startled by the breathing, sigh,
Of lips, that echoed back her sigh,
Sudden her brow again she raised;
And there, just lighted on the shrine,
Beheld me—not as I had blazed
Around her, full of light divine,
In her late dreams, but soften'd down
Into more mortal grace;—my crown
Of flowers, too radiant for this world,
Left hanging on yon starry steep;
My wings shut up, like banners furl'd,
When Peace hath put their pomp to sleep;
Or like autumnal clouds, that keep
Their lightnings sheath'd, rather than mar
The dawning hour of some young star;
And nothing left, but what beseem'd
Th' accessible, though glorious mate
Of mortal woman—whose eyes beam'd
Back upon hers, as passionate.

THE DEATH OF LILIS.

It was an evening bright and still
 As ever blush'd on wave or bower,
 Smiling from heaven, as if nought ill
 Could happen in so sweet an hour.
 Yet, I remember, both grew sad
 In looking at that light—even she,
 Of heart so fresh and brow so glad,
 Felt the still hour's solemnity,
 And thought she saw, in that repose,
 The death-hour not alone of light,
 But of this whole fair world—the close
 Of all things beautiful and bright—
 The last, grand sunset, in whose ray
 Nature herself died calm away!

At length, as though some livelier thought
 Had suddenly her fancy caught,
 She turn'd upon me her dark eyes,
 Dilated into that full shape
 They took in joy, reproach, surprise,
 As 'twere to let more soul escape,
 And, playfully as on my head
 Her white hand rested, smiled and said:—

“I had, last night, a dream of thee,
 Resembling those divine ones, given,
 Like preludes to sweet minstrelsy,
 Before thou cam'st thyself from heaven.

“The same rich wreath was on thy brow,
 Dazzling as if of starlight made;
 And these wings, lying darkly now,
 Like meteors round thee flash'd and play'd.

“Thou stood'st all bright, as in those dreams,
 As if just wafted from above;
 Mingling earth's warmth with heaven's beams,
 A creature to adore and love.

“Sudden I felt thee draw me near
To thy pure heart, where, fondly placed,
I seem'd within the atmosphere
Of that exhaling light embraced;

“And felt, methought, th' ethereal flame
Pass from thy purer soul to mine;
Till—oh, too blissful—I became,
Like thee, all spirit, all divine!

“Say, why did dream so blest come o'er me,
If, now I wake, 'tis faded, gone?
When will my Cherub shine before me
Thus radiant, as in heaven he shone?

“When shall I, waking, be allow'd
To gaze upon those perfect charms,
And clasp thee once, without a cloud,
A chill of earth, within these arms?

“Oh what a pride to say, this, this
Is my own Angel—all divine,
And pure and dazzling as he is,
And fresh from heaven—he's mine, he's mine!

“Think'st thou, were LILIS in thy place,
A creature of yon lofty skies,
She would have hid one single grace,
One glory from her lover's eyes?

“No, no—then, if thou lov'st like me,
Shine out, young Spirit, in the blaze
Of thy most proud divinity,
Nor think thou'lt wound this mortal gaze.

“Too long and oft I've look'd upon
Those ardent eyes, intense ev'n thus—
Too near the stars themselves have gone,
To fear aught grand and luminous.

“Then doubt me not—oh, who can say
 But that this dream may yet come true,
 And my blest spirit drink thy ray,
 Till it becomes all heavenly too?”

“Let me this once but feel the flame
 Of those spread wings, the very pride
 Will change my nature, and this frame
 By the mere touch be deified!”

Thus spoke the maid, as one not used
 To be by earth or heaven refused—
 As one who knew her influence o'er
 All creatures, whatsoever they were,
 And, though to heaven she could not soar,
 At least would bring down heaven to her.

* * * * *

How could I pause? how ev'n let fall
 A word, a whisper that could stir
 In her proud heart a doubt, that all
 I brought from heaven belong'd to her?
 Slow from her side I rose, while she
 Arose, too, mutely, tremblingly,
 But not with fear—all hope, and pride.
 She waited for the awful boon,
 Like priestesses, at eventide,
 Watching the rise of the full moon,
 Whose light, when once its orb hath shone,
 'Twill madden them to look upon!
 Of all my glories, the bright crown,
 Which, when I last from heaven came down,
 Was left behind me, in yon star
 That shines from out those clouds afar,—
 Where, relic sad, 'tis treasured yet,
 The downfallen angel's coronet!—
 Of all my glories, this alone
 Was wanting:—but the illumined brow,
 The sun-bright locks, the eyes that now
 Had love's spell added to their own,

And pour'd a light till then unknown;
 Th' unfolded wings, that, in their play,
 Shed sparkles bright as ALLA's throne;
 All I could bring of heaven's array,
 Of that rich panoply of charms
 A Cherub moves in, on the day
 Of his best pomp, I now put on;
 And, proud that in her eyes I shone
 Thus glorious, glided to her arms;
 Which still (though at a sight so splendid,
 Her dazzled brow had, instantly,
 Sunk on her breast) were wide extended
 To clasp the form she durst not see!
 Great Heaven? how *could* thy vengeance light
 So bitterly on one so bright?
 How could the hand, that gave such charms,
 Blast them again, in love's own arms?
 Scarce had I touch'd her shrinking frame
 When—oh most horrible!—I felt
 That every spark of that pure flame—
 Pure, while among the stars I dwelt—
 Was now, by my transgression, turn'd
 Into gross, earthly fire, which burn'd,
 Burn'd all it touch'd, as fast as eye
 Could follow the fierce, ravening flashes;
 Till there—O God, I still ask why
 Such doom was hers?—I saw her lie
 Blackening within my arms to ashes!
 That brow, a glory but to see—
 Those lips, whose touch was what the first
 Fresh cup of immortality
 Is to a new-made angel's thirst!
 Those clasping arms, within whose round
 My heart's horizon—the whole bound
 Of its hope, prospect, heaven was found!
 Which, even in this dread moment, fond
 As when they first were round me cast,
 Loosed not in death the fatal bond,
 But, burning, held me to the last!



THE ANGEL ZARAPH'S STORY.

AMONG the Spirits, of pure flame,
 That in th' eternal heavens abide—
 Circles of light, that from the same
 Unclouded centre sweeping wide,
 Carry its beams on every side—
 Like spheres of air that waft around
 The undulations of rich sound,
 Till the far-circling radiance be
 Diffused into infinity!
 First and immediate near the Throne
 Of ALLA, as if most his own,
 The Seraphs stand—this burning sign
 Traced on their banner, "Love divine!"
 Their rank, their honours, far above
 Ev'n those to high-brow'd Cherubs given,
 Though knowing all;—so much doth love
 Transcend all Knowledge, ev'n in heaven!

'Mong these was ZARAPH once—and none
 E'er felt affection's holy fire,
 Or yearn'd towards th' Eternal One,
 With half such longing, deep desire.
 Love was to his impassion'd soul
 Not, as with others, a mere part
 Of its existence, but the whole—
 The very life-breath of his heart!
 Oft, when from ALLA'S lifted brow
 A lustre came, too bright to bear,
 And all the seraph ranks would bow,
 To shade their dazzled sight, nor dare
 To look upon th' effulgence there—
 This Spirit's eyes would court the blaze
 (Such pride he in adoring took),
 And rather lose, in that one gaze,
 The power of looking, than *not* look!
 Then, too, when angel voices sung
 The mercy of their God, and strung
 Their harps to hail, with welcome sweet,
 That moment, watch'd for by all eyes,
 When some repéttant sinner's feet
 First touch'd the threshold of the skies,

Oh, then, how clearly did the voice,
 Of ZARAPH above all rejoice!
 Love was in ev'ry buoyant tone—
 Such love, as only could belong
 To the blest angels and alone
 Could, ev'n from angels, bring such song'

Alas! that it should e'er have been
 In heav'n as 'tis too often here,
 Where nothing fond or bright is seen,
 But it hath pain and peril near;—
 Where right and wrong so close resemble,
 That what we take for virtue's thrill
 Is often the first downward tremble
 Of the heart's balance unto ill;
 Where Love had not a shrine so pure,
 So holy, but the serpent, Sin,
 In moments ev'n the most secure,
 Beneath his altar may glide in!
 So was it with that Angel—such
 The charm, that sloped his fall along
 From good to ill, from loving much,
 Too easy lapse to loving wrong—
 Ev'n so that amorous Spirit, bound
 By beauty's spell, where'er 'twas found,
 From the bright things above the moon
 Down to earth's beaming eyes descende.
 Till love for the Creator soon
 In passion for the creature ended.

'Twas first at twilight, on the shore
 Of the smooth sea, he heard the lute
 And voice of her he loved steal o'er
 The silver waters, that lay mute,
 As loth, by even a breath, to stay
 The pilgrimage of that sweet lay,
 Whose echoes still went on and on,
 Till lost among the light that shone
 Far off, beyond the ocean's brim—
 There, where the rich cascade of day
 Had, o'er th' horizon's golden rim,
 Into Elysium roll'd away!

Of God she sung, and of the mild
 Attendant Mercy, that beside
 His awful throne for ever smiled,
 Ready, with her white hand, to guide
 His bolts of vengeance to their prey—
 That she might quench them on the way!
 Of Peace—of that Atoning Love,
 Upon whose star, shining above
 This twilight world of hope and fear,
 The weeping eyes of Faith are fix'd
 So fond, that with her every tear
 The light of that love-star is mix'd!—
 All this she sung, and such a soul
 Of piety was in that song,
 That the charm'd Angel, as it stole
 Tenderly to his ear, along
 Those lulling waters where he lay,
 Watching the daylight's dying ray,
 Thought 'twas a voice from out the wave,
 An echo, that some sea-nymph gave
 To Eden's distant harmony,
 Heard faint and sweet beneath the sea!

Quickly, however, to its source,
 Tracing that music's melting course,
 He saw, upon the golden sand
 Of the sea-shore, a maiden stand,
 Before whose feet th' expiring waves
 Flung their last offering with a sigh—
 As, in the East, exhausted slaves
 Lay down the far-brought gift, and die—
 And, while her lute hung by her, hush'd,
 As if unequal to the tide
 Of song, that from her lips still gush'd,
 She raised, like one beatified,
 Those eyes, whose light seem'd rather given
 To be adored than to adore—
 Such eyes, as may have look'd *from* heaven,
 But ne'er were raised to it before!
 Oh Love, Religion, Music—all
 That's left of Eden upon earth—
 The only blessings, since the fall
 Of our weak souls, that still recall
 A trace of their high, glorious birth—



How kindred are the dreams you bring!
How Love, though unto earth so prone,
Delights to take Religion's wing,
When time or grief hath stain'd his own!
How near to Love's beguiling brink,
Too oft, entranced Religion lies!
While Music, Music is the link
They *both* still hold by to the skies,
The language of their native sphere,
Which they had else forgotten here.

How then could ZARAPH fail to feel
 That moment's witcheries?—one, so fair,
 Breathing out music that might steal
 Heaven from itself, and rapt in prayer
 That seraphs might be proud to share !
 Oh, he *did* feel it, all too well—
 With warmth, that far too dearly cost—
 Nor knew he, when at last he fell,
 To which attraction, to which spell,
 Love, Music, or Devotion, most
 His soul in that sweet hour was lost.
 Sweet was the hour, though dearly won,
 And pure, as aught of earth could be,
 For then first did the glorious sun
 Before religion's altar see
 Two hearts in wedlock's golden tie
 Self-pledged, in love to live and die.
 Blest union! by that Angel wove,
 And worthy from such hands to come;
 Safe, sole asylum, in which Love,
 When fall'n or exiled from above,
 In this dark world can find a home.

And though the Spirit had transgress'd
 Had, from his station 'mong the blest
 Won down by woman's smile, allow'd
 Terrestrial passion to breathe o'er
 The mirror of his heart, and cloud
 God's image, there so bright before—
 Yet never did that Power look down
 On error with a brow so mild;
 Never did Justice wear a frown,
 Through which so gently Mercy smiled
 For humble was their love—with awe
 And trembling like some treasure kept,
 That was not theirs by holy law—
 Whose beauty with remorse they saw,
 And o'er whose preciousness they wept.
 Humility, that low, sweet root,
 From which all heavenly virtues shoot,
 Was in the hearts of both—but most
 In NAMA'S heart, by whom alone
 Those charms for which a heaven was lost,
 Seem'd all unvalued and unknown;

And when her seraph's eyes she caught,
 And hid hers glowing on his breast,
 Even bliss was humbled by the thought—
 "What claim have I to be so blest?"
 Still less could maid, so meek, have nursed
 Desire of knowledge—that vain thirst,
 With which the sex hath all been cursed,
 From luckless EVE to her, who near
 The Tabernacle stole to hear
 The secrets of the angels: no—
 To love as her own Seraph loved,
 With Faith, the same through bliss and woe—
 Faith, that, were even its light removed,
 Could, like the dial, fix'd remain,
 And wait till it shone out again;—
 With Patience that, though often how'd
 By the rude storm, can rise anew;
 And Hope that, even from Evil's cloud,
 Sees sunny Good half breaking through!
 This deep, relying Love, worth more
 In heaven than all a Cherub's lore—
 This Faith, more sure than aught beside,
 Was the sole joy, ambition, pride
 Of her fond heart—th' unreasoning scope
 Of all its views, above, below—
 So true she felt it that to *hope*,
 To *trust*, is happier than to *know*.

And thus in humbleness they trod,
 Abash'd, but pure before their God;
 Nor e'er did earth behold a sight
 So meekly beautiful as they,
 When, with the altar's holy light
 Full on their brows, they knelt to pray,
 Hand within hand, and side by side,
 Two links of love, awhile untied
 From the great chain above, but fast
 Holding together to the last!—
 Two fallen Splendors, from that tree
 Which buds with such eternally,
 Shaken to earth, yet keeping all
 Their light and freshness in the fall.
 Their only punishment (as wrong,
 However sweet, must bear its brand),

Their only doom was this—that, long
 As the green earth and ocean stand,
 They both shall wander here—the same,
 Throughout all time, in heart and frame—
 Still looking to that goal sublime,
 Whose light remote, but sure, they see;
 Pilgrims of Love, whose way is Time,
 Whose home is in Eternity!
 Subject, the while, to all the strife
 True Love encounters in this life—
 The wishes, hopes, he breathes in vain;
 The chill, that turns his warmest sighs
 To earthly vapour, ere they rise;
 The doubt he feeds on, and the pain
 That in his very sweetness lies:—
 Still worse, th' illusions that betray
 His footsteps to their shining brink;
 That tempt him, on his desert way
 Through the bleak world, to bend and drink,
 Where nothing meets his lips, alas!—
 But he again must sighing pass
 On to that far-off home of peace,
 In which alone his thirst will cease.
 All this they bear, but, not the less,
 Have moments rich in happiness—
 Blest meetings, after many a day
 Of widowhood past far away,
 When the loved face again is seen
 Close, close, with not a tear between—
 Confidings frank, without control,
 Pour'd mutually from soul to soul;
 As free from any fear or doubt
 As is that light from chill or stain,
 The sun into the stars sheds out,
 To be by them shed back again!—
 That happy minglement of hearts,
 Where, changed as chymic compounds are,
 Each with its own existence parts,
 To find a new one, happier far!
 Such are their joys—and, crowning all,
 That blessed hope of the bright hour,
 When, happy and no more to fall,
 Their spirits shall, with freshen'd power.

Rise up rewarded for their trust
 In Him, from whom all goodness springs
 And, shaking off earth's soiling dust
 From their emancipated wings,
 Wander for ever through those skies
 Of radiance, where Love never dies!

In what lone region of the earth
 These Pilgrims now may roam or dwell,
 God and the Angels, who look forth
 To watch their steps, alone can tell.
 But should we, in our wanderings,
 Meet a young pair, whose beauty wants
 But the adornment of bright wings,
 To look like heaven's inhabitants—
 Who shine where'er they tread, and yet
 Are humble in their earthly lot,
 As is the wayside violet,
 That shines unseen, and were it not
 For its sweet breath would be forgot—
 Whose hearts, in every thought, are one,
 Whose voices utter the same wills—
 Answering, as Echo doth some tone
 Of fairy music 'mong the hills,
 So like itself, we seek in vain
 Which is the echo, which the strain—
 Whose piety is love, whose love,
 Though close as 'twere their souls' embrace,
 Is not of earth, but from above—
 Like two fair mirrors, face to face,
 Whose light, from one to th' other thrown,
 Is heaven's reflection, not their own—
 Should we e'er meet with aught so pure,
 So perfect here, we may be sure
 'Tis ZARAPH and his bride we see;
 And call young lovers round, to view
 The pilgrim pair, as they pursue
 Their pathway towards eternity.



JUVENILE POEMS.



HYMN OF A VIRGIN OF DELPHI,

AT THE TOMB OF HER MOTHER.

OH, lost, for ever lost—no more
Shall Vesper light our dewy way
Along the rocks of Crissa's shore,
To hymn the fading fires of day;
No more to Tempé's distant vale
In holy musings shall we roam,
Through summer's glow and winter's gale,
To bear the mystic chaplets home.
'Twas then my soul's expanding zeal,
By nature warm'd and led by thee,
In every breeze was taught to feel
The breathings of a Deity.

Guide of my heart! still hovering round,
 Thy looks, thy words are still my own—
 I see thee raising from the ground
 Some laurel, by the winds o'erthrown,
 And hear thee say, "This humble bough
 Was planted for a doom divine;
 And, though it droop in languor now,
 Shall flourish on the Delphic shrine!
 Thus, in the vale of earthly sense,
 Though sunk awhile the spirit lies,
 A viewless hand shall cull it thence,
 To bloom immortal in the skies!"

All that the young should feel and know,
 By thee was taught so sweetly well,
 Thy words fell soft as vernal snow,
 And all was brightness where they fell!
 Fond soother of my infant tear,
 Fond sharer of my infant joy,
 Is not thy shade still ling'ring here?
 Am I not still thy soul's employ?
 Oh, yes—and, as in former days,
 When, meeting on the sacred mount,
 Our nymphs awak'd their choral lays,
 And danc'd around Cassotis' fount;
 As then, 'twas all my wish and care,
 That mine should be the simplest mien,
 My lyre and voice the sweetest there,
 My foot the lightest o'er the green:
 So still, each look and step to mould,
 Thy guardian care is round me spread,
 Arranging every snowy fold,
 And guiding every mazy tread.
 And, when I lead the hymning choir,
 Thy spirit still, unseen and free,
 Eovers between my lip and lyre,
 And weds them into harmony.
 Flow, Plistas, flow; thy murmuring wave
 Shall never drop its silv'ry tear
 Upon so pure, so blest a grave,
 To memory so entirely dear!

SONG.

WHEN time who steals our years away
 Shall steal our pleasures too,
 The mem'ry of the past will stay,
 And half our joys renew.
 Then, Chloe, when thy beauty's flow'r
 Shall feel the wintry air,
 Remembrance will recall the hour
 When thou alone wert fair.
 Then talk no more of future gloom.
 Our joys shall always last;
 For Hope shall brighten days to come,
 And Mem'ry gild the past.

Come, Chloe, fill the genial bowl,
 I drink to Love and thee:
 Thou never canst decay in soul,
 Thou'lt still be young for me.
 And as thy lips the tear-drop chase,
 Which on my cheek they find,
 So hope shall steal away the trace
 That sorrow leaves behind.
 Then fill the bowl—away with gloom;
 Our joys shall always last;
 For Hope shall brighten days to come,
 And Mem'ry gild the past.

But mark, at thought of future years
 When love shall lose its soul,
 My Chloe drops her timid tears,
 They mingle with my bowl.
 How like this bowl of wine, my fair,
 Our loving life shall fleet;
 Though tears may sometimes mingle there,
 The draught will still be sweet.
 Then fill the cup—away with gloom.
 Our joys shall always last;
 For Hope will brighten days to come.
 And Mem'ry gild the past.

THE SALE OF LOVES.

I DREAMT that, in the Paphian groves,
 My nets by moonlight laying,
 I caught a flight of wanton Loves,
 Among the rose-beds playing.
 Some just had left their silv'ry shell,
 While some were full in feather;
 So pretty a lot of Loves to sell,
 Were never yet strung together.
 Come buy my Loves,
 Come buy my Loves,
 Ye dames and rose-lipp'd misses!—
 They're new and bright,
 The cost is light,
 For the coin of this isle is kisses.

First Cloris came, with looks sedate,
 Their coin on her lips was ready;
 "I buy," quoth she "my Love by weight,
 Full grown, if you please, and steady."
 "Let mine be light," said Fanny, "pray—
 Such lasting toys undo one;
 A light little Love that will last to-day,—
 To-morrow I'll sport a new one."
 Come buy my Loves,
 Come buy my Loves,
 Ye dames and rose-lipp'd misses!—
 There's some will keep,
 Some light and cheap,
 At from ten to twenty kisses.

The learned Prue took a pert young thing,
 To divert her virgin Muse with,
 And pluck sometimes a quill from his wing
 To indite her billet-doux with.
 Poor Cloe would give for a well-fledg'd pair
 Her only eye, if you'd ask it;
 And Tabitha begged, old toothless fair,
 For the youngest Love in the basket.
 Come buy my Loves, &c. &c.

But *one* was left, when Susan came,
One worth them all together;
At sight of her dear looks of shame,
He smil'd, and prun'd his feather.
She wish'd the boy—'twas more than whim—
Her looks, her sighs betray'd it;
But kisses were not enough for him,
I ask'd a heart, and she paid it!
Good-by, my Loves,
Good-by, my Loves,
'Twould make you smile to've seen us
First trade for this
Sweet child of bliss,
And then nurse the boy between us.



T O R O S A .

WRITTEN DURING ILLNESS.

THE wisest soul, by anguish torn,
Will soon unlearn the lore it knew;
And when the shringing casket's worn,
The gem within will tarnish too.

But love's an essence of the soul,
Which sinks not with this chain of clay;
Which throbs beyond the chill control
Of with'ring pain or pale decay.

And surely, when the touch of Death
Dissolves the spirit's earthly ties,
Love still attends th' immortal breath,
And makes it purer for the skies!

Oh Rosa, when, to seek its sphere,
My soul shall leave this orb of men,
That love which form'd its treasure here,
Shall be its *best* of treasures then!

And as, in fabled dreams of old,
Some air-born genius, child of time,
Presided o'er each star that roll'd,
And track'd it through its path sublime,

So thou, fair planet, not unled,
Shalt through thy mortal orbit stray;
Thy lover's shade, to thee still wed,
Shall linger round thy earthly way.

Let other spirits range the sky,
And play around each starry gem;
I'll bask beneath that lucid eye,
Nor envy worlds of suns to them.

And when that heart shall cease to bear,
 And when that breath at length is free
 Then, Rosa, soul to soul we'll meet,
 And mingle to eternity!



REUBEN AND ROSE.

A TALE OF ROMANCE.

THE darkness that hung upon Willumberg's walls
 Had long been remember'd with awe and dismay;
 For years not a sunbeam had play'd in its halls,
 And it seem'd as shut out from the regions of day.

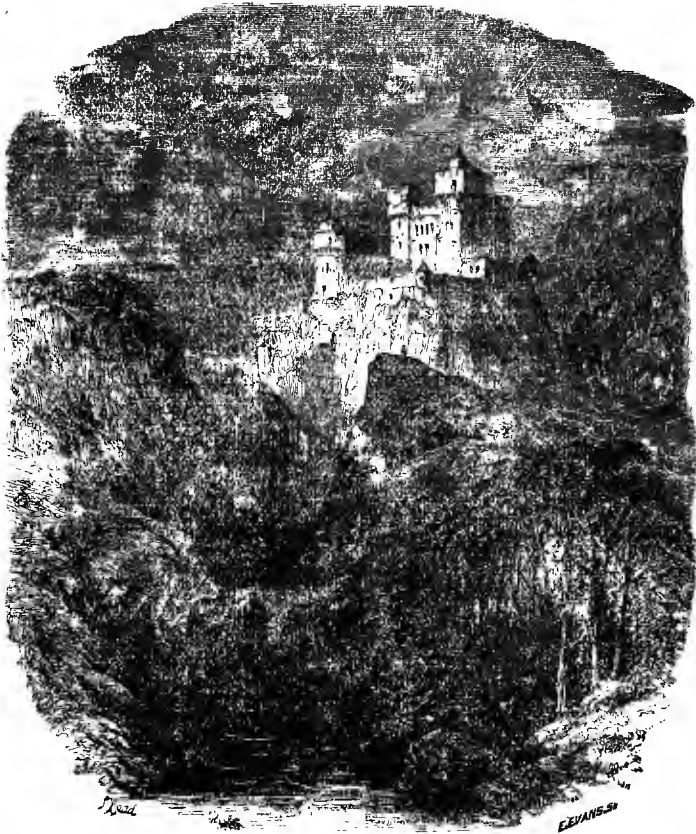
Though the valleys were brighten'd by many a beam,
 Yet none could the woods of that castle illumine;
 And the lightning, which flash'd on the neighbouring stream,
 Flew back, as if fearing to enter the gloom!

"Oh! when shall this horrible darkness disperse!"
 Said Willumberg's lord to the Seer of the Cave;—
 "It can never dispel," said the wizard of verse,
 Till the bright star of chivalry sinks in the wave!"

And who was the bright star of chivalry then?
 Who *could* be but Reuben, the flow'r of the age?
 For Reuben was first in the combat of men,
 Though Youth had scarce written his name on her page.

For Willumberg's daughter his young heart had beat,—
 For Rose, who was bright as the spirit of dawn,
 When with wand dropping diamonds, and silvery feet,
 It walks o'er the flow'rs of the mountain and lawn.

Must Rose, then, from Reuben so fatally sever?
 Sad, sad were the words of the Seer of the Cave,
 That darkness should cover that castle for ever,
 Or Reuben be sunk in the merciless wave!



To the wizard she flew, saying, "Tell me, oh, tell!
 Shall my Reuben no more be restor'd to my eyes?"
 "Yes, yes—when a spirit shall toll the great bell
 Of the mould'ring abbey, your Reuben shall rise!"

Twice, thrice he repeated "Your Reuben shall rise!"
 And Rose felt a moment's release from her pain;
 And wip'd, while she listen'd, the tears from her eyes,
 And hop'd she might yet see her hero again.

That hero could smile at the terrors of death,
 When he felt that he died for the sire of his Rose;
 To the Oder he flew, and there, plunging beneath,
 In the depth of the billows soon found his repose.

How strangely the order of destiny falls!—
 Not long in the waters the warrior lay,
 When a sunbeam was seen to glance over the walls,
 And the castle of Willumberg bask'd in the ray!

All, all but the soul of the maid was in light,
 There sorrow and terror lay gloomy and blank;
 Two days did she wander, and all the long night,
 In quest of her love, on the wide river's bank.

Oft, oft did she pause for the toll of the bell,
 And heard but the breathings of night in the air;
 Long, long did she gaze on the watery swell,
 And saw but the foam of the white billow there.

And often as midnight its veil would undraw,
 As she look'd at the light of the moon in the stream,
 She thought 'twas his helmet of silver she saw,
 As the curl of the surge glitter'd high in the beam.

And now the third night was begemming the sky;
 Poor Rose, on the cold dewy margent reclin'd,
 There wept till the tear almost froze in her eye,
 When, hark!—'twas the bell that came deep in the wind

She startled, and saw, through the glimmering shade,
 A form o'er the waters in majesty glide;
 She knew 'twas her love, though his cheek was decay'd
 And his helmet of silver was wash'd by the tide.

Was this what the Seer of the Cave had foretold?—
 Dim, dim through the phantom the moon shot a gleam;
 'Twas Reuben, but, ah! he was deathly and cold,
 And fled away like the spell of a dream!

Twice, thrice, did he rise, and as often she thought
 From the bank to embrace him, but vain her endeavour:
 Then, plunging beneath, at a billow she caught,
 And sunk to repose on its bosom for ever!



THE SHIELD.

SAY, did you not hear a voice of death!
 And did you not mark the paly form
 Which rode on the silvery mist of the heath,
 And sung a ghostly dirge in the storm?

Was it the wailing bird of the gloom,
 That shrieks on the house of woe all night?
 Or a shiv'ring fiend that flew to a tomb,
 To howl and to feed till the glance of light?

'Twas *not* the death-bird's cry from the wood,
 Nor shiv'ring fiend that hung on the blast;
 'Twas the shade of Heideric—man of blood—
 It screams for the guilt of days that are past.

See, how the red, red lightning strays,
 And scares the gliding ghosts of the heath!
 Now on the leafless yew it plays,
 Where hangs the shield of this son of death.

That shield is blushing with murd'rous stains;
 Long has it hung from the cold yew's spray;
 It is blown by storms and wash'd by rains,
 But neither can take the blood away!

Oft by that yew, on the blasted field,
 Demons dance to the red moon's light;
 While the damp boughs creak, and the swinging shield
 Sings to the raving spirit of night!



LIGHT SOUNDS THE HARP.

LIGHT sounds the harp when the combat is over,
When heroes are resting, and Joy is in bloom;
When laurels hang loose from the brow of the lover,
And Cupid makes wings of the warrior's plume.
But, when the foe returns,
Again the hero burns;
High flames the sword in his hand once more:
The clang of mingling arms
Is then the sound that charms,
And brazen notes of war, that stirring trumpets pour;—

Then, again comes the Harp, when the combat is over—
 When heroes are resting, and Joy is in bloom—
 When laurels hang loose from the brow of the lover,
 And Cupid makes wings of the warrior's plume.

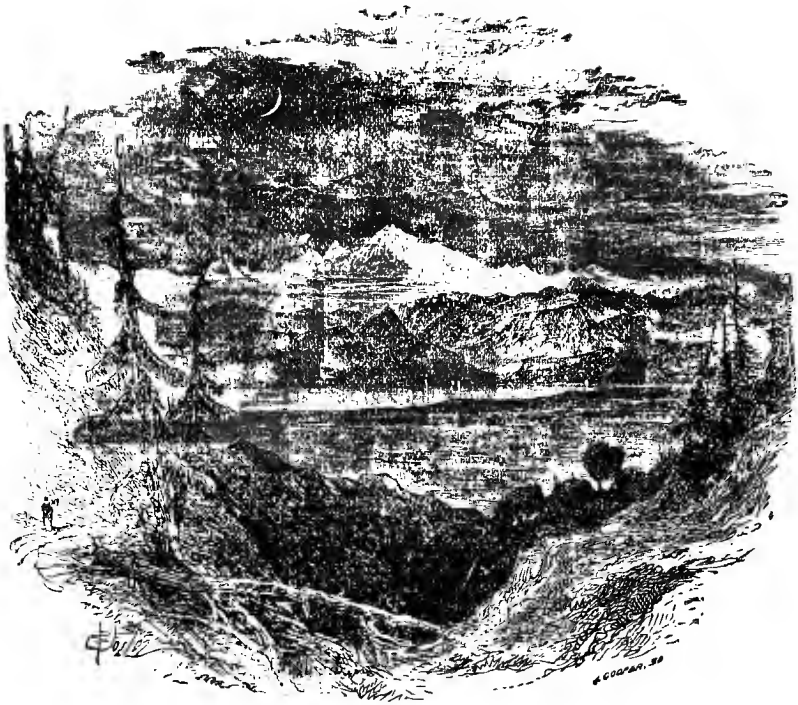
Light went the harp when the War-God, reclining,
 Lay lull'd on the white arm of Beauty to rest,
 When round his rich armour the myrtle hung twining,
 And flights of young doves made his helmet their nest.
 But, when the battle came,
 The hero's eye breath'd flame:
 Soon from his neck the white arm was flung;
 While, to his wak'ning ear,
 No other sounds were dear
 But brazen notes of war, by thousand trumpets sung.
 But then came the light harp, when danger was ended,
 And Beauty once more lull'd the War-God to rest.
 When tresses of gold with his laurels lay blended,
 And flights of young doves made his helmet their nest.



G E N E V A.

FROM "RHYMES ON THE ROAD."

'Twas late—the sun had almost shone
 His last and best, when I ran on,
 Anxious to reach that splendid view,
 Before the day-beams quite withdrew;
 And feeling as all feel, on first
 Approaching scenes, where, they are told,
 Such glories on their eyes will burst,
 As youthful bards in dreams behold.
 'Twas distant yet, and, as I ran,
 Full often, was my wistful gaze
 Turn'd to the sun, who now began
 To call in all his out-post rays,
 And form a denser march of light,
 Such as beseems a hero's flight.



Oh, how I wish'd for JOSHUA'S pow'r,
To stay the brightness of that hour!
But no—the sun still less became,
 Diminish'd to a speck, as splendid
And small as were those tongues of flame,
That on th' Apostles' heads descended!

'Twas at this instant—while there glow'd
 This last, intensest gleam of light—
Suddenly, through the opening road,
The valley burst upon my sight!

That glorious valley, with its Lake,
 And Alps on Alps in clusters swelling,
Mighty, and pure, and fit to make
 The ramparts of a Godhead's dwelling.

I stood entranc'd—as Rabbins say
 This whole assembled, gazing world
Will stand upon that awful day,
 When the Ark's Light, aloft unfurl'd,

Among the opening clouds shall shine,
Divinity's own radiant sign!

Mighty MONT BLANC, thou wert to me,
That minute, with thy brow in heaven,
As sure a sign of Deity
As e'er to mortal gaze was given.
Not ever, were I destin'd yet
To live my life twice o'er again,
Can I the deep-felt awe forget,
The dream, the trance that rapt me then!

'Twas all that consciousness of power
And life beyond this mortal hour;
Those mountings of the soul within
At thoughts of Heav'n—as birds begin
By instinct in the cage to rise,
When near their time for change of skies;
That proud assurance of our claim
To rank among the Sons of Light,
Mingled with shame—oh bitter shame!—
At having risk'd that splendid right,
For aught that earth through all its range
Of glories, offers in exchange!
'Twas all this, at that instant brought,
Like breaking sunshine, o'er my thought—
'Twas all this, kindled to a glow
Of sacred zeal, which, could it shine
Thus purely ever, man might grow
Ev'n upon earth a thing divine,
And be, once more, the creature made
To walk unstain'd th' Elysian shade!

No, never shall I lose the trace
Of what I've felt in this bright place.
And, should my spirit's hope grow weak,
Should I, oh God, e'er doubt thy pow'r,
This mighty scene again I'll seek,
At the same calm and glowing hour,
And here, at the sublimest shrine
That Nature ever rear'd to Thee,
Rekindle all that hope divine,
And *feel* my immortality!

SONG.

HAVE you not seen the timid tear,
Steal trembling from mine eye?
Have you not mark'd the flush of fear,
Or caught the murmur'd sigh?
And can you think my love is chill,
Nor fix'd on you alone?
And can you rend, by doubting still,
A heart so much your own?

To you my soul's affections move,
Devoutly, warmly true;
My life has been a task of love,
One long, long thought of you.
If all your tender faith be o'er,
If still my truth you'll try;
Alas, I know but *one* proof more—
I'll bless your name, and die!



NOTES.



IRISH MELODIES.

¹ These lines were written on the death of our great patriot Grattan, in the year 1820.

² The God of Silence, thus pictured by the Egyptians.

³ This ballad is founded upon one of the many stories related of St. Kevin, whose bed in the rock is to be seen at Glendalough, a most gloomy and romantic spot in the county of Wicklow.

⁴ Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was, by some supernatural power, transformed into a swan, and condemned to wander, for many hundred years, over certain lakes and rivers in Ireland, till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the mass-bell was to be the signal of her release.

⁵ These verses were written after the perusal of a treatise by Mr. Hamilton, professing to prove that the Irish were originally Jews.

⁶ The name given to the banner of the Irish.

⁷ "Thomas, the heir of the Desmond family, had accidentally been so engaged in the chase, that he was benighted near Trslee, and obliged to take shelter at the Abbey of Feal, in the house of one of his dependents, called Mac Cormac. Catherine, a beautiful daughter of his host, instantly inspired the Earl with a violent passion, which he could not subdue. He married her, and by this inferior alliance alienated his followers, whose brutal pride regarded this indulgence of his love as an unpardonable degradation of his family."—*Leland*, vol. ii.

⁸ "The king of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Dearbhorgil, daughter to the king of Meath, and though she had been for some time married to O'Ruark, prince of Breffni, yet it could not restrain his passion. They carried on a private correspondence, and she informed him that O'Ruark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage (an act of piety frequent in those days), and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested to a lover she adored. Mac Murchad too punctually obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his capital of Ferns."—The monarch Roderick espoused the cause of O'Ruark, while Mac Murchad fled to England, and obtained the assistance of Henry II.

⁹ The particulars of the tradition respecting O'Donohue and his White Horse, may be found in Mr. Weld's Account of Killarney, or more fully detailed in Derrick's Letters. For many years after his death, the spirit of this hero is supposed to have been seen on the morning of May-day, gliding over the lake on his favourite white horse, to the sound of sweet unearthly music, and preceded by groups of youths and maidens, who flung wreaths of delicate spring flowers in his path.

L A L L A R O O K H .

¹ Tulip cheek.

² The Indian Apollo.

³ For the real history of this Impostor, whose original name was Hakem ben Haschem, and who was called Mocanna from the veil of silver gauze (or, as others say, golden) which he always wore, see *D'Herbelot*.

⁴ Moses.

⁵ Black was the colour adopted by the Caliphs of the House of Abbas, in their garments, turbans, and standards.

⁶ When Soliman travelled, the eastern writers say, "he had a carpet of green silk on which his throne was placed, being of a prodigious length and breadth, and sufficient for all his forces to stand upon, the men placing themselves on his right hand, and the spirits on his left; and that when all were in order, the wind, at his command, took up the carpet, and transported it, with all that were upon it, wherever he pleased; the army of birds at the same time flying over their heads, and forming a kind of canopy to shade them from the sun."—*Salé's Koran*, vol. ii. p. 214, note.

⁷ The transmigration of souls was one of his doctrines.—*Vide D'Herbelot*.

⁸ "And when we said unto the angels, Worship Adam, they all worshipped him except Eblis (Lucifer), who refused."—*The Koran*, chap. ii.

⁹ Jesus.

¹⁰ The Amoo, which rises in the Belur Tag or Dark Mountains, and running nearly from east to west, splits into two branches; one of which falls into the Caspian sea, and the other into Araî Nahr, or the Lake of Eagles.

¹¹ The nightingale.

¹² Shedad, who made the delicious gardens of Irim, in imitation of Paradise, and was destroyed by lightning the first time he attempted to enter them.

¹³ Musnuds are cushioned seats, usually reserved for persons of distinction.

¹⁴ The Persians, like the ancient Greeks, call their musical modes or *Perdas* by the names of different countries or cities, as the mode of *Istahan*, the mode of *Irak* &c.

¹⁵ The wife of Potiphar, thus named by the Orientals.

¹⁶ The edifices of Chilmimar and Balbec are supposed to have been built by the Genî, acting under the orders of Jan ben Jan, who governed the world long before the time of Adam.

¹⁷ The two black standards borne before the Caliphs of the House of Abbas were called, allegorically, *The Night and the Shadow*.

¹⁸ The Demons of the Persian mythology.

¹⁹ "The celebrity of Mazagung is owing to its mangoes, which are certainly the best fruit I ever tasted."—*Mrs Graham's Journal of a Residence in India*.

²⁰ The blacksmith Gao, who successfully resisted the tyrant Zohak, and whose apron became the Royal Standard of Persia

²¹ "The Hunna, a bird peculiar to the East. It is supposed to fly constantly in the air, and never touch the ground."

²² "To the pilgrims to Mount Sinai we must attribute the inscriptions, figures, &c., on those rocks, which have from thence acquired the name of the Written Mountain."—*Volney*.

²³ "The Mahometans suppose that falling stars are the firebrands wherewith the good angels drive away the bad, when they approach too near the empyrean or verge of the heavens."—*Fryer*.

²⁴ "The Nile, which the Abyssinians know by the name of Abey and Alawy, or the Giant."—*Asiat. Research.* vol. i. p. 387.

²⁵ The Nucta, or Miraculous Drop, which falls in Egypt precisely on St. John's day, in June, and is supposed to have the effect of stopping the plague.

²⁶ The Country of Delight—the name of a province in the kingdom of Jinnistan, or Fairy Land, the capital of which is called the City of Jewels. Amberabad is another of the cities of Jinnistan.

²⁷ "The Arabians believe that the ostriches hatch their young by only looking at them."—*P. Vanslebe, Relat. d'Egypte*.

²⁸ Ferishta. "Or rather," says Scott, upon the passage of Ferishta from which this is taken, "many coins stamped with the figure of a flower. They are still used in India to distribute in charity, and, on occasion, thrown by the purse-bearers of the great among the populace."

²⁹ A Moorish instrument of music.

³⁰ They say that if a snake or serpent fix his eyes on the lustre of those stones (emeralds), he immediately becomes blind.

³¹ Within the enclosure which surrounds this monument (at Gualior) is a small tomb to the memory of Tan-Sein, a musician of incomparable skill, who flourished at the court of Akbar. The tomb is overshadowed by a tree, concerning which a superstitious notion prevails, that the chewing of its leaves will give an extraordinary melody to the voice.

³² Tahmuras, and other ancient kings of Persia; whose adventures in Fairy-land among the Peris and Dives may be found in Richardson's curious Dissertation. The griffin Simoorgh, they say, took some feathers from her breast for Tahmuras, with which he adorned his helmet, and transmitted them afterwards to his descendants.

³³ The Ghebers generally built their temples over subterraneous fires.

³⁴ "Among other ceremonies the Magi used to place upon the tops of high towers various kinds of rich viands, upon which it was supposed the Peris and the spirits of their departed heroes regaled themselves."—*Richardson*.

³⁵ A kind of trumpet, the sound of which is described as uncommonly dreadful, and so loud as to be heard at the distance of several miles.—*Richardson*.

³⁶ "A wind which prevails in February, called Bidmusk, from a small and odoriferous flower of that name."

³⁷ "Last of all she took a guitar, and sang a pathetic air in the measure called Nava, which is always used to express the lamentations of absent lovers."—*Persian Tales*.

³⁸ "The Gate of Tears, the straits or passage into the Red Sea, commonly called Babelmandel."—*Richardson*.

³⁹ The two terrible angels, Monkir and Nakir, who are called "the Searchers of the Grave" in the "Creed of the orthodox Mahometans" given by Ockley, vol. ii.

⁴⁰ "The Arabians call the mandrake 'the Devil's candle,' on account of its shining appearance in the night."—*Richardson*.

⁴¹ The Ghebers say that when Abraham, their great Prophet, was thrown into the fire by order of Nimrod, the flame turned instantly into a "bed of roses, where the child sweetly reposed."

⁴² "This wind (the Samoor) so softens the strings of lutes, that they can never be tuned while it lasts."—*Stephen's Persia*.

⁴³ His business was, at stated periods, to measure the ladies of the Haram by a sort of regulation-girdle, whose limits it was not thought graceful to exceed.

⁴⁴ "It is the custom among the women to employ the Maazeen to chaunt from the gallery of the nearest minaret, which on that occasion is illuminated, and the women assembled at the house respond at intervals with a ziraleet or joyous chorus."—*Russel*.

⁴⁵ In the wars of the Dives with the Peris, whenever the former took the latter prisoners, "they shnt them up in iron cages, and hung them on the highest trees. Here they were visited by their companions, who brought them the choicest odours."—*Richardson*.

⁴⁶ "He is said to have found the great *Mantra*, spell or talisman, through which he ruled over the elements and spirits of all denominations."—*Wilford*.

⁴⁷ "A demon, supposed to haunt woods, &c., in a human shape."

⁴⁸ The God of Love.

⁴⁹ "The mangusteen, the most delicate fruit in the world; the pride of the Malay islands."—*Marsden*.

⁵⁰ "The Indian Syrinda, or guitar."—*Symez*.

⁵¹ The Hudhud, or Lapwing, is supposed to have the power of discovering water under ground.



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